

THE
WORKS
OF
JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D:D.S.P.D.
WITH
Notes Historical and Critical.
By
J. HAWKE SWORTH, LL.D.
and others.
VOL. XI.



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By J. H. Sworth, LL.D.



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DEAN SWIFT'S
CORRESPONDENCE.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. JOHNSON.

LONDON, Sept. 25, 1711.

I DINED in the city to-day, and at my return I put my 30th into the post-office; and when I got home I found for me one of the noblest letters I ever read; it was from —, three fides and a half in folio on a large sheet of paper; the two first pages made up of satire upon London, and crowds and hurry, stolen from some of his own school-boy's exercises: the fide and a half remaining is spent in desiring me to recommend Mrs. South your commissioner's widow, to my lord treasurer for a pension. He is the prettiest, discreetest fellow that ever my eyes beheld, or that ever dipt pen into ink. I know not what to say to him. A pox on him, I have too many such customers on this fide already. I think I will send him word that I never saw my lord treasurer in my life: I am sure I industriously avoided the name of any great person when I saw him, for fear of his reporting it in Ireland. And this recommendation must be a secret too, for fear the duke of Bolton should know it, and think it was too mean. I never read so d—d a letter in my life: a little would make me send it over to you.—I must send you a pattern, the first place I cast my eyes on, I will not pick and chuse. [In this place (meaning the Exchange in London) which is the compendium of old Troynovant,

as that is of the whole busy world, I got such a surfeit, that I grew sick of mankind, and resolved, for ever after, to bury myself in the shady retreat of —,] You must know that London has been called by some Troynovant, or New-Troy.--Will you have any more? Yes, one little bit for Stella, because she'll be fond of it. [This wondrous Theatre (meaning London) was no more to me than a desert, and I should less complain of solitude in a Connaught shipwreck, or even the great Bog of Allen.] A little scrap for Mrs. Marget*, and then I have done. [Their royal Fanum, wherein the Idol Pecunia is daily worshipped, seemed to me to be just like a hive of bees working and labouring under huge weights of cares.] Fanum is a temple, but he means the Exchange; and Pecunia is money: so now Mrs. Marget will understand her part. One more paragraph, and I—Well, come, don't be in such a rage you shall have no more. Pray, Stella, be satisfied; 'tis very pretty: and that I must be acquainted with such a dog as this!—Our Peace goes on fast. Prior was with the secretary two hours this morning: I was there a little after he went away, and was told it. I believe he will soon be dispatched again to France; and I will put somebody to write an account of his second journey: I hope you have seen the other. This letter has taken up my time with storming at it.

26. Bernage has been with me these two days; yesterday I sent for him to let him know, that Dr. Arbuthnott is putting in strongly to have his brother made a captain over Bernage's head. Arbuthnott's brother is but an ensign; but the doctor has great power with the queen: yet he told me, he would not do any thing hard to a gentleman who is my friend; and I have engaged the secretary and his colonel for him. To-day he told me very melancholy, that the other had written from Windsor (where he went to solicit) that he has got the company; and Bernage is full of the spleen. I made the secretary write yesterday a letter to the colonel in Bernage's behalf. I hope it will do yet; and I have written to Dr. Arbuthnott to Windsor, not to insist on doing such a hardship. I dined in the city at Pontack's

* Stella's maid.

tack's with Stratford ; it cost me seven shillings : he would have treated ; but I did not let him. I have removed my money from the bank to another fund. I desire Parvisol may speak to Hawkshaw to pay in my money when he can ; for I will put it in the funds ; and in the mean time borrow so much of Mr. secretary, who offers to lend it me. Go to the dean's, firrahs.

27. Bernage was with me again to-day, and is in great fear, and so was I ; but this afternoon at lord treasurer's, where I dined, my brother George Granville, secretary at war, after keeping me a while in suspense, told me, that Dr. Arbuthnott had waved the business, because he would not wrong a friend of mine ; that his brother is to be a lieutenant, and Bernage is made a captain. I called at his lodging ; and the soldier's Coffee-house, to put him out of pain, but cannot find him ; so I have left word, and shall see him to-morrow morning, I suppose. Bernage is now easy ; he has ten shillings a day, beside lawful cheating. However, he gives a private sum to his colonel ; but it is very cheap : his colonel loves him well, but is surprised to see him have so many friends. So he is now quite off my hands.—I left the company early to-night at lord treasurer's ; but the secretary followed me, to desire I would go with him to W——. Mr. Lewis's man came in before I could finish that word beginning with a W, which ought to be Windfor, and brought me a very handsome rallying letter from Dr. Arbuthnott, to tell me, he had, in compliance to me, given up his brother's pretensions in favour of Bernage this very morning ; that the queen had spoken to Mr. Granville to make the company easy in the other's having the captainship. Whether they have done it to oblige me or no, I must own it so. He says, he this very morning begged her majesty to give Mr. Bernage the company. I am mighty well pleased to have succeeded so well ; but you will think me tedious, although you like the man, as I think.

Windfor, 28. I came here a day sooner than ordinary, at Mr. secretary's desire, and supped with him and Prior, and two private ministers from France, and a

French priest. I know not the two ministers names ; but they are come about the Peace. The names the secretary called them, I suppose, were feigned ; they were good rational men. We have already settled all things with France, and very much to the honour and advantage of England ; and the queen is in mighty good humour. All this news is a mighty secret ; the people in general know that a peace is forwarding. The earl of Stratford is to go soon to Holland, and let them know what we have been doing : and then there will be the devil and all to pay ; but we'll make them swallow it with a pox. The French ministers staid with us till one, and the secretary and I sat up talking till two ; so you will own 'tis late, firrahs, and time for your little faucy Presto to go to bed and sleep adazy ; and God bless poor little MD : I hope they are now fast asleep, and dreaming of Presto.

29. Lord treasurer came to-night, as usual, at half an hour after eight, as dark as pitch. I am weary of chiding him ; so I commended him for observing his friends advice, and coming so early, &c. I was two hours with lady Oglethorp to-night, and then supped with lord treasurer, after dining at the green cloth : I staid till two : this is the effect of lord treasurer's being here ; I must sup with him, and he keeps cursed hours. Lord keeper and the secretary were absent ; they cannot sit up with him. This long sitting up makes the periods in my letters so short. I design to stay here all the next week, to be at leisure by myself, to finish something of weight I have upon my hands, and which must soon be done. I shall then think of returning to Ireland, if these people will let me ; and I know nothing else they have for me to do. I gave Dr. Arbuthnott my thanks for his kindness to Bernage, whose commission is now signed. Methinks I long to know something of Stella's health, how it continues after Wexford waters.

30. The queen was not at chapel to-day, and all for the better, for we had a dunce to preach : she has a little of the gout. I dined with my brother Masham and a moderate company, and would not go to lord treasurer's till after supper at eleven o'clock, and pretend-

ed

ed I had mistaken the hour ; so I ate nothing : and a little after twelve the company broke up, the keeper and secretary refusing to stay ; so I saved this night's debauch. Prior went away yesterday with his Frenchmen, and a thousand reports are raised in this town. Some said, they knew one to be the Abbé de Polignac, others swore it was the Abbé du Bois. The Whigs are in a rage about the Peace ; but we'll wherret them, I warrant, boys. Go, go, go to the dean's, and don't mind politicks, young women, they are not good after the waters ; they are stark naught ; they strike up into the head. Go, get two black aces, and fish for a manilio.

Oft. 1. Sir John Walters, an honest drunken fellow, is now in waiting, and invited me to the green-cloth to-day, that he might not be behind hand with colonel Godfrey, who is a Whig. I was engaged to the Mayor's feast with Mr. Masham ; but waiting to take leave of lord treasurer, I came too late, and so returned sneaking to the green-cloth, and did not see my lord treasurer neither ; but was resolved not to lose two dinners for him. I took leave to-day of my friend and solicitor lord Rivers, who is commanded by the queen to set out for Hanover on Thursday. The secretary does not go to town till to-morrow : he and I and two friends more drank a sober bottle of wine here at home, and parted at twelve ; he goes by seven to-morrow morning, so I shall not see him. I have power over his cellar in his absence, and make little use of it. Lord Dartmouth and my friend Lewis stay here this week ; but I can never work out a dinner from Dartmouth. Masham has promised to provide for me : I squired his lady out of her chaise to-day, and must visit her in a day or two. So you have had a long fit of the finest weather in the world ; but I am every day in pain that it will go off. I have done no business to-day : I am very idle.

2. My friend Lewis and I, to avoid over-much eating, and great tables, dined with honest Jemmy Eckershall, clerk of the kitchen, now in waiting ; and I bespoke my dinner : but the cur had your acquaintance

Lovet,

Lovet, the gentleman porter, to be our company : Lovet, towards the end of dinner, after twenty wriggings, said he had the honour to see me formerly at Moor-park, and thought he remembered my face : I said, I thought I remembered him, and was glad to see him, &c. and I escaped for that much, for he was very pert. It has rained all this day, and I doubt our good weather is gone. I have been very idle this afternoon, playing at twelve-penny picquet with Lewis ; I won seven shillings, which is the only money I won this year ; I have not played above four times, and I think always at Windfor : cards are very dear, there is a duty on them of six-pence a pack, which spoils small gamesters.

3. Mr. Masham sent this morning to desire I would ride out with him, the weather growing again very fine : I was very busy, and sent my excuses : but desired he would provide me a dinner : I dined with him, his lady, and her sister, Mrs. Hill, who invites us tomorrow to dine with her, and we are to ride out in the morning. I sat with lady Oglethorp till eight this evening, then was going home to write ; looked about for the woman that keeps the key of the house ; she told me Patrick had it. I cooled my heels in the cloisters till nine, then went into the musick-meeting, where I had been often desired to go ; but was weary in half an hour of their fine stuff *, and stole out so privately that every body saw me ; and cooled my heels in the cloisters again till after ten : then came in Patrick. I went up, shut the chamber-door, and gave him two or three swinging cuffs on the ear, and I have strained the thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he was gone. He was plaguily afraid and humbled.

4. It was the finest day in the world, and we got out before eleven, a noble caravan of us. The duchess of Shrewsbury in her own chaise with one horse, and Miss Touchet with her ; Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Scarborough, one of the dressers, in one of the queen's chaises ; Miss

P 2

Forester

* Swift, like some others, rather hated than loved music.

Forester and Miss Scarborough, two maids of honour, and Mrs. Hill on horseback. The duke of Shrewsbury, Mr. Masham, George Fielding, Arbuthnott and I on horseback too. Mrs. Hill's horse was hired for Miss Scarborough, but she took it in civility, her own horse was galled and could not be rid, but kicked and winced: the hired horse was not worth eighteen pence. I borrowed coat, boots and horse, and in short we had all the difficulties, and more than we used to have in making a party from Trim to *Longfield's. My coat was light camblet, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons. We rode in the great park and the forest about a dozen miles, and the duchess and I had much conversation; we got home by two, and Mr. Masham, his lady, Arbuthnott and I dined with Mrs. Hill. Arbuthnott made us all melancholy, by some symptoms of bloody urine: he expects a cruel fit of the stone in twelve hours; he says he is never mistaken, and he appeared like a man that was to be racked to-morrow. I cannot but hope it will not be so bad; he is a perfectly honest man, and one I have much obligation to. It rained a little this afternoon, and grew fair again. Lady Oglethorp sent to speak to me, and it was to let me know that lady Rochester desires she and I may be better acquainted. 'Tis a little too late; for I am not now in love with lady Rochester: they shame me out of her, because she is old. Arbuthnott says, he hopes my strained thumb is not the gout; for he has often found people so mistaken. I do not remember the particular thing that gave it me, only I had it just after beating Patrick, and now it is better; so I believe he is mistaken.

5. The duchess of Shrewsbury sent to invite me to dinner; but I was abroad last night when her servant came, and this morning I sent my excuses, because I was engaged, which I was sorry for. Mrs. Forester taxed me yesterday about the history of the maids of honour; but I told her fairly it was no jest of mine; for I found they did not relish it altogether well! and
I have

* Mr. Longfield lived at Killbride, about four miles from Trim.

I have enough already of a quarrel with that brute Sir John Walters, who has been railing at me in all companies ever since I dined with him; that I abused the queen's meat and drink, and said, nothing at the table was good, and all a d—d lie; for, after dinner, commending the wine, I said, I thought it was something small. You would wonder how all my friends laugh at this quarrel. It will be such a jest for the keeper, treasurer, and secretary.—I dined with honest colonel Godfrey, took a good walk of an hour on the terrace, and then came up to study: but it grows bloody cold, and I have no waistcoat here.

6. I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend Gastrel and the dean of Rochester had often invited me, and I happened to be disengaged: it is the worst provided table at court. We ate on pewter: every chaplain, when he is made a dean, gives a piece of plate, and so they have got a little, some of it very old. One who was made dean of Peterborough (a small deanry) said, he would give no plate; he was only dean of Peterborough. The news of Mr. Hill's miscarriage in his expedition came to-day, and I went to visit Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Hill, his two sisters, to condole with them. I advised them by all means to go to the musick-meeting to-night, to shew they were not cast down, &c. and they thought my advice was right, and went. I doubt Mr. Hill and his admiral made wrong steps; however, we lay it all to a storm, &c. I sat with the secretary at supper; then we both went to lord treasurer's supper, and sat till twelve. The secretary is much mortified about Hill; because this expedition was of his contriving, and he counted much upon it; but lord treasurer was just merry as usual, and old laughing at Sir John Walters and me falling out. I said, Nothing grieved me, but that they would take example, and perhaps presume upon it, and get out of my government; but that I thought I was not obliged to govern bears, though I governed men. They promise to be as obedient as ever, and so we laughed;—and so I go to bed; for it is colder still, and you have a fire now, and are at cards at home.

7. Lord

7. Lord Harley and I dined privately to-day with Mrs. Masham and Mrs. Hill, and my brother Masham. I saw lord Halifax at Court, and we joined and talked, and the duchess of Shrewsbury came up and reproached me for not dining with her. I said, That was not so soon done; for I expected more advances from ladies, especially duchesses: she promised to comply with any demands I pleased; and I agreed to dine with her to-morrow, if I did not go to London too soon, as I believe I shall before dinner. Lady Oglethorp brought me and the duchess of Hamilton together to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her some encouragement, but not much. Every body has been teasing Walters. He told lord treasurer, that he took his company from him that were to dine with him; my lord said, I will send you Dr. Swift: lord keeper bid him take care what he did; For, said he, Dr. Swift is not only all our favourite, but our governor. The old company supped with lord treasurer, and got away by twelve.

London, 8. I believe I shall go no more to Windsor; for we expect the queen will come in ten days to Hampton-Court. It was frost last night, and cruel cold to-day. I could not dine with the duchess; for I left Windsor half an hour after one with lord treasurer, and we called at Kensington, where Mrs. Masham was got to see her children for two days. I dined, or rather supped with lord treasurer, and staid till after ten. Tisdall and his family are gone from hence, upon some wrangle with the family. Yesterday I had two letters brought me to Mr. Masham's; one from Ford, and t'other from our little MD, N. 21. I would not tell you till to-day, because I would not. I won't answer it till the next, because I have slept two days by being at Windsor, which I must recover here. Well, firrahs, I must go to sleep. The roads were as dry as at Midsummer to-day. This letter shall go to-morrow.

9. Morning. It rains hard this morning; I suppose our fair weather is now at an end. I think I'll put on my waistcoat to-day: shall I? Well, I will then, to please MD. I think of dining at home to-day upon a chop and a pot. The town continues yet very thin. Lord Strafford is gone to Holland to tell them what we

have done here towards a Peace. We shall soon hear what the Dutch say, and how they take it. My humble service to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte and Catharine.—Morrow, dearest firrahs, and farewell; and God Almighty bless MD, poor little, dear MD, for so I mean, and Presto too. I'll write to you again to-night, that is, I'll begin my next letter. Farewel, &c.

This little bit belongs to MD; we must always write on the margin :* you are faucy rogues.

L E T T E R LXIX.

LONDON, October 9, 1711.

I WAS forced to lie down at twelve to-day, and mend my night's sleep: I slept till after two, and then sent for a bit of mutton and a pot of ale from the next cook's shop, and had no stomach. I went out at four, and called to see Biddy Floyd, which I had not done these three months she is something marked, but has recovered her complexion quite, and looks very well. Then I sat the evening with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and drank coffee, and ate an egg. I likewise took a new lodging to-day, not liking a ground-floor, nor the ill smell, and other circumstances. I lodge, or shall lodge, by Leicester-Fields, and pay ten shilling a week; that won't hold out long, faith. I shall lie here but one night more. It rained terribly till one o'clock to-day. I lie, for I shall lie here two nights, till Thursday, and then remove. Did I tell you that my friend Mrs. Barton has a brother drowned, that went on the expedition with Jack Hill? He was a lieutenant-colonel, and a coxcomb; and she keeps her chamber in form, and the servants say, she receives no messages.—Answer MD's letter, Presto, d'ye hear? No, says Presto, I won't yet, I'm busy: you're a faucy rogue. Who talks?

10. It cost me two shillings in coach-hire to dine in the city with a printer. I have sent, and caused to be sent, three pamphlets out in a fortnight. I will ply the
rogues

* This happens to be the only single line written upon the margin of any of his journals. By some accident there was a margin about as broad as the back of a razor, and therefore he made this use of it.

rogues warm, and whenever any thing of theirs makes a noise, it shall have an answer. I have instructed an under-spur-leather to write so, that is taken for mine. A rogue that writes a news-paper called *The Protestant Post-boy*, has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says, that an ambitious Tantivy, missing of his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his spleen on the late ministry, &c. I'll Tantivy him with a vengeance. I sat the evening at home, and am very busy, and can hardly find time to write, unless it were to MD. I am in furious haste.

11. I dined to-day with lord treasurer. Thursdays are now his days when his choice company comes, but we are too much multiplied. George Granville sent his excuses upon being ill; I hear he apprehends the apoplexy, which would grieve me much. Lord treasurer calls Prior nothing but *Monfieur Baudrier*, which was the feigned name of the Frenchman that writ his journey to Paris. They pretend to suspect me, so I talk freely of it, and put them out of their play. Lord treasurer calls me now *Dr. Martin*, because Martin* is a sort of a swallow, and so is a Swift. When he and I came last Monday from Windsor, we were reading all the signs† on the road. He is a pure trifler; tell the bishop of Clogher so. I made him make two lines in verse for the *Bell and Dragon*, and they were rare bad ones. I suppose Dilly is with you by this time: what could his reason be of leaving London, and not owning it? 'Twas plaguy silly. I believe his natural inconstancy made him weary; I think he is the king of inconstancy. I stayed with lord treasurer till
ten;

* From this pleasantry of my lord Oxford, the appellative *Martinus Scriblerus* took its rise.

† Vide Swift's *Imitations of Horace*, Lib. II. Sat. 6. where he gives an account of what sort of tattle entertained my lord Oxford and him upon the road to Windsor; and, among other whims, how, as the chariot passed along,

They gravely try'd to read the lines
Writ underneath the country Signs.

ten ; we had five lords and three commoners. Go to ombre, firrahs.

12. Mrs. Vanhomrigh has changed her lodging as well as I. She found she had got with a bawd, and removed : I dined with her to-day ; for though she boards, her landlady does not dine with her. I am grown a mighty lover of herrings ; but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major-general, and eat six oysters ; then sat an hour with Mrs. Colledge, the joiner's daughter that was hanged, it was joiner was hanged, and not his daughter ; with Thompson's wife, a magistrate. There was the famous Mrs. Floyd of Chester, who, I think, is the handsomest woman (except MD) that ever I saw. She told me that twenty people had sent her the verses upon Biddy, as meant to her : and indeed, in point of handsomeness, she deserves them much better. I will not go to Windsor to-morrow, and so I told the secretary to-day. I hate the thoughts of Saturday and Sunday suppers with lord treasurer. Jack Hill is come home from his unfortunate expedition, and is, I think, now at Windsor : I have not yet seen him. He is privately blamed by his own friends for want of conduct. He called a council of war, and therein it was determined to come back. But they say, a general should not do that, because the officers will always give their opinion for returning, since the blame will not lie upon them, but the general : I pity him heartily. Bernage received his commission to-day.

13. I dined to-day with colonel Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes ; he is a great acquaintance of your friend Sterne, to whom I trusted the box. Lord treasurer has refused Sterne's business ; and I doubt he is a rake ; Jemmy Leigh stays for him, and nobody knows where to find him. I am so busy now, I have hardly time to spare to write to our little MD ; but in a fortnight I hope it will be over. I am going now to be busy, &c.

14. I was going to dine with Dr. Cockburn, but Sir Andrew Fountaine met me, and carried me to Mrs. Van's, where I drank the last bottle of Raymond's wine, admirable good, better than any I get among the ministry.

nistry. I must pick up time to answer this letter of MD's, I'll do it in a day or two for certain.—I am glad I am not at Windsor, for it is very cold, and I won't have a fire till November. I am contriving how to stop up my grate with bricks. Patrick was drunk last night ; but did not come to me, else I should have given him t'other cuff. I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton, it is the first day of her seeing company ; but I made her merry enough, and we were three hours disputing upon Whig and Tory. She grieved for her brother only for form, and he was a sad dog. Is Stella well enough to go to church, pray ? no nummings left ? no darkness in your eyes ? do you walk and exercise ? Your exercise is ombre.—People are coming up to town ; the queen will be at Hampton-Court in a week. Lady Betty Germain, I hear, is come, and lord Pembroke is coming : his new wife is as big with child as she can tumble.

15. I sat at home till four this afternoon to-day writing, and ate a roll and butter ; then visited Will. Congreve an hour or two, and supped with lord treasurer, who came from Windsor to-day, and brought Prior with him. The queen has thanked Prior for his good service in France, and promised to make him a commissioner of the customs. Several of that commission are to be out ; among the rest, my friend Sir Matthew Dudley ; I can do nothing for him, he is so hated by the ministry. Lord treasurer kept me till twelve, so I need not tell you it is now late.

16. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary at Dr. Cotefworth's, where he now lodges till his house be got ready in Golden-Square. One Boyer, a French dog, has abused me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in a messenger's hands : the secretary promises me to swinge him. Lord treasurer told me last night, that he had the honour to be abused with me in a pamphlet. I must make that rogue an example for warning to others. I was to see Jack Hill this morning, who made that unfortunate expedition ; and there is still more misfortune ; for that ship, which was admiral of his fleet, is blown up in the Thames, by an accident and carelessness of some rogue, who was going, as they think, to steal

steal some gun-powder: five hundred men are lost; we don't yet know the particulars. I am got home by seven, and I am going to be busy, and you are going to play and supper; you live ten times happier than I: but I should live ten times happier than you, if I were with MD, I saw Jemmy Leigh to-day in the street, who tells me that Sterne has not lain above once these three weeks in his lodgings, and he doubts he takes ill courses; he stays only till he can find Sterne to go along with him, and he cannot hear of him. I begged him to enquire about the box when he comes to Chester, which he promises.

17. The secretary and I dined to-day with brigadier Britton, a great friend of his. The lady of the house is very galante, about thirty-five; she is said to have a great deal of wit; but I see nothing among any of them that equals MD by a bar's length, as hope saved. My lord treasurer is much out of order; he has a sore throat, and the gravel, and a pain in his breast where the wound was: pray God preserve him. The queen comes to Hampton-Court on Tuesday next; people are coming fast to town, and I must answer MD's letter, which I can hardly find time to do, though I am at home the greatest part of the day. Lady Betty Germain and I were disputing Whig and Tory to death this morning. She is grown very fat, and looks mighty well. Biddy Floyd was there, and she is, I think, very much spoiled with the small pox.

18. Lord treasurer is still out of order, and that breaks our method of dining there to-day. He is often subject to a sore throat, and some time or other it will kill him, unless he takes more care than he is apt to do. It was said about the town, that poor lord Peterborow was dead at Frankfort; but he is something better, and the queen is sending him to Italy, where I hope the warm climate will recover him; he has abundance of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily. I was this afternoon in the city, ate a bit of meat, and settled some things with a printer. I will answer your letter on Saturday, if possible, and then send away this; so to fetch up the odd days I lost at Windsor, and keep constant to my fortnight. Ombre
time

time is now coming on, and we shall have nothing but Manley, and Walls, and Stoytes, and the dean. Have you got no new acquaintance? Poor girls; no body knows MD's good qualities.—'Tis very cold; but I will not have a fire till November, that's pozz.—Well, but coming home to-night, I found on my table a letter from MD; faith I was angry, that is with my self and I was afraid too to see MD's hand so soon, for fear of something. I don't know what: at last I opened it, and it was over well, and a bill for the two hundred guineas. However, 'tis a sad thing that this letter is not gone, nor your twenty-first answered yet.

19. I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. Van, with some company who did not come; but I ate nothing but herrings: you must know I hardly ever eat of above one thing, and that the plainest ordinary meat at table; I love it best, and believe it wholesomest. You love rarities; yes you do; I wish you had all that I ever see where I go. I was coming home early, and met the secretary in his chair, who persuaded me to go with him to Britton's; for he said, he had been all day at business, and had eaten nothing. So I went, and the time past so, that we staid till two, so you may believe 'tis late enough.

20. This day has gone all wrong, by sitting up so late last night. Lord treasurer is not yet well, and can't go to Windsor. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and took occasion to hint to him that he would lose his employment, for which I am very sorry. Lord Pembroke and his family are all come to town. I was kept so long at a friend's this evening, that I cannot send this to-night. When I knocked at my lodgings, a fellow asked me where lodged Dr. Swift? I told him I was the person: he gave me a letter he brought from the secretary's office, and I gave him a shilling: when I came up, I saw Dingley's hand: faith I was afraid, I do not know what. At last it was a formal letter from Dingley about her exchequer business. Well, I'll do it on Monday, and settle it with Tooke. And now, boys, for your letter, I mean the first, N. 21. Let's see; come out, little letter.—I never had the letter from the bishop that Raymond mentions; but I have written

to Ned Southwel, to desire the duke of Ormond to speak to his reverence that he may leave off his impertinence. What a pox can they think I am doing for the archbishop here? you have a pretty notion of me in Ireland, to make me an agent for the archbishop of Dublin——Why; do you think I value your people's ingratitude about my part in serving them? I remit them their First-Fruits of Ingratitude, as freely as I got the other remitted to them. This lord treasurer defers writing his letter to them, or else they would be plaguily confounded by this time. For he designs to give the merit of it wholly to the queen and me, and to let them know it was done before the duke of Ormond was lord lieutenant. You visit, you dine abroad, you see friends; you pilgarlick; you walk from Finglass, you a cat's foot. O Lord—Lady Gore hung her child by the waist; what is that waist*, I don't understand the word; he must hang on till you explain or spell it.—I don't believe he was pretty, that's a liiii.—Pish; burn your First-Fruits; again at it. Stella has made twenty false spellings in her writing; I'll send them to you all back again on the other side of this letter, to mend them; I won't miss one. Why; I think there were seventeen bishops names to the letter lord Oxford received.—I will send you some pamphlets by Leigh: put me in mind of it on Monday, for I shall go then to the printer; yes, and the Miscellany. I am mightily obliged to Walls, but I don't deserve it by any usage of him here, having seen him but twice, and once en passant. Mrs. Manley forsworn ombre! What; and no blazing star appear? no monsters born? no whale thrown up? Have you not found out some evasion for her? She had no such regard to oaths in her younger days. I got the books for nothing, madam Dingley; but the wine I got not; it was but a promise.—Yes, my head is pretty well in the main, only now and then a little threatning or so.——You talk of my reconciling

* With great respect to the Dr's judgment, perhaps Stella's orthography might be defended against the tyranny of her instructor; at least she has all the moderns on her side: however indeed, *wais*, as well as *waist*, is to be met with in Littleton's dictionary.

ciling some great folks. I tell you what. The secretary told me last night, that he had found the reason why the queen was cold to him for some months past; that a friend had told it him yesterday; and it was, that they suspected he was at the bottom with the duke of Marlborough. Then he said, he had reflected upon all I had spoken to him long ago; but he thought it had been only my suspicion, and my zeal and kindness for him. I said I had reason to take that very ill, to imagine I knew so little of the world as to talk at a venture to a great minister; that I had gone between him and lord treasurer often, and told each of them what I had said to the other, and that I had informed him so before: he said all that you may imagine to excuse himself and approve my conduct. I told him I knew all along, that this proceeding of mine was the surest way to send me back to my willows in Ireland, but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom service in keeping them well together. I minded him how often I had told lord treasurer, lord keeper, and him together, that all things depended on their union, and that my comfort was to see them love one another, and I had told them all singly, that I had not said this by chance, &c. He was in a rage to be thus suspected; swears he will be upon a better foot, or none at all; and I do not see how they can well want him in this juncture. I hope to find a way of settling this matter. I act an honest part; that will bring me neither profit nor praise. MD must think the better of me for it: nobody else shall ever know it. Here's politicks enough for once; but madam D. D. gave me occasion for it. I think I told you I have got into lodgings that don't smell ill—O Lord! the spectacles: well, I'll do that on Monday too; although it goes against me to be employed for folks that neither you nor I care a groat for. Is the eight pounds from Hawkshaw included in the thirty-nine pounds five shillings and two-pence? How do I know by this how my account stands? Can't you write five or six lines to cast it up? Mine is forty-four pounds per annum, and eight pounds from Hawkshaw makes fifty-two pounds. Pray set it right, and let me know; you had best.

And

And so now I have answered N. 21, and 'tis late, and I will answer N. 22 in my next : this cannot go to-night, but shall on Tuesday : and so go to your play, and lose your money with your two eggs a penny ; silly jade ; you witty ? very pretty.

21. Mrs. Van would have me dine with her again to-day, and so I did, though lady Mountjoy has sent two or three times to have me see and dine with her, and she is a little body I love very well. My head has ached a little in the evenings these three or four days, but is not of that giddy sort, so I do not much value it. I was to see lord Harley to-day, but lord treasurer took physick, and I could not see him. He has voided much gravel, and is better, but not well ; he talks of going on Tuesday to see the queen at Hampton-Court ; I wish he may be able. I never saw so fine a summer day as this was ; how is it with you pray ? and can't you remember naughty packs. I han't seen lord Pembroke yet. He will be sorry to miss Dilly : I wonder you say nothing of Dilly's being got to Ireland ; if he be not there soon, I shall have some certain odd thoughts ; guess them if you can.

22. I dined in the city to-day with Dr. Friend, at one of my printers ; I enquired for Leigh, but could not find him : I have forgot what sort of apron you want. I must rout among your letters, a needle in a bottle of hay. I gave Stern directions, but where to find him Lord knows. I have bespoken the spectacles ; got a set of Examiners, and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the best which is the Vindication of the duke of Marlborough ; and is entirely of the author of the Atalantis. I have settled Dingley's affair with Tooke, who has undertaken it, and understands it. I have bespoken a Miscellany : what would you have me do more ? It cost me a shilling coming home ; it rains terribly, and did so in the morning, Lord treasurer has had an ill day, in much pain. He writes and does business in his chamber now he is ill. the man is bewitched ; he desires to see me, and I'll maul him, but he will not value it a rush——I am half weary of them all. I often burst out into these thoughts,

thoughts, and will certainly steal away as soon as I decently can. I have many friends, and many enemies; and the last are more constant in their nature. I have no shuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumstances, if you can be easy; but I will always live in Ireland as I did the last time; I will not hunt for dinners there; nor converse with more than a very few.

23. Morning. This goes to-day, and shall be sealed by and bye. Lord treasurer takes physick again to-day: I believe I shall dine with lord Dupplin. Mr. Tooke brought me a letter directed for me at Morpew's the bookseller. I suppose, by the postage, it came from Ireland; it is a woman's hand, and seems false spelt on purpose; it is in such sort of verse as Harris's petition; rallies me for writing merry things, and not upon divinity; and is like the subject of the archbishop's last letter, as I told you. Can you guess whom it came from? it is not ill written; pray find it out; there is a Latin verse at the end of it all rightly spelt; yet the English, as I think, affectedly wrong in many places. — My plaguing time is coming. A young fellow brought me a letter from judge Coote, with recommendation to be lieutenant of a man of war. He is the son of one Echlin, who was minister of Belfast before Tisdall, and I have got some other new customers; but I shall trouble my friends as little as possible. Saucy Stella used to jeer me for meddling with other folks affairs: but now I am punished for it. — Patrick has brought the candle, and I have no more room. Farewel, &c. &c.

Here's a full and true account of Stella's new spelling.

Plaguely,	- -	Plaguily*.
Dineing,	- -	Dining.
Straingers,	- -	Strangers.
Chais,	- -	Chase†.
Waist,	- -	Wast.

Houer,

* This column of words, as they are corrected, is in Stella's hand.

† Yet here is one word still false spelt.

Houer,	- -	Hour.
Immagin,	- -	Imagine.
A bout,	- -	About.
Intellegence,	-	Intelligence.
Aboundance,	-	Abundance.
Merrit,	- -	Merit.
Secreet,	- -	Secret.
Phamphlets,	-	Pamphlets.
Bussiness,	- -	Business.

Tell me truly, sirrah, how many of these are mistakes of the pen, how many are you to answer for as real ill spelling? There are but fourteen; I said twenty by guess. You must not be angry, for I will have you spell right, let the world go how it will. Though after all there is but a mistake of one letter in any of these words. I allow you henceforth but six false spellings in every letter you send me.

LETTER LXX.

LONDON, Oct. 23, 1711.

I DINED with lord Dupplin, as I told you I would, and put my thirty-second into the post-office my own self; and I believe there has not been one moment since we parted, wherein a letter was not upon the road going or coming to or from PMD*. If the queen knew it, she would give us a pension; for it is we bring good luck to their post-boys and their packets: else they would break their necks and sink. But, an old saying and a true one; Be it snow or storm or hail, PMD's letters never fail: Cross winds may sometimes make them tarry; But PMD's letters can't miscarry. — Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to save me twelve-pence coming home. Lord treasurer is much better this evening. I hate to have him ill, he is so confoundedly careless. I won't answer your letter yet, so be satisfied.

24. I called at lord treasurer's to-day at noon; he was eating some broth in his bed-chamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him. He has a little fever

* That is Presto and MD.

fever upon him, and his eye terribly blood-shot ; yet he dressed himself, and went out to the treasury. He told me, he has a letter from a lady with a complaint against me, it was from Mrs. Cutts, a sister of lord Cutts, who writ to him, that I had abused her brother : you remember the Salamander ; it is printed in the Miscellany. I told my lord, that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire, and forget them, else I should have no quiet. — I had a little turn in my head this morning ; which, though it did not last above a moment, yet being of the true sort has made me as weak as a dog all this day. 'Tis the first I have had this half year. I shall take my pills if I hear of it again. I dined at lady Mountjoy's with Harry Coote, and went to see lord Pembroke upon his coming to town.—The Whig party are furious against a Peace, and every day some ballad comes out reflecting on the ministry on that account. The secretary St. John has seized on a dozen booksellers and publishers, into his messengers hands. Some of the foreign ministers have published the Preliminaries agreed on here between France and England ; and people rail at them as insufficient to treat a Peace upon ; but the secret is, that the French have agreed to articles much more important, which our ministers have not communicated, and the people, who think they know all, are discontented that there is no more. This was an inconvenience I foretold to the secretary ; but we could contrive no way to fence against it.—So there's politicks for you.

25. The queen is at Hampton-Court ; she went on Tuesday in that terrible rain. I dined with Lewis at his lodgings, to dispatch some business we had. I sent this morning and evening to lord treasurer, and he is much worse by going out ; I am in pain about evening. He has sent for Dr. Radcliff, pray God preserve him. The chancellor of the exchequer shewed me to-day a ballad in manuscript against lord treasurer and his South-Sea project ; it is very sharply written : if it be not printed, I will send it to you. If it be, it shall go in your packet of pamphlets.—I found out your letter about directions

reflections for the apron, and have ordered to be bought a cheap, green silk work apron ; I have it by heart. I sat this evening with Mrs. Barton, who is my near neighbour. It was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether MD was walking too just at that time that Presto was. ——— This paper does not cost me a farthing, I have it from the secretary's office. I long till to-morrow to know how my lord treasurer sleeps this night, and to hear he mends : we are all undone without him ; so pray for him firrahs, and don't stay too late at the dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs. Van ; for the weather is so bad and I am so busy, that I can't dine with great folks : and besides I dare eat but little, to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord treasurer is very ill, but I hope in no danger. We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are so violent against a Peace ; but I'll cool them, with a vengeance, very soon. I have not heard from the bishop of Clogher, whether he has got his statutes. I writ to him six weeks ago ; he's so busy with his parliament. I won't answer your letter yet, say what you will, saucy girls.

27. I forgot to go about some business this morning, which cost me double the time ; and I was forced to be at the secretary's office till four, and lose my dinner ; so I went to Mrs. Van's, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are a light vitals : besides, I was to have supped at lady Ashburnham's ; but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as she promised, but sent for us, and so I sent my excuses. It has been a terrible rainy day, but so flattering in the morning, that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met Leigh and Sterne as I was going into the Park. Leigh says he will go to Ireland in ten days, if he can get Sterne to go with him ; so I will lend him the things for MD, and I have desired him to enquire about the box. I hate that Sterne for his carelessness about it ; but it was my fault.

29. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend Lewis upon business of importance ; and I dined with him, and came home about seven, and thought I would amuse

amuse myself a little after the pains I had taken. I saw a volume of Congreve's Plays in my room, that Patrick had taken to read ; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool : if ever I do so again ; never saw the like. Count Gallas, the emperor's envoy, you will hear is in disgrace with us : the queen has ordered her ministers to have no more commerce with him ; the reason is, the fool writ a rude letter to lord Dartmouth, secretary of state, complaining of our proceedings about a Peace ; and he is always in close confidence with lord Wharton, and Sunderland, and others of the late ministry. I believe you begin to think there will be no Peace ; the Whigs here are sure it cannot be, and stocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unless France plays us tricks ; and you may venture a wager with any of your Whig acquaintance, that we shall not have another campaign. You will get more by it than by ombre, firrah—I let slip telling you yesterday's journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I dined yesterday at Harry Coote's with lord Hatton, Mr. Finch, a son of lord Nottingham, and Sir Andrew Fountaine. I left them soon ; but hear they staid till two in the morning, and were all drunk ; and so good night for last night, and good night for to-night. You blundering gooscap, an't you ashamed to blunder to young ladies ? I shall have a fire in three or four days now, oh, ho.

30. I was to-day in the city concerting some things with a printer, and am to be to-morrow all day busy with Mr. secretary about the same. I won't tell you now ; but the ministers reckon it will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be ; whereas 'tis certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction. But I forgot ; I won't tell you what I will do, nor what I will not do : so let me alone, and go to Stoyte, and give goody Stoyte and Catharine my humble service ; I love goody Stoyte better than goody Walls. Who'll pay me for this green apron ? I will have the money ; it cost ten shillings

shillings and six pence. I think it plaguy dear for a cheap thing ; but they said that English silk would cockle, and I know not what. You have the making into the bargain. 'Tis right Italian : I have sent it and the pamphlets to Leigh, and will send the Miscellanies and spectacles in a day or two. I would send more ; but faith I'm plaguy poor at present.

31. The Devil's in this secretary ; when I went this morning he had people with him ; but, says he, We are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon ; at two Prior sends word, he is otherwise engaged ; then the secretary and I go and dine with brigadier Britton, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done ; he is in haste to see lady Jersey, we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers, teasing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, yet slipping opportunities. Lord treasurer mends every day, though slowly : I hope he will take care of himself. Pray, will you send to Parvisol to send me a bill of twenty pounds as soon as he can, for I want money. I must have money ; I will have money, firrahs.

Nov. 1. I went to-day into the city to settle some business with Stratford, and to dine with him ; but he was engaged, and I was so angry I would not dine with him or any other merchant, but went to my printer, and ate a bit, and did business of mischief with him, and I shall have the spectacles and Miscellany to-morrow, and leave them with Leigh. A fine day always makes me go into the city, if I can spare time, because it is exercise ; and that does me more good than any thing. I have heard nothing since of my head, but a little, I don't know how, sometimes : but I am very temperate, especially now the treasurer is ill, and the ministers often at Hampton-Court, and the secretary not yet fixed in his house, and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been a fellow discovered going out of the East-India house with sixteen thousand pounds in money and bills ; he would have escaped, if he had not been so uneasy with thirst, that he stole out before his time, and was caught. But what is that to MD ? I wish we had the money, provided the East-India company was never the worse ; you know we must

must not covet, &c. Our weather, for this fortnight past, is chequered, a fair and rainy day; this was very fine, and I have walked four miles, with MD would do so, lazy fluttikins.

2. It has rained all day with a continuendo, and I went in a chair to dine with Mrs. Van; always there in a very rainy day. But I made shift to come back afoot. I live a very retired life, pay very few visits, and keep but very little company; I read no news-papers. I am sorry I sent you the Examiner; for the printer is going to print them in a small volume: it seems the author is too proud to have them printed by subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him. The Spectators are likewise printing in a larger and a smaller volume: so I believe they are going to leave them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written. We have had no news for me to send you now towards the end of my letter. The queen has the gout a little; I hoped the lord treasurer would have had it too; but Radcliff told me yesterday it was the rheumatism in his knee and foot; however he mends, and I hope will be abroad in a short time. I am told they design giving away several employments before the parliament sits, which will be the thirteenth instant. I either do not like, or not understand this policy; and if lord treasurer does not mend soon, they must give them just before the sessions. But he is the greatest procrastinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal; I stuff the secretary's pockets with papers, which he must read and settle at Hampton-Court, where he went to-day, and stays some time. They have no lodgings for me there, so I can't go; for the town is small, chargeable and inconvenient. Lord treasurer had a very ill night last night, with much pain in his knee and foot, but is easier to-day.——And so I went to visit Prior about some business, and so he was not within, and so Sir Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again with Mrs. Van, and I came home soon, remembering this must go to-night, and that I had a letter of MD's

to answer. O Lord, where is it? let me see, so, so, here it is. You grudge writing so soon. Pox on that bill; the woman would have me manage that money for her. I do not know what to do with it now I have it; I am like the unprofitable steward in the gospel: *I laid it up in a napkin; there thou hast what is thine own, &c.* Well, well, I know of your new mayor. (I'll tell you a pun; a fishmonger owed a man two crowns; so he sent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then said he was paid: how is that now? find it out; for I won't tell it you: which of you finds it out?) Well, but as I was saying, what care I for your mayor? I fancy Ford may tell Forbes right about my returning to Ireland before Christmas, or soon after. I'm sorry you did not go on with your story about *Pray God you be John*; I never heard it in my life, and wonder what it can be.——Ah, Stella, faith you leaned upon your Bible to think what to say when you writ that. Yes, that story of the secretary's making me an example is true; “never heard it before; why how could you hear it? is it possible to tell you the hundredth part of what passes in our companies here? The secretary is as easy with me as Mr. Addison was. I have often thought what a splutter Sir William Temple makes about being secretary of state; I think Mr. St. John the greatest young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the house of commons, admirable conversation, good nature and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in way of complaint of too great a load of business, which looks a little like affectation: and he endeavours too much to mix the fine gentleman, and man of pleasure, with the man of business. What truth and sincerity he may have I know not: he is now but thirty-two, and has been secretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary? How he stands with the queen and lord treasurer I have told you before. This is his character; and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I writ to the archbishop of Dublin, bishop of Cloyne, and of Clogher together, five weeks ago from Windsor: I hope they

they had my letters; pray know if Clogher had his.—
 Fig for your Physician and his advice, madam Dingley;
 if I grow worse, I will; otherwise I will trust to tem-
 perance and exercise: your fall of the leaf; what care
 I when the leaves fall? I am sorry to see them fall with
 all my heart; but why should I take physick because
 leaves fall off from trees? that won't hinder them from
 falling. If a man falls from a horse must I take physick
 for that?—This arguing makes you mad; but
 it is true right reason, not to be disproved. I am glad
 at heart to hear poor Stella is better; use exercise and
 walk, spend pattens and spare potions; wear out clogs
 and waste claret. Have you found out my pun of the
 fishmonger? Don't read a word more till you have got
 it. And Stella is handsome again, you say? and is she
 fat? I have sent to Leigh the set of *Examiners*; the
 first thirteen were written by several hands, some good,
 some bad; the next three and thirty were all by one
 hand, that makes forty-six* then the author, whoever
 he was, laid it down on purpose to confound gues-
 sers; and the last six were written by a woman. Then
 there is an account of *Guiscard* by the same woman,
 but the facts sent by *Presto*. Then, An Answer to
 the Letter to the lords about *Greg*, by *Presto*; *Prior's*
journey, by *Presto*; *Vindication of the duke of Marlbo-*
rough, entirely by the same woman; *Comment on Hare's*
sermon, by the same woman, only hints sent to the print-

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er

* Here the doctor's memory failed him a little: he should have said, The first twelve were written by several hands (for *Swift's Examiner* commenced with No. 13,) and the next thirty-two were by one hand, in all forty-four. Vid. his Letter to Stella, dated June 7, 1711. If the reader has any doubt of this matter still remaining, let him consult the two last paragraphs of the forty-fourth Examiner; and for curiosity, if he pleases, read the first paragraph of the forty-fifth Number, where he will find the Examiner intends to proceed on a plan quite different from *Swift's* course of politics. However, in six or eight weeks after *Swift* became silent, the Examiner was laid down, although revived again the December following, and continued to be a lively and spirited paper for two or three months, the writers of it being supplied with hints from Mr. secretary St. John and Dr. *Swift*. But the ministry having then obtained their ends in parliament, and the Peace being in great forwardness, they suffered the Examiner to sink again into obscurity and dulness.

er from Presto to give her. Then there's the Miscellany, an apron for Stella, a pound of chocolate without sugar for Stella, a fine snuff-rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs. St. John for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco, which she must hide or cut shorter out of modesty, and four pair of spectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will come safe. Oh, Mrs. Masham and I are very well; we write to one another, but it is upon business; I believe I told you so before: pray pardon my forgetfulness in these cases; poor Presto can't help it. MD shall have the money as soon as Tooke gets it. And so I think I have answered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetcht up my week, and will send you another this day fortnight.—Why, you rogues, two crowns make *tench-ill-ling*: you are so dull you could never have found it out. Farewel, &c. &c.

L E T T E R LXXI.

LONDON, NOV. 3, 1711.

MY thirty-third lies now before me just finished, and I am going to seal and send it, so let me know whether you would have me add any thing: I gave you my journal of this day; and it is now nine at night, and I am going to be busy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's house to day where I was invited, just when dinner was setting on, and pretended I was engaged, because I saw some fellows I did not know, and went to Sir Matthew Dudley's, where I had the same inconvenience, but he would not let me go; otherwise I would have gone home and sent for a slice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine with persons unknown, as bad for ought I know as your deans, parsons, and curates. Bad slabby weather to-day.—Now methinks I write at ease, when I have no letter of MD's to answer. But I mistook, and have got the large paper. The queen is laid up with the gout at Hampton-Court; she is now seldom without it any long time together; I fear it will wear her out in a very few years. I plainly find I have less twitchings about my toes since these ministers are sick and out of town, and that I don't

don't dine with them. I would compound for a light easy gout to be perfectly well in my head.—Pray walk when the frost comes, young ladies, go a frost-biting. It comes into my head, that from the very time you first went to Ireland I have been always plying you to walk and read. The young fellows here have begun a kind of fashion to walk, and many of them have got swingeing strong shoes on purpose; it has got as far as several young lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady Lucy and I are fallen out: she rails at me, and I have left visiting her.

5. MD was very troublesome to me last night in my sleep; I was adreamed, methought, that Stella was here: I asked her after Dingley, and she said, she had left her in Ireland, because she designed her stay to be short, and such stuff.—Monsieur Pontachartrain, the secretary of state in France, and Monsieur Fontenelle, the secretary of the Royal Academy there, (who writ the *Dialogues des morts*, &c.) have sent letters to lord Pembroke, that the Academy have, with the king's consent, chosen him one of their members, in the room of one who is lately dead. But the cautious gentleman has given me the letters to shew my lord Dartmouth and Mr. St. John, our two secretaries, and let them see there is no treason in them; which I will do on Wednesday, when they come from Hampton-Court. The letters are very handsome, and it is a great mark of honour and distinction to lord Pembroke. I hear the two French ministers are come over again about the Peace; but I have seen nobody of consequence to know the truth. I dined to-day with a lady of my acquaintance who was sick, in her bed-chamber, upon three herrings and a chicken; the dinner was my bespeaking. We begin now to have chesnuts and Seville oranges; have you the latter yet? 'Twas a terrible windy day, and we had processions in carts of the Pope and the Devil, and the butchers rang their cleavers; you know this is the fifth of November, popery and gun-powder.

6. Since I am used to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make out a long letter to MD without it. I think I ought to allow for every line taken up by telling you where I dined; but that will not be above seven

lines

lines in all, half a line to a dinner. Your Ingoldby is going over, and they say here, he is to be made a lord. —Here was I staying in my room till two this afternoon for that puppy Sir Andrew Fountaine, who was to go with me into the city, and never came; and if I had not shot a dinner flying, with one Mr. Murray, I might have fasted, or gone to an ale-house.—You never said one word of goody Stoyte in your letter; but I suppose these winter nights we shall hear more of her.—Does the Provost laugh as much as he used to do? we reckon him here a good-for-nothing fellow.—I design to write to your dean one of these days, but I can never find time, nor what to say. I will think of something: but if DD* were not in Ireland, I believe seriously I should not think of the place twice a year. Nothing there ever makes the subject of talk in any company where I am.

7. I went to-day to the city on business; but stopt at a printer's and staid there; it was a most delicious day. I hear the parliament is to be prorogued for a fortnight longer; I suppose, either because the queen has the gout, or that lord treasurer is not well, or that they would do something more towards a Peace. I called at lord treasurer's at noon, and sat a while with lord Harley, but his father was asleep. A bookseller has reprinted or new-titled A Sermon of Tom Swift's printed last year, and publishes an advertisement calling it Dr. Swift's Sermon. Some friend of lord Galway has, by his directions, published a four-shilling book about his conduct in Spain; to defend him; I have but just seen it. But what care you for books, except Presto's Miscellanies? Leigh promised to call and see me, but has not yet? I hope he will take care of his cargo, and get your Chester box. A murrain take that box; every thing is spoiled that is in it. How does the strong box do? You say nothing of Raymond: is his wife brought to bed again; or how has he finished his house; paid his debts; and put out the rest of the money to use? I am glad to hear poor Joe is like to get his two hundred pounds. I suppose Trim is now reduced to slavery again.

* These two initial letters include both Stella and Dingley.

again. I am glad of it; the people were as great rascals as the gentlemen. But I must go to bed, firrabs; the secretary is still at Hampton-court with my papers, or is come only to-night. They plague me with attending them.

8. I was with the secretary this morning, and we dined with Prior, and did business this afternoon till about eight, and I must alter and undo, and a clutter: I am glad the parliament is prorogued. I staid with Prior till eleven; the secretary left us at eight. Prior, I believe, will be one of those employed to make the Peace, when a Congress is opened. Lord Ashburnham told to-day at the Coffee house, that lord Harley was yesterday morning married to the duke of Newcastle's daughter, the great heiress, and it is got about all the town. But I saw lord Harley yesterday at noon in his night-gown, and he dined in the city with Prior and others; so it is not true: but I hope it will be so; for I know it has been privately managing this long time: the lady will not have half her father's estate; for the duke left lord Pelham's son his heir; the widow duchess will not stand to the will, and she is now at law with Pelham. However, at worst, the girl will have about ten thousand pounds a year, to support the honour: for lord treasurer will never save a groat for himself. Lord Harley is a very valuable young gentleman; and they say the girl is handsome, and has good sense, but red hair.

9. I designed a jaunt into the city to-day to be merry, but was disappointed, so one always is in this life; and I could not see lord Dartmouth to-day, with whom I had some business. Business and pleasure both disappointed. You can go to your dean, and for want of him, goody Stoyte, or Walls, or Manley, and meet every where with cards and claret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and half a flask of bad Florence. I begin to have fires now, when the mornings are cold; I have got some loose bricks at the back of my grate for good husbandry. Fine weather. Patrick tells me, my caps are wearing out? I know not how to get others. I want a necessary woman strangely; I am as helpless as an elephant.—I had three packets from

from the archbishop of Dublin, cost me four shillings, all about Higgins, printed stuff, and two long letters. His people forget to enclose them to Lewis; and they were only directed to Doctor Swift, without naming London or any thing else: I wonder how they reached me unless the post-master directed them. I have read all the trash, and am weary.

10. Why; if you must have it out, something is to be published of great moment, and three or four great people are to see there are no mistakes in point of fact: and 'tis so troublesome to send it among them, and get their corrections, that I am weary as a dog. I dined to-day with the printer, and was there all the afternoon; and it plagues me, and there's an end, and what would you have? Lady Dupplin, lord treasurer's daughter, is brought to bed of a son. Lord treasurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to live in gravel-pits, but not for gravel-pits to live in us: a man in this case should leave no stone unturned. Lord treasurer's sickness, the queen's gout, the forwarding the Peace, occasion putting off the parliament a fortnight longer. My head has had no ill returns. I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpose for my health; but I can't walk in the Park, because that is only for walking sake, and loses time, so I mix it with business: I wish MD walked half as much as Presto. If I was with you, I'd make you walk; I would walk behind or before you, and you should have masks on, and be tuckt up like any thing, and Stella is naturally a stout walker, and carries herself firm, methinks I see her strut and step clever over a kennel; and Dingley would do well enough, if her petticoats were pinned up; but she is so embroiled, and so fearful, and then Stella scolds, and Dingley stumbles, and is so daggled. Have you got the whale-bone petticoats amongst you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Pshaw, what's all this I'm saying? methinks I am talking to MD face to face.

11. Did I tell you that old Frowde, the old fool, is selling his estate at Pepperhara, and is sculking about the town no body knows where? and who do you think manages

manages all this for him, but that rogue Child, the double squire of Farnham ? I have put Mrs. Masbam, the queen's favourite, upon buying it ; but that is yet a great secret ? and I have employed lady Oglethorp to enquire about it. I was with lady Oglethorp to-day, who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will see to hunt out the old fool ; he is utterly ruined, and at this present in some blind alley with some dirty wench. He has two sons that must starve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs. Masbam buys the land, I will desire her to get the queen to give some pension to the old fool, to keep him from absolutely starving. What do you meddle with other peoples affairs for ? says Stella. O, but Mr. Masbam and his wife are very urgent with me, since I first put them in the head of it. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, who, I doubt, will soon lose his employment.

12. Morning. I am going to hunt out old Frowde, and to do some business in the city. I have not yet called to Patrick to know whether it be fair. It has been past dropping these two days. Rainy weather hurts my pate and my purse. He tells me 'tis very windy, and begins to look dark ; woe be to my shillings : an old saying and a true ; Few fillings, many shillings. If the day be dark, my purse will be light. To my enemies be this curse ; A dark day and a light purse. And so I'll rise, and go to my fire, for Patrick tells me I have a fire ; yet it is not shaving day, nor is the weather cold ; this is too extravagant. What is become of Dilly ? I suppose you have him with you. Stella is just now shewing a white leg, and putting it into the slipper.—Present my service to her, and tell her I am engaged to the dean ; and desire she will come too : or, Dingley, can't you write a note ? This is Stella's morning dialogue, no, morning speech I mean.—Morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise as well as you ; but I promise you Walls can't dine with the dean to-day, for she is to be at Mrs. Proby's just after dinner, and to go with Gracy Spencer to the shops to buy a yard of muslin, and a silver lace for an under petticoat. Morrow again, sirrahs.—At night. I dined with Stratford in the city, but could not finish my affairs with him ; but now I

have

have resolved to buy five hundred pounds South-Sea stock, which will cost me three hundred and eighty ready Money ; and I will make use of the bill of a hundred pounds you sent me, and transfer Mrs. Walls over to Hawkshaw ; or if she dislikes it, I will borrow a hundred pounds of the secretary, and repay her. Three shillings coach-hire to-day. I have spoken to Frowde's brother, to get me the lowest price of the estate, to tell Mrs. Masham.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighbourhood. Last Saturday night I came home, and the drab had just washed my room, and my bed-chamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed in my own defence, and no fire : I was sick on Sunday, and now have got a swingeing cold. I scolded like a dog at Patrick, although he was out with me : I detest washing of rooms : can't they wash them in a morning, and make a fire, and leave open the windows ? I slept not a wink last night for hawking and spitting : and now every body has colds. Here's a clutter : I'll go to bed and sleep if I can.

14. Lady Mountjoy sent to me two days ago, so I dined with her to-day, and in the evening went to see lord treasurer. I found Patrick had been just there with a how d'ye, and my lord had returned answer that he desired to see me. Mrs. Masham was with him when I came ; and they are never disturbed : 'tis well she is not very handsome : they sit alone together, settling the nation. I sat with lady Oxford, and stopt Mrs. Masham as she came out, and told her what progress I had made, &c. and then went to lord treasurer : he is very well, only uneasy at rising or sitting, with some rheumatick pain in his thigh, and a foot weak. He shewed me a small paper, sent by an unknown hand to one Mr. Cook, who sent it to my lord : it was written in plain large letters, thus ;

“ Though G——d's knife did not succeed ;
“ A F——n's yet may do the Deed.”

And a little below ; “ Burn this Dog.” My lord has frequently such letters as these : once he shewed me one,
which

which was a vision describing a certain man, his dress, his sword, and his countenance, who was to murder my lord. And he told me he saw a fellow in the chapel at Windsor with a dress very like it. They often send him letters signed Your humble servant, The Devil, and such stuff. I sat with him till after ten, and have business to do.

15. The secretary came yesterday to town from Hampton-Court, so I went to him early this morning; but he went back last night again: and coming home to-night I found a letter from him to tell me, that he was just come from Hampton-Court, and just returning, and will not be here till Saturday night. A pox take him; he stops all my business. I'll beg leave to come back when I have got over this; and hope to see MD in Ireland soon after Christmas.—I'm weary of courts, and want my journies to Laracor; they did me more good than all the ministries these twenty years. I dined to-day in the city, but did no business as I designed. Lady Mounjoy tells me, that Dilly is got to Ireland, and that the archbishop of Dublin was the cause of his returning so soon. The parliament was prorogued two days ago for a fortnight, which, with the queen's absence, makes the town very dull and empty. They tell me the duke of Ormond brings all the world away with him from Ireland. London has nothing so bad in it in Winter, as your knots of Irish folks; but I go to no Coffee-house, and so I seldom see them. This letter shall go on Saturday; and then I am even with the world again. I have lent money, and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myself.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a visiter, when I had ordered to see nobody, so I was forced to hurry a hang-dog instrument of mine into my bed-chamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above an hour.—I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I believe it will last me about ten days in all.—I should have told you that in those two verses sent to lord treasurer, the G—d stands for Guiscard; that is easy; but we differed about F—n; I thought it was for Frenchman, because he hates them, and they him; and so it would

be.

be, that although Guiscard's knife mis'd its design, the knife of a Frenchman might yet do it. My lord thinks it stands for Felton, the name of him that stabbed the first duke of Buckingham.—Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with the Vans to-day, and my cold made me loiter all the evening. Stay, young women, don't you begin to owe me a letter? just a month to-day since I had your N. 22. I'll stay a week longer, and then I'll expect like agog; till then you may play at ombre, and so forth, as you please. The Whigs are still crying down our peace, but we will have it, I hope, in spite of them: the emperor comes now with his two eggs a penny, and promises wonders to continue the war; but it is too late; only I hope the fear of it will serve to spur on the French to be easy and sincere. Night, firrahs; I'll go early to bed.

17. Morning. This goes to-night; I will put it myself in the post-office. I had just now a long letter from the archbishop of Dublin, giving me an account of the ending your sessions, how it ended in a storm; which storm, by the time it arrives here, will be only half nature. I can't help it, I won't hide. I often advised the dissolution of that parliament, although I did not think the scoundrels had so much courage; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by several things the archbishop says, he is not very well either with the government or clergy.—See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight.—God Almighty bless and preserve dearest little MD.—I suppose your lord-lieutenant is now setting out for England. I wonder the bishop of Clogher does not write to me; or let me know of his statues, and how he likes them: I will write to him again, as soon as I have leisure. Farewel, dearest MD, and love Presto, who loves MD infinitely above all earthly things, and who will.—My service to Mrs. Stoyte, and Catharine. I'm sitting in my bed; but will rise to seal this. Morrow, dear rogues. Farewel again, dearest MD, &c.

LETTER LXXII.

LONDON, Nov. 17, 1711.

I PUT my last this evening in the post-office. I dined with Dr. Cockburn. This being queen Elizabeth's birth day, we have the D— and all to do among us. I just heard of the stir as my letter was sealed this morning; and was so cross I would not open it to tell you. I have been visiting lady Oglethorp and lady Worsley; the latter is lately come to town for the Winter, and with child, and what care you? This is queen Elizabeth's birth-day, usually kept in this town by 'prentices, &c. but the Whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the Pope, Devil, Cardinals, Sacheverell, &c. and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas, Dr. Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized last night, by order from the secretary: you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the streets already. They had some very foolish and mischievous designs; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon assaulting my lord treasurer's house, and the secretary's; and other violences. The Militia was raised to prevent it, and now, I suppose, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the secretary's office at White-hall. I design to see them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr. secretary, who just came from Hampton-Court. He was telling me more particulars about this business of burning the Pope. It cost a great deal of money, and had it gone on, would have cost three times as much: but the town is full of it, and half a dozen Grub-street papers already. The secretary and I dined at brigadier Britton's, but I left them at six, upon an appointment with some sober company of men and ladies, to drink punch at Sir Andrew Fountaine's. We were not very merry; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with brandy; are you of my opinion? Why then; twelve-penny weather; firrahs, why don't you play at shuttlecock? I have thought of it a hundred times; faith Presto will
come

come over after Christmas, and will play with Stella before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the Spectators? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no Coffee-houses. They say abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me. I shall be out of my hurry in a week, and if Leigh be not gone over, I will send you by him what I am now finishing. I don't know where Leigh is; I have not seen him this good while, though he promised to call: I shall send to him. The queen comes to town on Thursday for good and all.

19. I was this morning at lord Dartmouth's office, and sent out for him from the committee of council, about some business. I was asking him more concerning this bustle about the figures in wax-work, of the Pope, and Devil, &c. He was not at leisure, or he would have seen them. I hear the owners are so impudent, that they design to replevin them by law. I am assured that the figure of the Devil is made as like lord treasurer as they could. Why; I dined with a friend in St. James's-street. Lord treasurer, I am told, was abroad to-day; I will know to-morrow how he does after it. The duke of Marlborough is come, and was yesterday at Hampton-court with the queen; no, it was t'other day; no it was yesterday; for to-day I remember Mr. secretary was going to see him, when I was there, not at the duke of Marlborough's, but at the secretary's; the duke is not so fond of me. What care I; I won seven shillings to-night at picquet: I play twice a year or so.

20. I have been so teased with Whiggish discourse by Mrs. Barton and lady Betty Germain, never saw the like. They turn all this affair of the pope-burning into ridicule; and indeed they have made too great a clutter about it, if they had no real reason to apprehend some tumults. I dined with lady Betty. I hear Prior's commission is passed to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary for the peace; my lord privy seal, who you know is bishop of Bristol, is the other; and lord Strafford, already ambassador at the Hague, the third: I am forced to tell you, ignorant sluts, who is
who.

who. I was punning scurvily with Sir Andrew Fountaine and lord Pembroke this evening; do you ever pun now? Sometimes with the dean, or Tom Leigh. Prior puns very well. Odso, I must go see his excellency, 'tis a noble advancement: but they could do no less, after sending him to France. Lord Strafford is as proud as hell, and how he will bear one of Prior's mean birth on an equal character with him, I know not. And so I go to my business, and bid you good night.

21. I was this morning busy with my printer; I gave him the fifth sheet, and then I went and dined with him in the city, to correct something, and alter, &c. and I walked home in the dusk, and the rain overtook me: and I found a letter here from Mr. Lewis; well, and so I opened it; and he says, The peace is past danger, &c. Well, and so there was another letter inclosed in his; well; and so I looked on the outside of this t'other letter. Well; and so who do you think this t'other letter was from? Well; and so I'll tell you, it was from little MD, N. 23, 23, 23, 23. I tell you it is no more, I have told you so before*: but I just looked again to satisfy you. Hie, Stella, you write like an emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four false spellings in all. Shall I send them to you? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well; but I will not answer your letter now, firrah saucy boxes, no, no; not yet; just a month and three days from the last, which is just five weeks; you see it comes just when I begin to grumble.

22. Morning. Tooke has just brought me Dingley's money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half a crown for entering the letter of attorney: but I swore to stop that. I'll spend your money bravely here. Morrow, dear firrahs.——At night. I dined to-day with Sir Thomas Hanmer; his wife, the duchess of Grafton, dined with us: she wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad-woman in it; yet she
has

* Nothing was ever more in Swift's style and manner of conversation, than these repetitions and the words following.

has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to see lord Harley, and thought to have sat with lord treasurer; but he was taken up with the Dutch envoy and such folks; and I would not stay. One particular in life here different from what I have in Dublin, is, that whenever I come home I expect to find some letter for me, and seldom miss; and never any worth a farthing, but often to vex me. The queen does not come to town till Saturday. Prior is not yet declared; but these ministers being at Hampton-Court I know nothing; and if I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation; but nothing has vexed me more for some months past, than people I never saw, pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet speak ill of me too; at least some of them. An old crooked Scotch countess, whom I never heard of in my life, told the duchess of Hamilton t'other day, that I often visited her. People of worth never do that; so that a man only gets the scandal of having scurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing against me some time ago, and said they were very well acquainted with me; two of which I had never heard of; and the third had only seen twice where I happened to visit. A man who has once seen me in a Coffee-house will ask me how I do, when he sees me talking at Court with a minister of state; who is sure to ask me, how I came acquainted with that scoundrel. But come, sirrahs, this is all stuff to you, so I'll say no more on this side the paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr. Lewis and me to dine at a tavern to-day, which I have not done five times since I came to England; I never will call it Britain, pray don't call it Britain. My week is not out, and one side of this paper is out, and I have a letter to answer of MD's into the bargain: must I write on the third side? faith that will give you an ill habit. I saw Leigh last night: he gives a terrible account of Sterne; he reckons he is seduced by some wencher; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned several things. Leigh says he goes on Monday next for Ireland, but believes Sterne will not go with him; Sterne has kept him these three months. Leigh has got the apron and things.

things, and promises to call for the box at Chester; but I despair of it. Good night, firrahs; I have been late abroad.

24. I have finished my pamphlet to-day, which has cost me so much time and trouble; it will be published in three or four days, when the parliament begins sitting. I suppose the queen is come to town, but know nothing, having been in the city finishing and correcting with the printer. When I came home I found letters on my table as usual, and one from your mother, to tell me, that you desire your writings and a picture should be sent to me, to be sent over to you. I have just answered her letter, and promised to take care of them if they be sent to me. She is at Farnham: it is too late to send them by Leigh; besides, I will wait your orders, madam Stella. I am going to finish a letter to lord treasurer about reforming our language; but first I must put an end to a ballad; and go you to your cards, firrahs, this is card season.

25. I was early with the secretary to-day, but he was gone to his devotions, and to receive the sacrament; several rakes did the same; it was not for piety, but employments; according to act of parliament. I dined with lady Mary Dudley; and past my time since insipidly, only I was at Court at noon, and saw fifty acquaintance I had not met this long time: that is the advantage of a Court, and I fancy I am better known than any man that goes there. Sir John Walters' quarrel with me has entertained the town ever since; and yet we never had a word, only he railed at me behind my back. The parliament is again to be prorogued for eight or nine days; for the Whigs are too strong in the house of lords: other reasons are pretended, but that is the truth. The prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a friend of his, and unexpectedly there dined with us an Irish knight, one Sir John St. Leger, who follows the law here, but at a great distance: he was so pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I saw to-day the Pope, and Devil, and the other figures of Cardinals, &c. fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I have put an under-

under-strapper upon writing a two-penny pamphlet to give an account of the whole design. My large pamphlet will be published to-morrow, copies are sent to the great men this night. Domville is come home from his travels; I am vexed at it; I have not seen him yet; I design to present him to all the great men.

27. Domville came to me this morning, and we dined at Pontack's, and were all day together, till six this evening; he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know; he set me down at lord treasurer's, with whom I staid about an hour, till Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him about business. My lord treasurer is pretty well; but stiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatism. I am to bring Domville to my lord Harley in a day or two. It was the dirtiest rainy day that ever I saw. The pamphlet * is published; lord treasurer had it by him on the table, and was asking me about the mottos in the title page; he gave me one of them himself. I must send you the pamphlet if I can.

28. Mrs. Van sent to me to dine with her to-day, because some ladies of my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning to return Domville his visit, and went to visit Mrs. Masham, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady: it seems her husband and son are coming home; but I have taken another lodging hard by, in Leiceſter-Fields. I presented Mr. Domville to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Prior this morning. Prior and I are called the two Sofias in a Whig news-paper. Sofias, can you read it? The pamphlet begins to make a noise: I was asked by several whether I had seen it, and they advised me to read it, for it was something very extraordinary. I shall be suspected? and it will have several paultry answers. It must take its fate, as Savage said of his sermon that he preached at Farnham on Sir William Temple's death. Domville saw Savage in Italy, and says he is a coxcomb, and half mad: he goes in red, and with yellow waist-coats, and was at ceremony kneeling

* This pamphlet was The Conduct of the Allies.

kneeling to the Pope on Palm-Sunday, which is much more than kissing his toe ; and I believe it will ruin him here when 'tis told. I'll answer your letter in my new lodgings : I have hardly room ; I must borrow from the other side.

29. New lodgings. My printer came this morning to tell me he must immediately print a second edition, and lord treasurer made one or two small additions : they must work day and night to have it out on Saturday ; they sold a thousand in two days. Our society met to-day, nine of us were present, we dined at our brother Bathurst's : we made several regulations, and have chosen three new members, lord Orrery, Jack Hill, who is Mrs. Masham's brother, he that lately miscarried in the expedition to Quebec, and one colonel Disney. We have taken a room in a house near St. James's to meet in. I left them early about correcting the pamphlet, &c. and am now got home, &c.

30. This morning I carried Domville to see my lord Harley, and I did some business with lord treasurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding something to the second edition. I dined with the printer ; the pamphlet makes a world of noise, and will do a great deal of good : it tells abundance of most important facts which were not at all known. I'll answer your letter to-morrow morning ; or suppose I answer it just now, though it is pretty late. Come then—You say you are busy with parliaments, &c. that's more than ever I will be when I come back ; but you will have none these two years. Lord Santry, &c. *

yes

* Lord Santry was as violent a Whig as Dick Tighe [Vid. Letter 59 in Dodsey's Collection, dated Feb. 10, 1711], and Dr. Higgins, who is in this place hinted at by the &c. much such another as Sacheverell ; consequently my lord was an outrageous enemy and persecutor of Higgins. However, it happened one day that lord Santry was looking out of the great window at Lucas's Coffee-house when Higgins was passing by ; How do you do, Doctor ? said my lord, in a sneering contemptuous manner. Very well, I thank you, little master, said Higgins. Let me out, let me out to him, cried Santry in a rage, pretending to leap out of the window, which was not far from the ground. Aye, do, said Higgins, let him out, I'll soon pitch him into you again.

yes, I have had enough on't. I am glad Dilly is mended; does not he thank me for shewing him the Court and the great people's faces? He had his glass out at the queen and the rest. 'Tis right what Dilly says; I depend upon nothing from my friends; but to go back as I came. Never fear Laracor, 'twill mend with a Peace; or surely they'll give me the Dublin parish. Stella is in the right; the bishop of Ossory is the filliest, best-natured wretch breathing, of as little consequence as an egg-shell.—Well, the spelling I have mentioned before; only the next time say at least, and not at lest, Pox on your Newbury: what can I do for him? I'll give his case (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that's all I can do. Lord treasurer's lameness goes off daily. Pray God preserve poor good Mrs. Stoyte, she would be a great loss to us all; pray give her my service, and tell her she has my heartiest prayers. I pity poor Mrs. Manley; but I think the child is happy to die, considering how little provision it would have had. Poh, every pamphlet abuses me, and for things that I never writ. Joe should have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means; and I must thank the duke of Ormond, who I dare swear will say he did it on my account. Are they golden pippins, those seven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you: 7l. 17s. 8d. old blunderer, not 18 sh. I have reckoned it 18 times. Hawkshaw's eight pounds is not reckoned; and if it be secure, it may lie where it is, unless they desire to pay it: so Parvifol may let it drop till further orders; for I have put Mrs. Wesley's money into the bank, and will pay her with Hawkshaw's.—I mean that Hawkshaw's money goes for an addition to MD, you know; but be good housewives. Bernage never comes now to see me; he has no more to ask; but I hear he has been ill.—A pox on Mrs. South's affair; I can do nothing in it, but by way of assisting any body else that solicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell Walls I do no more for any body with my lord treasurer, especially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have spent all my discretion, and have no more to use.—And so I have answered your letter fully and plainly —And

—And so I have got to the third side of my paper, which is more than belongs to you, young women. It goes to-morrow, To-nobody's sorrow, You are silly, not I; I'm a poet. If I had but, &c.—Who's silly now? rogues and lasses, tinderboxes and buzzards. O Lord, I am in a high vein of filliness; methought I was speaking to dearest little MD face to face. There; so lads, enough for to-night; to cards with the blackguards. Good night, my delight, &c.

Dec. 1. Pish; firrahs, put a date always at the bottom of the letter as well as the top, that I may know when you send it; your last is of Nov. 3, yet I had others at the same time written a fortnight after. Whenever you would have any money, send me word three weeks before, and in that time you will certainly have an answer, with a bill on Parvisol: pray do this; for my head is full, and it will ease my memory. Why, I think I quoted to you some of ——'s letter, so you may imagine how witty the rest was; for it was all of a bunch, as goodman Peesley says. Pray let us have no more *Buffness* but *Busyness*: the Deuse take me if I know how to spell it, your wrong spelling, madam Stella, has put me out: it does not look right; let me see, *Buffness*, *Busyness*, *Business*, *Bisyness*, *Bisness*, *Byness*; faith, I know not which is right, I think the second; I believe I never writ the word in my life before; yes, sure I must though; *Business*, *Busyness*, *Bisyness*. —I have perplexed myself, and can't do it. Prithee ask Walls. *Business*, I fancy that's right. Yes it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. Oh, now I see it as plain as can be; so yours is only an s too much. The parliament will certainly meet on Friday next; the Whigs will have a great majority in the house of lords; no care is taken to prevent it; there is too much neglect; they are warned of it, and that signifies nothing: it was feared there would be some peevish address from the lords against a Peace. 'Tis said about the town, that several of the allies begin now to be content that a Peace should be treated. This is all the news I have. The queen is pretty well; and so
now

now I bid poor dearest MD farewell till to-night, then I will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I saw were not worth forty pounds, so I stretched a little when I said a thousand. The Grub-street account of that tumult is published. The Devil is not like lord treasurer; they were all in your odd antick masks, bought in common shops. I fear Prior will not be one of the plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over some of this letter, and find I make many mistakes of leaving out words; so 'tis impossible to find my meaning, unless you be conjurers. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day just what I have written that day; which will take up no time to speak of.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

LONDON, Dec. 1, 1711.

MY last was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr. Massem to-day, and called at White's Chocolate-house to see if he was there. Lord Wharton saw me at the door, and I saw him, but took no notice, and was going away; but he came through the crowd, called after me, and asked me how I did, &c. This was pretty; and I believe he wished every word he spoke was a halter to hang me. Massem did not dine at home, so I ate with a friend in the neighbourhood. The printer has not sent me the second edition; I know not the reason, for it certainly came out to day; perhaps they are glutted with it already. I found a letter from lord Harley on my table, to tell me that his father desires I would make two small alterations. I am going to be busy, &c.

2. Morning. See the blunder; I was making it the 37th day of the month from the number above. Well, but I am staying here for old Frowde, who appointed to call this morning: I am ready dressed to go to church; I suppose he dare not stir out but on Sundays. The printer called early this morning, told me the second edition went off yesterday in five hours, and he must have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have
fold

fold half another : his men are all at work with it, though it be Sunday. This old fool will not come, and I shall miss church.—Morrow, firrahs.—At night. I was at Court to-day ; the queen is well, and walked through part of the rooms. I dined with the secretary, and dispatched some business. He tells me, the Dutch envoy designs to complain of that pamphlet. The noise it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it. I suppose it will be printed in Ireland. Some lay it to Prior, others to Mr. secretary St. John, but I am always the first they lay every thing to. I'll go sleep, &c.

3. I have ordered Patrick not to let any odd fellow come up to me ; and to-day a fellow would needs speak with me from sir George Prettyman. I had never heard of him ; and would not see the messenger ; but at last it proved that this Sir George has sold his estate, and is a beggar. Smithers, the Farnham carrier, brought me this morning a letter from your mother, with three papers inclosed of lady Giffard's writing ; one owning some exchequer business of 100l. to be Stella's, another for 100l. that she has of yours, which I made over to you for Mariston ; and a third for 300l. ; the last is on stamp paper. I think they had better lie in England in some good hand till lady Giffard dies ; and I will think of some such hand before I come over. I was asking Smithers about all the people of Farnham. Mrs. White has left off dressing, is troubled with lameness and swelled legs, and seldom stirs out ; but her old hang-dog husband as hearty as ever. I was this morning with lord treasurer about something he would have altered in the pamphlet ; but it can't be till the fourth edition, which I believe will be soon ; for I dined with the printer, and he tells me they have sold off half the third. Mrs. Percival and her daughter have been in town these three weeks, which I never heard till to-day ; and Mrs. Wesley is come to town too, to consult Dr. Radcliffe. The Whigs are resolved to bring that pamphlet into the house of lords to have it condemned, so I hear. But the printer will stand to it, and not own the author ; he must say he had it from the penny-post. Some people talk as if the house of lords would do some peevish thing ;

thing ; for the Whigs are now a great majority in it ; our ministers are too negligent of such things : I have never slipt giving them warning ; some of them are sensible of it ; but lord treasurer stands too much upon his own legs. I fancy his good fortune will bear him out in every thing ; but in reason I should think this ministry to stand very unsteady : if they can carry a Peace, they may hold ; I believe not else.

4. Mr. secretary sent to me to-day to dine with him alone ; but we had two more with us, which hindered me doing some business. I was this morning with young Harcourt, secretary to our society. to take a room for our weekly meetings ; and the fellow asked us five guineas a week only to have leave to dine once a week ; was not that pretty ? so we broke off with him, and are to dine next Thursday at Harcourt's (he is lord keeper's son). They have sold off above half the third edition, and answers are coming out : the Dutch envoy refused dining with Dr. D'avenant, because he was suspected to write it : I have made some alterations in every edition, and it has cost me more trouble, for the time, since the printing than before. 'Tis sent over to Ireland, and I suppose you will have it reprinted.

5. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very extraordinary, considering 'tis a dear twelpenny book, and not bought up in numbers by the party to give away, as the Whigs do, but purely upon its own strength. I have got an under spur-leather to write an examiner again, and the secretary and I will now and then send hints ; but we would have it a little upon the Grub-street, to be a match for their writers. I dined with lord treasurer to-day at five ; he dined by himself after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his rheumatism, of which he is almost well. He was very pleasant, as he is always ; yet I fancied he was a little touched with the present posture of affairs. The elector of Hanover's minister here has given in a violent memorial against the Peace, and caused it to be printed. The Whig lords are doing their utmost for a majority against Friday, and design, if they can, to address the queen against the Peace. Lord
Not-

Nottingham, a famous Tory and speech-maker, is gone over to the Whig side: they toast him daily, and lord Wharton says, It is Dismal (so they call him from his looks) will save England at last. Lord treasurer was hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on him, and I will get up one against him to-morrow. He gave me a scurrilous printed paper of bad verses on himself, under the name of the English Cataline, and made me read them to the company. It was his birth-day, which he would not tell us, but lord Harley whispered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above Grub-street; at noon I paid a visit to Mrs. Masham, and then went to dine with our society. Poor lord keeper dined below stairs, I suppose on a bit of mutton. We chose two members; we were eleven met, the greatest meeting we ever had: I am next week to introduce lord Orrery. The printer came before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet in small, a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends and sent into the country. A six-penny answer is come out, good for nothing, but guessing me among others for the author. To-morrow is the fatal day for the parliament meeting, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our side in the house of lords; yet I observed Mrs. Masham a little uneasy; she assures me the queen is stout. The duke of Marlborough has not seen the queen for some days past; Mrs. Masham is glad of it, because, she says, he tells a hundred lies to his friends of what she says to him: he is one day humble and the next on the high ropes. The duke of Ormond, they say, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the parliament was to meet, and the great question to be determined, I went with Dr. Friend to dine in the city, on purpose to be out of the way, and we sent our printer to see what was our fate; but he gave us a most melancholy account of things. The earl of Nottingham began, and spoke against a peace, and desired that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the queen not to make

a peace without Spain ; which was debated, and carried by the Whigs by about six voices : and this has happened entirely by my lord treasurer's neglect, who did not take timely care to make up all his strength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. Nottingham has certainly been bribed. The question is yet only carried in the committee of the whole house, and we hope when it is reported to the house to-morrow, we shall have a majority by some Scotch lords coming to town. However, it is a mighty blow and loss of reputation to lord treasurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer brought it, who was at the debate ; but how the ministry take it, or what their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell until I see them. I shall be early with the secretary to-morrow, and then I will tell you more, and shall write a full account to the bishop of Clogher to-morrow, and to the archbishop of Dublin, if I have time. I am horribly down at present. I long to know how lord treasurer bears this and what remedy he has. The duke of Ormond came this day to town and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the secretary, and talkt over this matter. He hoped that when it was reported this day in the house of lords, they would disagree with their committee, and so the matter would go off, only with a little loss of reputation to lord treasurer. I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and after a Scotch member came in, and told us that the clause was carried against the Court in the house of lords almost two to one ; I went immediately to Mrs. Masham, and meeting Dr. Arbuthnot (the queen's favourite physician) we went together. She was just come from waiting at the queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing being gone against us. It seems lord treasurer had been so negligent, that he was with the queen while the question was put in the house : I immediately told Mrs. Masham, that either she and lord treasurer had joined with the queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the queen : she protested solemnly it was not the former, and I believe her ; but she gave me some lights to suspect the queen is changed. For, yesterday when the
queen

queen was going from the house, where she sat to hear the debate, the duke of Shrewsbury lord chamberlain asked her, whether he or the great chamberlain Lindsay ought to lead her out; she answered short, Neither of you, and gave her hand to the duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the house for the cause against Peace. She gave me one or two more instances of this sort, which convince me that the queen is false, or at least very much wavering. Mr. Masham begged us to stay, because lord treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him, If he would secure it me a week, I would set all right: he asked, How? I said, I would immediately turn lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of Somerset, and lord Cholmondeley out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnott asked, how he came not to secure a majority? He could answer nothing, but that he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear. A poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scripture expression, that 'the hearts of kings are unsearchable.' I told him, It was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what we had to trust to; he stuck a little; but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was, but he would go home, it was past six: he made me go home with him. There we found his brother and Mr. secretary. He made his son take a list of all in the house of commons who had places, and yet voted against the Court, in such a manner as if they should lose their places: I doubt he is not able to compass it. Lord keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon business. So I left him, and returned to Mrs. Masham; but she had company with her, and I would not stay.—This is a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin

of England. The Whigs are all in triumph ; they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they said the parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may : this is all your d——d duchess of Somerset's doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since : the secretary always dreaded it. I told lord treasurer, I should have the advantage of him ; for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave.

9. I was this morning with Mr. secretary ; we are both of opinion that the queen is false. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumstances. I then went to my friend Lewis, who had sent to see me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his estate in Wales. He gave me reasons to believe the whole matter is settled between the queen and the Whigs ; he hears that lord Somers is to be treasurer, and believes, that sooner than turn out the duchess of Somerset, she will dissolve the parliament, and get a Whiggish one, which may be done by managing elections. Things are now in the crisis, and a day or two will determine. I have desired him to engage lord treasurer, that as soon as he finds the change is resolved on, he will send me abroad as queen's secretary somewhere or other, where I may remain till the new ministers recal me ; and then I will be sick for five or six months till the storm has spent itself. I hope he will grant me this ; for I should hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is fresh. I dined to-day with the secretary, who affects mirth, and seems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aside after dinner, told him how I had served them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might ask security ; and then desired the same thing of him, to send me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and swore he would take the same care of me as himself, &c. but bid me have courage, for that in two days my lord treasurer's wisdom would appear greater than ever ; that he suffered all that had happened on purpose, and had taken measures to turn it to advantage. I said, God send it ; but I do not believe a syllable : and as
far

far as I can judge, the game is lost. I shall know more soon, and my letters will at least be a good history to shew you the steps of this change.

10. I was this morning with Lewis, who thinks they will let the parliament sit till they have given the money, and then dissolve them in Spring, and break the ministry. He spoke to lord treasurer about what I desired him. My lord desired him with great earnestness to assure me, that all would be well, and that I should fear nothing. I dined in the city with a friend. This day the commons went to the queen with their address, and all the lords who were for the Peace went with them, to shew their zeal. I have now some further conviction that the queen is false, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to see Mrs. Masham: while I was there she went to her bed-chamber to try a petticoat. Lord treasurer came in to see her, and seeing me in the outer room fell a rallying me; says he, You had better keep company with me, than with such a fellow as Lewis, who has not the soul of a chicken, nor the heart of a mite. Then he went into Mrs. Masham, and as he came back desired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He asked, whether I was not afraid to be seen with him? I said, I never valued my lord treasurer in my life, and therefore should have always the same esteem for Mr. Harley and lord Oxford. He seemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting, that he was not sure of the queen; and that those scoundrel, starving lords would never have dared to vote against the Court, if Somerset had not assured them, that it would please the queen. He said, That was true, and Somerset did so. I staid till six; then de Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him and I left him. Prior was with us a while after dinner: I see him and all of them cast down; though they make the best of it.

12. Ford is come to town; I saw him last night; he is in no fear, but sanguine, although I have told him the state of things. This change so resembles the last, that I wonder they do not observe it. The secretary

tary sent for me yesterday to dine with him, but I was abroad; I hope he had something to say to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going to the duke of Ormond, whom I have not yet seen. Morrow, firrahs.—At night. I was to see the duke of Ormond this morning: he asked me two or three questions after his civil way, and they related to Ireland: at last I told him, that from the time I had seen him I never once thought of Irish affairs. He whispered me, that he hoped I had done some good things here; I said, if every body else had done half as much, we should not be as we are: then we went aside and talked over affairs. I told him how all things stood, and advised him what was to be done. I then went and sat an hour with the duchess; then as long with lady Oglethorp, who is so cunning a devil, that I believed she could yet find a remedy, if they would take her advice. I dined with a friend at court.

13. I was this morning with the secretary; he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well; Will you believe it, said he, if you see these people turned out? I said, Yes, if I saw the duke and duchess of Somerset out: he swore, if they were not, he would give up his place. Our Society dined to-day at Sir William Wyndham's; we were thirteen present. Lord Orrery, and two other members were introduced; I left them at seven. I forgot to tell you, that the printer told me yesterday, that Morphew, the publisher, was sent for by that lord chief justice, who was a manager against Sacheverell: he shewed him two or three papers and pamphlets; among the rest mine of the Conduct of the Allies, threatened him, asked who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this, if he did not foresee what was coming at court.

14. Lord Shelburn was with me this morning, to be informed of the state of affairs, and desired I would answer all his objections against a Peace, which was soon done, for he would not give me room to put in a word. He is a man of good sense enough; but argues so violently, that he will some day or other put himself into a consumption. He desires that he may not be denied
when

when he comes to see me, which I promised, but will not perform. Leigh and Sterne set out for Ireland on Monday fennight: I suppose they will be with you long before this.—I was to-night drinking very good wine in scurvy company, at least some of them; I was drawn in, but will be more cautious for the future: 'tis late, &c.

15. Morning. They say the Occasional bill is brought to-day into the house of lords; but I know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it in to the post-house myself. This will be a memorable letter, and I shall sigh to see it some years hence. Here are the first steps towards the ruin of an excellent ministry; for I look upon them as certainly ruined; and God knows what may be the consequences.——I now bid my dearest MD farewell; for company is coming, and I must be at lord Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewel, dearest MD; I wish you a merry Christmas; I believe you will have this about that time. Love Presto, who loves MD above all things a thousand times. Farewel again, dearest MD, &c.

L E T T E R LXXIV.

LONDON, Dec. 15, 1711.

I PUT in my letter this evening myself. I was to-day enquiring at the secretary's office of Mr. Lewis, how things went: I there met Prior, who told me, he gave all for gone, &c. and was of opinion the whole ministry would give up their places next week; Lewis thinks they will not till Spring, when the session is over; both of them entirely despair. I went to see Mrs. Masham, who invited me to dinner; but I was engaged to Lewis. At four I went to Masham's. He came and whispered me, that he had it from a very good hand, that all would be well, and I found them both very chearful. The company was going to the Opera, but desired I would come and sup with them. I did so at ten, and lord treasurer was there, and sat with us till past twelve, and was more chearful than I have seen him these ten days. Mrs. Masham told me, he was mightily

mightily cast down some days ago, and he could not indeed hide it from me. Arbuthnott is in good hopes, that the queen has not betrayed us ; but only has been frightened, and flattered, &c. But I cannot yet be of his opinion, whether my reasons are better, or that my fears are greater. I do resolve, if they give up or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already : but I will take methods for hearing from MD, and writing to them. But I would be out of the way upon the first of the ferment ; for they lay all things on me, even some I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to Court with a very chearful countenance. It was mightily crowded ; both parties coming to observe each other's faces. I avoided lord Hallifax's bow till he forced it on me ; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to Whigs. The duke of Somerset is gone to Petworth, and, I hear, the duchess too, of which I shall be very glad. Prince Eugene, who was expected here some days ago, we are now told will not come at all. The Whigs designed to have met him with forty thousand horse. Lord treasurer told me some days ago of his discourse with the emperor's resident, that puppy Hoffman, about prince Eugene's coming ; by which I found my lord would hinder it, if he could ; and we shall all be glad if he does not come, and think it a good point gained. Sir Andrew Fountaine, Ford and I dined to-day with Mrs. Van, by invitation.

17. I have mistaken the day of the month, and been forced to mend it thrice. I dined to-day with Mr. Matham and his lady, by invitation. Lord treasurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain Buys, the Dutch envoy, who speaks English well enough ; he was plaguy politick, telling a thousand lies, of which none passed upon any of us. We are still in the condition of suspense, and, I think, have little hopes. The duchess of Somerset is not gone to Petworth ; only the duke ; and that is a poor sacrifice. I believe the queen certainly designs to change the ministry ; but perhaps
may

may put it off till the session is over : and think they had better give up now, if she will not deal openly ; and then they need not answer for the consequences of a Peace, when it is in other hands, and may yet be broken. They say, my lord privy-seal sets out for Holland this week : so the peace goes on.

18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and cost me three shillings in coach hire. We have had abundance of wet weather. I dined in the city, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of the Conduct, &c. it is in small, and sold for six-pence ; they have printed as many as three editions, because they are to be sent in numbers into the country by great men, &c. who subscribe for hundreds. It has been sent a fortnight ago to Ireland ; I suppose you will print it there. The Tory lords and commons in parliament argue all from it : and all agree, that never any thing of that kind was of so great consequence, or made so many converts. By the time I have sent this letter, I expect to hear from little MD : it will be a month two days hence since I had your last, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago ; or else it is a new one. I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary, and I am sending out another little thing, which I hope to finish this week, and design to send to the printer in an unknown hand. There was printed a Grub-street speech of lord Nottingham ; and he was such an owl to complain of it in the house of lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at Court, that Walpole (a great Whig member) said, that I and my whimsical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies ; and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him. He is to be secretary of state, if the ministry changes : but he has lately had a bribe proved against him in parliament, while he was secretary at war. He is one of the Whigs chief speakers.

19. Sad dismal weather. I went to the secretary's office, and Lewis made me dine with him. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer. I have not seen the secretary this week. Things do not mend at all.

Lord Dartmouth despairs, and is for giving up ; Lewis is of the same mind ; but lord treasurer only says, Poh, poh, all will be well. I am come home early to finish something I am doing ; but I find I want heart and humour ; and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have just sent away a penny paper to make a little mischief. Patrick is gone to the burial of an Irish footman, who was Dr. King's servant ; he died of a consumption, a fit death for a poor starving wit's footman. The Irish servants always club to bury a countryman.

20. I was with the secretary this morning, and for aught I can see we shall have a languishing death : I can know nothing, nor themselves neither. I dined, you know, with our Society, and that odious secretary would make me president next week, so I must entertain them this day fennight at the Thatched-house Tavern, where we dined to-day ; it will cost me five or six pounds ; yet the secretary says, he will give me wine. I found a letter when I came home from the bishop of Clogher.

21. This is the first time I ever got a new cold before the old one was going : it came yesterday, and appeared in all due forms, eyes and nose running, &c. and is now very bad, and I cannot tell how I got it. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I were invited to dine with Mrs. Van—I was this morning with the duke of Ormond ; and neither he nor I can think of any thing to comfort us in present affairs. We must certainly fall, if the duchess of Somerset be not turned out ; and no body believes the queen will ever part with her. The duke and I were settling when Mr. secretary and I should dine with him, and he fixt upon Tuesday ; and when I came away I remembered it was Christmas day. I was to see lady——, who is just up after lying in ; and the ugliest sight I have seen, pale, dead, old and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my stomach. But she will soon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myself disordered with a pain all round the small of my back, which I imputed to Champagne I had drunk ; but find it to have been only my new cold. It was a fine frosty day, and I resolved to walk into the

the city. I called at lord treasurer's at eleven, and staid some time with him. He shewed me a letter from a great presbyterian parson * to him, complaining how their friends had betrayed them by passing this Conformity Bill; and he shewed me the answer he had written; which his friends would not let him send; but was a very good one. He is very chearful; but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the city, and there I dined.

23. Morning. As I was dressing to go to church, a friend, that was to see me, advised me not to stir out; so I shall keep at home to-day, and only eat some broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold frost, and snow fell yesterday, which still remains, look, there you may see it from the pent-houses. The lords made yesterday two or three votes about peace, and Hanover, of a very angry kind, to vex the ministry, and they will meet sooner by a fortnight than the commons; and they say, are preparing some knocking addresses. Morrow, fir-rahs. I'll sit at home, and when I go to bed, I will tell you how I am.—I have sat at home all day, and eaten only a mess of broth and a roll. I have written a Prophecy, which I design to print; I did it to-day, and some other verses.

24. I went into the city to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is going. It is now bitter hard frost, and has been so these three or four days. My Prophecy † is printed, and will be published after Christmas day; I like it mightily; I don't know how it will pass. You will never understand it at your distance, without help. I believe every body will guess it to be mine, because it is somewhat in the same manner with that of Merlin in the Miscellanies. My lord privy-seal set out this day for Holland: he'll have a cold journey. I gave Patrick half a crown for his Christmas-box, on condition he would be good, and he came home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it; because I never design to give him a groat more. 'Tis cruel cold.

25. I

* This presbyterian teacher was Mr. Shower. Vide his letter to the lord high treasurer of Oxford, and my lord treasurer's answer, in the collection of Letters printed by Johnson, 1765, No. 6 and 7.

† The Windsor Prophecy. Vide his Works.

25. I wish dearest MD a merry Christmas, and many a one; but mine is melancholy: I durst not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order, and it snowing prodigiously, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs. Van, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day: and there I received the news, that poor Mrs. Long died at Lynn in Norfolk on Saturday last, at four in the morning; she was sick but four hours. We suppose it was the asthma, which she was subject to as well as the dropsy, as she sent me word in her last letter, written about five weeks ago; but then said she was recovered. I never was afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap, and pay her debts. In her last letter she told me she hoped to be easy by Christmas; and she kept her word, although she meant it otherwise. She had all sorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones, but the indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thousand pounds left her by an old grandmother, with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred pounds a year, and Newburgh-house, which would be about sixty pounds more. That odious grandmother, living so long, forced her to retire; for the two thousand pounds were settled on her after the old woman's death, yet her brute of a brother, Sir James Long, would not advance it for her; else she might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived still: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the Post-boy, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to serve her memory: but one reason was spite; for, her brother would fain have her death a secret, to save the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this, for the sake of a poor creature I had so much friendship for.

26. I went to Mr. secretary this morning, and he would have me dine with him. I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's, who desired me not to let the Prophecy be published, for fear of angering the queen about the duchess of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them. They have been printed and given about, but not

not fold. I saw lord treasurer there, who had been two hours with the queen; and Mrs. Masham is in hopes things will do well again. I went at night again, and supped at Mr. Masham's, and lord treasurer sat with us till one o'clock. So 'tis late, &c.

27. I entertained our Society at the Thatched-house Tavern to-day at dinner; but brother Bathurst sent for wine, the house affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and so he brought us dozens a piece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it. The frost still continues violently cold. Mrs. Masham invited me to come to-night and play at cards; but our Society did not part till nine. But I supped with Mrs. Hill, her sister, and there was Mrs. Masham and lord treasurer, and we stayed till twelve. He is endeavouring to get a majority against next Wednesday, when the house of lords is to meet, and the Whigs intend to make some violent addresses against a Peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us.—It is still prodigiously cold; but so I told you already. We have eggs on the spit, I wish they may not be addle. When I came home to-night I found, forsooth, a letter from MD, N. 24, 24, 24, 24; there, do you know the number now? and at the same time one from Joe, full of thanks: let him know I have received it, and am glad of his success, but won't put him to the charge of a letter. I had a letter some time ago from Mr. Warburton*, and I beg one of you will copy out what I shall tell you, and send it by some opportunity to Warburton. 'Tis as follows; The Dr. has received Mr. Warburton's letter, and desires he will let the Dr. know, where that accident he mentions is like soon to happen, and he will do what he can in it.—And pray, madam, let them know, that I do this to save myself the trouble, and them the expence of a letter.—And I think this is enough for one that comes home at twelve from a lord treasurer and Mrs. Masham. Oh, I could tell you ten thousand things of our mad politicks, upon what small circumstances great affairs have turned. But I will go rest my busy head.

28. I

* The Dr.'s curate at Laracor.

28. I was this morning with brother Bathurst to see the duke of Ormond. We have given his grace some hopes to be one of our society. The secretary and I and Bathurst are to dine with him on Sunday next. The duke is not in much hopes, but has been very busy in endeavouring to bring over some lords against next Wednesday. The duchess caught me as I was going out; she is sadly in fear about things, and blames me for not mending them by my credit with lord treasurer; and I blame her. She met me in the street at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did; and we talked an hour after dinner in her closet. If we miscarry on Wednesday, I believe it will be by some strange sort of neglect. They talk of making eight new lords, by calling up some peers eldest sons; but they delay strangely. I saw judge Coote to-day at the duke of Ormond's: he desires to come and see me, to justify his principles.

29. Morning. This goes to-day. I will not answer your's, your 24th, till my next, which shall begin to-night, as usual. Lord Shelburn has sent to invite me to dinner, but I am engaged with Lewis at Ned Southwell's. Lord Northampton and lord Aylebury's sons are both made peers; but we shall want more. I write this post to your dean. I owe the archbishop a letter this long time. All people that come from Ireland complain of him, and scold me for protecting him. Pray, madam Dingley, let me know what Presto has received for this year, or whether any thing is due to him for last: I cannot look over your former letters now. As for Dingley's own account of her exchequer money, I will give it on t'other side. Farewel, my own dearest MD, and love Presto; and God ever bless dearest MD, &c. &c. I wish you many happy Christmasses and New-Years.

I have owned to the dean a letter I just had from you; but that I had not one this great while before.

Dingley's account.

Received of Mr. Tooke, - - - - -	6	17	6
Deducted for entering the letter of attorney	0	2	6
For the three half crowns it used to cost	0	7	6
you, I don't know why nor wherefore, }			
	7	7	6

CORRESPONDENCE. 63

Brought forward,	-	-	7	7	6
For exchange to Ireland,	-	-	-	0	10 0
For coach-hire,	-	-	-	0	2 6

In all, just 8 0 0

So there's your money, and we are both even: for I'll pay you no more than eight pounds Irish, and pray be satisfied.

Churchwarden's accounts, boys.

Saturday night. I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain; to let you know, that we are all safe; the queen has made no less than twelve lords to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three peers sons; and has turned out the duke of Somerset. She is awakened at last, and so is lord treasurer: I want nothing now but to see the duchess out. But we shall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, firrahs. This is written in a Coffee-house. Three of the new lords are of our society.

L E T T E R LXXV.

LONDON, Dec. 29, 1711.

I PUT my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at Ned Southwell's, where I drank very good Irish wine, and we are in great joy at this happy turn of affairs. The queen has been at last persuaded to her own interest and security, and I freely think she must have made both herself and kingdom very unhappy, if she had done otherwise. It is still a mighty secret that Masham is to be one of the new lords; they say he does not yet know it himself; but the queen is to surprise him with it. Mr. secretary will be a lord at the end of the session; but they want him still in parliament. After all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herself, by her confounded trimming and moderation. Three, as I told you, are of our Society.

30. I writ the dean and you a lie yesterday; for the duke of Somerset is not yet turned out. I was to-day at Court, and resolved to be very civil to the Whigs; but saw few there. When I was in the bet-chamber talking to lord Rochester, he went up to lady Darlington,

ton, who asked him, who I was; and lady Sunderland and she whispered about me: I desired lord Rochester to tell lady Sunderland, I doubted she was not as much in love with me as I was with her; but he would not deliver my message. The duchess of Shrewsbury came running up to me, and clapt her fan up to hide us from the company, and we gave one another joy of this change; but sighed, when we reflected on the Somerset family not being out. The secretary and I, and brother Bathurst, and lord Windsor, dined with the duke of Ormond. Bathurst and Windsor are to be two of the new lords. I desired lord Radnor's brother, at Court to-day, to let my lord know I would call on him at six, which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I spoke so closely, that I believe he will be tractable; but he is a scoundrel, and though I said I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie; for I did not care if he were hanged: but every one gained over is of consequence. The duke of Marlborough was at Court to-day, and nobody hardly took notice of him. Masham's being a lord begins to take wind: nothing at Court can be kept a secret. Wednesday will be a great day: you shall know more.

31. Our frost is broken since yesterday, and it is very slabbery; yet I walked to the city, and dined, and ordered some things with the printer. I have settled Dr. King in the Gazette; it will be worth two hundred pounds a year to him. Our new lords patents are passed: I don't like the expedient, if we could have found any other. I see I have said this before. I hear the duke of Marlborough is turned out of all his employments: I shall know to-morrow, when I am to carry Dr. King to dine with the secretary.—These are strong remedies; pray God the patient is able to bear them. The last ministry people are utterly desperate.

Jan. 1. Now I wish my dearest little MD many happy New-years; yes, both Dingley and Stella, aye and Presto too, many happy new-years. I dined with the secretary, and it is true that the duke of Marlborough is turned out of all. The duke of Ormond has got his regiment of foot-guards, I know not who has the
rest.

rest. If the ministry be not sure of a peace, I shall wonder at this step, and do not approve it at best. The queen and lord treasurer mortally hate the duke of Marlborough, and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults; unless he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confess my belief, that he has not one good quality in the world besides that of a general, and even that I have heard denied by several great soldiers. But we have had constant success in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt but the French think it impossible to conquer an army that he leads, and our soldiers think the same; and how far even this step may encourage the French to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to see personal resentment mix with publick affairs.

2. This being the day the lords meet, and the new peers to be introduced, I went to Westminster to see the sight; but the crowd was too great in the house. So I only went into the robing-room, to give my four brothers joy, and Sir Thomas Mansel, and lord Windfor; the other six I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the Whigs would have raised some difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to see lady Masham at noon, and wish her joy of her new honour, and a happy New-year. I found her very well pleased; for peerage will be some sort of protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and sup with her and lord treasurer; I went at nine, and she was not at home, so I could not stay. — No, no, I won't answer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I see nothing here like Christmas, except brawn or mince-pies in places where I dine, and giving away my half-crowns like farthings to great men's porters and butlers. Yesterday I paid seven good guineas to the fellow at the tavern where I treated the Society. I have a great mind to send you the bill. I think I told you some articles. I have not heard whether any thing was done in the house of lords after introducing the new ones.

Ford

Ford has been sitting with me till peeast tweeleve a clock.

3. This was our Society day, lord Dupplin was president; we chuse every week; the last president treats and chuses his successor. I believe our dinner cost fifteen pounds besides wine. The secretary grew brisk, and would not let me go, nor lord Landsdown, who would fain have gone home to his lady, being newly married to lady Mary Thynne. It was near one when we parted; so you must think I can't write much to-night. The adjourning of the house of lords yesterday, as the queen desired, was just carried by the twelve new lords, and one more. Lord Radnor was not there; I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you, that I have brought Dr. King in to be Gazetteer? It will be worth above two hundred pounds a year to him: I believe I told you so before, but I am forgetful. Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toasted oranges. I'll go sleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by several hands. I know not whom. I believe lord treasurer had a finger in it; I added three stanzas; I suppose Dr. Arbuthnott had the greatest share. I have been overseeing some other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one of my understrappers. Somerset is not out yet. I doubt not but you will have the Prophecy in Ireland, although it is not published here, only printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you understand it? No, faith, not without help. Tell me what you stick at, and I'll explain. We turned out a member of our Society yesterday for gross neglect and non-attendance. I writ to him by order to give him notice of it. It is Tom Harley, secretary to the treasurer, and cousin-german to lord treasurer. He is going to Hanover from the queen. I am to give the duke of Ormond notice of his election as soon as I can see him.

5. I went this morning with a parishioner of mine, one Nuttal, who came over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds, and a roguish lawyer had refused to pay him, and would not believe he was the man. I writ to
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the laywer a sharp letter, that I had taken Nuttal into my protection, and was resolved to stand by him ; and the next news was, that the lawyer desired I would meet him, and attest he was the man, which I did, and his money was paid upon the spot. I then visited lord treasurer, who is now right again, and all well, only that the Somerset family is not out yet. I hate that ; I don't like it, as the man said by, &c. Then I went and visited poor Will Congreve, who had a French fellow tampering with one of his eyes ; he is almost blind of both. I dined with some merchants in the city, but could not see Stratford, with whom I had business. Presto, leave off your impertinence, and answer our letter, sayeth MD. Yes, yes, one of these days, when I have nothing else to do. Oh, faith, this letter is a week written, and not one side done yet.—These ugly spots are not tobacco, but this is the last gilt sheet I have of large paper, therefore hold your tongue. Nuttal was surpris'd, when they gave him bits of paper instead of money ; but I made Ben Tooke put him in his geers : he could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the Irish way. Ben Tooke and my printer have desired me to make them stationers to the ordnance, of which lord Rivers is master instead of the duke of Marlborough. It will be a hundred pounds a year a-piece to them, if I can get it. I will try tomorrow.

6. I went this morning to earl Rivers, gave him joy of his new employment, and desired him to prefer my printer and bookseller to be stationers to his office. He immediately granted it me ; but like an old courtier told me it was wholly on my account, but that he heard I had intended to engage Mr. secretary to speak to him, and desired I would engage him to do so ; but that however he did it only for my sake. This is a court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers to poor Mrs. Wesley (who is very much out of order) instead of going to church ; and then I went to Court, which I found very full, in expectation of seeing prince Eugene, who landed last night, and lies at Leicester-House ; but he was not to see the queen till six this evening. I hope and believe he comes too late
to

to do the Whigs any good. I refused dining with the secretary, and was like to lose my dinner, which was at a private acquaintance's. I went at six to see the prince at Court; but he was gone in to the queen; and when he came out, Mr. secretary, who introduced him, walked so near him, that he quite screened him from me with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good passage: As prince Eugene was going with Mr. secretary to Court, he told the secretary, that Hoffman, the emperor's resident, said to his highness, that it was not proper to go to Court without a long wig, and his was a tyed-up one; Now, says the prince, I knew not what to do; for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it; but none of them has any.—Was not this spoken very greatly with some sort of contempt? But the secretary said, It was a thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen-ushers. I supped with lord Masham, where lord treasurer and Mr. secretary supped with us; the first left us at twelve, but the rest did not part till two; yet I have written all this because it is fresh: and now I'll go sleep, if I can; that is, I believe I shall, because I have drank a little.

7. I was this morning to give the duke of Ormond notice of the honour done him to make him one of our Society, and to invite him on Thursday next to the Thatched-house: he has accepted it with the gratitude and humility such a preferment deserves; but cannot come till the next meeting, because prince Eugene is to dine with him that day; which I allowed for a good excuse, and will report accordingly. I dined with lord Masham, and sat there till eight this evening; and came home, because I was not very well, but a little griped: but now I am well again, I will not go, at least but very seldom, to lord Masham's suppers. Lord treasurer is generally there, and that tempts me; but late sitting up does not agree with me; there's the short and the long, and I won't do it; so take your answer, dear little young women; and I have no more to say to you to-night, because of the archbishop; for I am going to
write

write a long letter to him ; but not so politickly as formerly : I won't trust him.

8. Well ; then come, let us see this letter ; if I must answer it, I must. What's here now ? Yes faith, I lamented my birth-day two days * after, and that's all ; and you rhyme, madam Stella ; were those verses made upon my birth-day ? Faith, when I read them, I had them running in my head all the day, and said them over a thousand times ; they drank your health in all their glasses, and wished, &c. I could not get them out of my head. What ; no, I believe it was not ; what do I say upon the eighth of December ? Compare, and see whether I say so. I am glad of Mrs. Stoyte's recovery, heartily glad : your Dolly Manley's and bishop of Cloyne's child I have no concern about : I am sorry in a civil way, that's all. Yes, yes, Sir George St. George dead. Go, cry, madam Dingley ; I have written to the dean. Raymond will be rich, for he has the building itch. I wish all he has got may put him out of debt. Poh, I have fires like light'ning ; they cost me twelvepence a week, besides small-coal. I have got four new caps, madam, very fine and convenient, with striped cambrick, instead of muslin ; so Patrick need not mend them, but take the old ones. Stella snatched Dingley's word's out of her pen ; Presto a cold ? why all the world here is dead with them : I never had any thing like it in my life ; 'tis not gone in five weeks. I hope Leigh is with you before this, and has brought your box : how do you like this ivory rasp ? Stella is angry ; but I'll have a finer thing for her. Is not the apron as good ? I'm sure I shall never be paid it : so all's well again. What the quarrel with Sir John Walters ? Why, we had not one word of quarrel ; only he railed at me when I was gone. And lord keeper and treasurer teased me for a week ; it was nuts to them : a serious thing with a vengeance. The Whigs may sell their estates then, or hang themselves, as they are disposed ; for a peace there will be. Lord treasurer told me, that Conolly was going to Hanover. Your provost is a coxcomb.

* Dr. Swift, upon his birth-day, used always to read the third chapter of Job.

comb. Stella is a good girl for not being angry when I tell her of spelling ; I see none wrong in this. God Almighty be praised that your disorders lessen, it encreases my hopes mightily that they will go off. And have you been plagued with the fear of the plague ? Never mind those reports ; I have heard them five hundred times. Replevi ! Replevin, simpleton, 'tis Dingley I mean ; but it is a hard word, and so I'll excuse it. I stated Dingley's account in my last. I forgot Catharine's sevenpenny dinner. I hope it was beef-steaks ; I'll call and eat them in Spring : but goody Stoyte must give me coffee or green tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, aye, the pamphlet ; but there are some additions to the fourth edition ; the fifth edition was of four thousand, in a smaller print, sold for sixpence. Yes, I had the twenty pound bill from Parvisol ; and what then ? Pray now eat the Laracor apples ; I beg you not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have had Tooke's bill in my last. And so there now, your whole letter is answered. I tell you what I do ; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and answer what is necessary ; and so, and so. Well : when I expected we were all undone, I designed to retire for six months, and then steal over to Laracor ; and I had in my mouth a thousand times two lines of Shakespear, where cardinal Wolfey says ;

“ A weak old man battered with storms of state,
“ Is come to lay his weary bones among you.”

I beg your pardon, I have cheated you all this margin ; I did not perceive it ; and I went on wider and wider like Stella ; aukward fluts, *she writes so so, there : ** that's as like as two eggs a penny.—*A weak old man*, now am I saying it, and shall till to-morrow.—The duke of Marlborough says, 'There is nothing he now desires so much as to contrive some way how to soften Dr. Swift. He is mistaken ; for those things that have been hardest against him were not written by me. Mr.

secretary

* These words in the manuscript imitate Stella's writing, and are sloped the wrong way.

secretary told me this from a friend of the duke's ; and I'm sure now he is down, I shall not trample on him ; although I love him not, I dislike his being out.—Bernage was to see me this morning, and gave some very indifferent excuses for not calling here so long. I care not two pence. Prince Eugene did not dine with the duke of Marlborough on Sunday, but was last night at lady Betty Germain's *assemblée*, and a vast number of ladies to see him. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a private friend. I was this morning to see the duke of Ormond, who appointed me to meet him at the Cockpit at one, but never came. I sat too some time with the duchess. We don't like things very well yet. I am come home early, and going to be busy. I'll go write.

9. I could not go sleep last night till past two, and was waked before three by a noise of people endeavouring to break open my window ; for a while I would not stir, thinking it might be my imagination ; but hearing the noise continued, I rose and went to the window, and then it ceased : I went to bed again, and heard it repeated more violently ; then I rose, and called up the house, and got a candle : the rogues had lifted up the sash a yard ; there are great sheds before my windows, although my lodgings be a story high ; and if they get upon the sheds, they are almost even with my window. We observed their track, and panes of glass fresh broken. The watchmen told us to-day they saw them, but could not catch them ; they attacked others in the neighbourhood, about the same time, and actually robbed a house in Suffolk-Street, which is the next street but one to us. It is said, they are seamen discharged from service. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty ; it seems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers. He is a sad dog ; and the minute I come to Ireland I will discard him. I have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining-room and bed-chamber ; and I hid my purse in my thread stocking between the bed's head and the wainscot. Lewis and I dined with an old Scotch friend,

who

who brought the duke of Douglas, and three or four more Scots upon us.

10. This was our society day you know ; but the duke of Ormond could not be with us, because he dined with prince Eugene. It cost me a guinea contribution to a poet, who had made a copy of verses upon monkies, applying the story to the duke of Marlborough ; the rest gave two guineas, except the two physicians, who followed my example. I don't like this custom ; the next time I will give nothing. I sat this evening at lord Masham's with lord treasurer : I don't like his countenance ; nor I don't like the posture of things well. We cannot be stout, Till Somerset's out ; as the old saying is.

11. Mr. Lewis and I dined with the chancellor of the exchequer, who eats the most elegantly of any man I know in town : I walkt lustily in the Park by moonshine till eight, to shake off my dinner and wine ; and then went to sup at Mr. Domville's with Ford, and staid till twelve. It is told me to-day as a great secret, that the duke of Somerset will be out soon ; that the thing is fixt ; but what shall we do with the duchess ? They say, the duke will make her leave the queen out of sight, if he be out. It has stuck upon that Fear a good while already. Well, but Lewis gave me a letter from MD, N. 25. O Lord, I did not expect one this fortnight, faith. You are mighty good, that's certain ; but I won't answer it, because this goes to-morrow, only what you say of the printer being taken up ; I value it not ; all's safe there ; nor do I fear any thing, unless the ministry be changed ; I hope that danger is over. However, I shall be in Ireland before such a change ; which could not be, I think, till the end of the session, if the Whigs designs had gone on. Have not you an apron by Leigh, madam Stella ? have you all I mentioned in a former letter ?

12. Morning. This goes to-day as usual. I think of going into the city ; but of that at night. 'Tis fine moderate weather these two or three days last. Farewel, &c. &c.

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LETTER LXXVI.

LONDON, January 12, 1711-12.

WHEN I sealed up my letter this morning, I lookt upon myself not to be worth a groat in the world. Last night, after Mr. Ford and I left Domville, Ford desired me to go with him for a minute upon earnest business, and then told me that both he and I were ruined : for he had trusted Stratford with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery, and he had been with Stratford, who confessed he had lost fifteen thousand pounds by Sir Stephen Evans, who broke last week ; that he concluded Stratford must break too ; that he could not get his tickets, but Stratford made him several excuses, which seemed very blind ones, &c. And Stratford had near four hundred pounds of mine, to buy me five hundred pounds in the South-Sea company. I came home reflecting a little ; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philosophy and religion up ; and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my usual time above a quarter of an hour. This morning I sent for Tooke, whom I had employed to buy the stock of Stratford, and settle things with him. He told me, I was secure ; for Stratford had transferred it to me in form in the South-Sea house, and he had accepted it for me, and all was done on stampt parchment. However he would be further informed ; and, at night, sent me a note to confirm me. However I am not yet secure ; and, besides am in pain for Ford, whom I first brought acquainted with Stratford. I dined in the city.

13. Domville and I dined with Ford to-day by appointment : the lord Mansel told me at court to-day, that I was engaged to him : but Stratford had promised Ford to meet him and me to night at Ford's lodgings. He did so ; said he had hopes to save himself in his affair with Evans. Ford asked him for his tickets : he said he would send them to-morrow ; but looking in his pocket-book, said he believed he had some of them about him, and gave him as many as came to two hundred

pounds, which rejoiced us much ; besides, he talked so frankly, that we think there is no danger. I asked him, was there any more to be settled between us in my affair ? he said, No ; and answered my questions just as Tooke had got them from others ; so I hope I am safe. This has been a scurvy affair. I believe Stella would have half laughed at me, to see a suspicious fellow, like me, over-reached. I saw prince Eugene to-day at court : I don't think him an ugly faced fellow, but well enough and a good shape.

14. The parliament was to sit to-day ; and met ; but were adjourned by the queen's directions till Thursday. She designs to make some important speech then. She pretended illness : but I believe they were not ready, and they expect some opposition ; and the Scotch lords are angry, and must be pacified. I was this morning to invite the duke of Ormond to our Society on Thursday, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed me at twelve to-morrow about some business : I would fain have his help to impeach a certain lord ; but I doubt we shall make nothing of it. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer, but I was told he would be busy ; so I dined with Mrs. Van ; and at night I sat with lord Masham till one. Lord treasurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him : he was in a very good humour : I brought home two flasks of Burgundy in my chair : I wish MD had them. You see it is very late ; so I'll go to bed, and bid MD good night.

15. This morning I presented my printer and book-feller to lord Rivers, to be stationers to the Ordnance ; Stationers, that's the word ; I did not write it plain at first. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them. Rivers told them, the Doctor commanded him, and he durst not refuse it. I would have dined with lord treasurer to-day again, but lord Mansel would not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the duke of Ormond to-day at the Cockpit, where we met to be private ; but I doubt I cannot do the mischief I intended. My friend Penn came there, Will Penn the quaker, at the head of his brethern, to thank the duke for his kindness to their people

people in Ireland. To see a dozen scoundrels with their hats on, and the duke complimenting with his off, was a good fight enough. I sat this evening with Sir William Robinson, who has mighty often invited me to a bottle of wine ; and it is past twelve.

16. This day being fast day, Dr. friend and I went into the city to dine late, like good fasters. My printer and bookseller want me to hook in another employment for them in the Tower, because it was enjoyed before by a stationer, although it be to serve the Ordnance with oil, tallow, &c. and is worth four hundred pounds per annum more : I will try what I can do. They are resolved to ask several other employments of the same nature to other offices ; and I will then grease fat sows, and see whether it be possible to satisfy them. Why am not I a stationer ? The parliament sits to-morrow, and Walpool, late secretary at war, is to be swung for bribery, and the queen is to communicate something of great importance to the two houses, at least they say so. But I must think of answering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went this morning to the duke of Ormond about some business ; and he told me he could not dine with us to-day, being to dine with prince Eugene. Those of our Society of the house of commons could not be with us, the house sitting late on Walpool. I left them at nine, and they were not come. We kept some dinner for them. I hope Walpool will be sent to the Tower, and expelled the house : but, this afternoon the members I spoke with in the court of requests talked dubiously about it. It will be a leading card to maul the duke of Marlborough for the same crime, or at least to censure him. The queen's message was only to give them notice of the Peace she is treating, and to desire they will make some law to prevent libels against the government ; so farewell to Grub-street.

18. I heard to-day that the commoners of our Society did not leave the parliament till eleven at night, then went to those I left, and stay'd till three in the morning. Walpool is expelled, and sent to the Tower. I was this morning again with lord Rivers, and have

made him give the other employment to my printer and bookseller; 'tis worth a great deal. I dined with my friend Lewis privately, to talk over affairs. We want to have the duke of Somerset out, and he apprehends it will not be; but I hope better. They are going now at last to change the commissioners of the customs: my friend Sir Mathew Dudley will be out, and three more, and Prior will be in. I have made Ford copy out a small pamphlet, and send it to the press, that I might not be known for author; 'tis A Letter to the October Club, if ever you heard of such a thing.—Methinks this letter goes on but slowly for almost a week; I want some little conversation with MD, and to know what they are doing just now. I am sick of politicks. I have not dined with lord treasurer these three weeks; he chides me, but I don't care; I don't.

19. I dined to-day with lord treasurer; this is his day of choice company; where they sometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And to-day they met on some extraordinary business; the keeper, steward, both secretaries, lord Rivers, and lord Anglesey; I left them at seven, and came away, and have been writing to the bishop of Clogher. I forgot to know where to direct to him since Sir George St. George's death; but I have directed to the same house: you must tell me better; for the letter is sent by the bell-man. Don't write to me again till this is gone, I charge you; for I won't answer two letters together. The duke of Somerset is out, and was with his yellow liveries at parliament to-day. You know he had the same with the queen, when he was master of the horse: we hope the duchess will follow, or that he will take her away in spite. Lord treasurer, I hope, has now saved his head. Has the dean received my letter? ask him at cards to-night.

20. There was a world of people to-day at Court to see prince Eugene, but all bit, for he did not come. I saw the duchess of Somerset talking with the duke of Buckingham; she looked a little down, but was extremely courteous. The queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. Must I fill this line too? * well then, so
let

* It is the last of the page, and written close to the edge of the page.

let it be. The duke of Beaufort has a mighty mind to come into our Society; shall we let him? I spoke to the duke of Ormond about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or no. They say the duke of Somerset is advised by his friends to let his wife stay with the queen; I am sorry for it. I dined with the secretary to-day, with mixt company; I don't love it. Our Society does not meet till Friday, because Thursday will be a busy day in the house of commons; for then the duke of Marlborough's bribery is to be examined into about the pension pay'd him by those that furnished bread to the army.

21. I have been five times with the duke of Ormond about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it: I used him like a dog this morning for it. I was asked to-day by several in the court of requests, Whether it was true that the author of the Examiner * was taken up in an action of twenty thousand pounds by the duke of Marlborough? I dined in the city, where my printer shewed me a pamphlet called advice to the October Club, which he said was sent him by an unknown hand; I commended it mightily; he never suspected me; 'tis a two-penny pamphlet, I came home and got timely to bed; but about eleven one of the secretary's servants came to me, to let me know that lord treasurer would immediately speak with me at lord Masham's upon earnest business; and that if I was abed, I should rise and come. I did so; lord treasurer was above with the queen; and when he came down he laughed, and said it was not he that sent for me: the business was of no great importance, only to give me a paper, which might have been done to-morrow. I stay'd with them till past one, and then got to bed again. Pize take their frolicks. I thought to have answered your letter.

22. Doctor Gastrel was to see me this morning; he is an eminent divine, one of the canons of Christ-church, and

* Upon the 10th and 17th of this month the Examiner was very severe upon the duke of Marlborough, and in consequence of this report pursued him with greater virulence in the following court of his papers. But Swift was not the writer of the Examiner at that period.

and one I love very well : he said, he was glad to find I was not with James Broad. I asked what he meant ; Why, says he, have you not seen the Grub-street paper, that says Dr. Swift was taken up as the author of the Examiner on an action of twenty thousand pounds, and was now at James Broad's (who, I suppose, is some bailiff.) I knew nothing of this ; but at the court of requests twenty people told me they heard I had been taken up. Lord Lansdown observed to the secretary and me, that the Whigs spread three lies yesterday* ; that about me ; and another, that Macartney, who was turned out last Summer, is again restored to his places in the army ; and the third, that Jack Hill's commission for lieutenant of the Tower is stopt, and that Cadogan is to continue. Lansdown thinks they have some design by these reports ; I cannot guess it. Did I tell you that Sacheverell has desired mightily to come and see me ; but I have put it off : he has heard that I have spoken to the secretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who desires an employment. T'other day at the court of requests Dr. Yalden saluted me by name ; Sacheverell, who was just by, came up to me, and made me many acknowledgements and compliments. Last night I desired lord treasurer to do something for that brother of Sacheverell's : he said he never knew he had a brother ; but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his table-book. I will let Sacheverell know this, that he may take his measures accordingly ; but he shall be none of my acquaintance. I dined to-day privately with the secretary, left him at six, paid a visit or two, and came home.

23. I dined again to-day with the secretary ; but could not dispatch some business I had with him, he has so much besides upon his hands at this juncture ; and preparing against the great business to-morrow, which we are all top full of. The minister's design is, that the duke of Marlborough shall be censured as gently as possible, provided his friends will not make head to defend

* These lies are all particularly mentioned by the Examiner, N. 10, dated Feb. 7, 1711-12.

send him ; but if they do, it may end in some severe votes. A gentleman who was just now with him, tells me he is much cast down, and fallen away ; but he is positive, if he has but ten friends in the house, that they shall defend him to the utmost, and endeavour to prevent the least censure upon him ; which I think cannot be, since the bribery is manifest : Sir Solomon Medina paid him six thousand pounds a year to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and the duke owns it in his letter to the commissioners of accounts. I was to-night at lord Masham's ; lord Dupplin took out my new little pamphlet, and the secretary read a great deal of it to lord treasurer ; they all commended it to the skies, and so did I, and they began a health to the author. But I doubt lord treasurer suspected : for he said, This is Dr. Davenant's style ; which is his cant when he suspects me. But I carried the matter very well. Lord treasurer put the pamphlet in his pocket to read at home. I'll answer you letter to-morrow.

24. The secretary made me promise to dine with him to-day after the parliament was up ; I said I would come ; but I dined at my usual time ; knowing the house would sit late on this great affair. I dined at a tavern with Mr. Domville and another gentleman ; I have not done so before these many months. At ten this evening I went to the secretary, but he was not come home ; I sat with his lady till twelve, then came away ; and he just came as I was gone, and he sent to my lodgings, but I would not go back ; and so I know not how things have passed ; but hope all is well ; and I will tell you to-morrow day. It is late, &c.

25. The secretary sent to me this morning to know whether we should dine together ; I went to him, and there I learnt, that the question went against the duke of Marlborough by a majority of a hundred ; so the ministry is mighty well satisfied, and the duke will now be able to do no hurt. The secretary and I and lord Masham, &c. dined with lieutenant-general Withers, who is just going to look after the army in Flanders : the secretary and I left them a little after seven, and I am come home, and will now answer your letter, because this goes to-morrow : let me see.—The box at Chester ;

oh, burn that box, and hang that Sterne ; I have desired one to enquire for it who went towards Ireland last Monday, but am in utter despair of it.—No, I was not splenetick ; you see what plunges the Court has been at to set all right again. And that duchess is not out yet, and may one day cause more mischief. Somerset shews all about a letter from the queen, desiring him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rare ! I find Dingley smelt a rat ; because the Whigs are upish ; but if ever I hear that word again, I'll uppish you. I am glad you got your rasp safe and sound ; does Stella like her apron ? Your criticks about guarantees of succession are puppies ; that's an answer to the objection. The answerers here made the same objection, but it is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion, that lord Marlborough is used too hardly : I have often scratched out passages from papers and pamphlets sent me before they were printed ; because I thought them too severe. But, he is certainly a vile man, and has no sort of merit beside the military. The Examiners are good for little : I would fain have hindered the severity of the two or three last, but could not. I will either bring your papers over, or leave them with Tooke, for whose honesty I will engage. And I think it is best not to venture them with me at sea. Stella is a prophet, by foretelling so very positively that all would be well. Duke of Ormond speak against Peace ? No, simpleton : he is one of the stanchest we have for the ministry. Neither trouble yourself about the printer : he appeared the first day of term, and is to appear when summoned again ; but nothing else will come of it. Lord Chief Justice is cooled since this new settlement. No ; I will not split my journals in half ; I will write but once a fortnight : but you may do as you will ; which is, read only half at once, and t'other half next week. So now your letter is answered (Pox on these blots !) What must I say more ? I will set out in March, if there be a fit of fine weather ; unless the ministry desire me to stay till the end of the session, which may be a month longer ; but I believe they will not : for I suppose the Peace will be made, and they will have no further service for me. I must make my canal fine this Summer, as fine as I can.

I am

I am afraid I shall see great neglects among my quicksets. I hope the cherry-trees on the river walk are fine things now. But no more of this.

26. I forgot to finish this letter this morning, and am come home so late I must give it to the bell-man; but I would have it go to-night, lest you should think there is any thing in the story of my being arrested in an action of twenty thousand pounds by lord Marlborough, which I hear is in Dyer's letter, and consequently, I suppose, gone to Ireland. Farewel, dearest MD, &c. &c.

L E T T E R LXXVII.

LONDON, Jan. 26, 1711-12.

I HAVE no gilt paper left of this size, so you must be content with plain. Our Society dined together to-day, for it was put off, as I told you, upon lord Marlborough's business on Thursday. The duke of Ormond dined with us to-day, the first time; we were thirteen at table; and lord Lansdown came in after dinner, so that we wanted but three. The secretary proposed the duke of Beaufort, who desires to be one of our Society; but I stopt it, because the duke of Ormond doubts a little about it; and he was gone before it was proposed. I left them at seven, and sat this evening with poor Mrs. Wesley, who has been mighty ill to-day with a fainting fit: she has often convulsions too; she takes a mixture with *assa foetida*, which I have now in my nose; and every thing smells of it. I never smelt it before, 'tis abominable. We have eight packets they say, due from Ireland.

27. I could not see prince Eugene at Court to-day, the crowd was so great. The Whigs contrive to have a crowd always about him, and employ the rabble to give the word, when he sets out from any place. When the duchess of Hamilton came from the queen after church, she whispered me that she was going to pay me a visit: I went to lady Oglethorp's, the place appointed; for ladies always visit me in third places, and she kept me till near four: she talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, and I believe I shall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with lord Masham; they staid as long

as they could, yet had almost dined, and were going in anger to pull down the brass peg for my hat, but lady Masham saved it. At eight I went again to lord Masham's; lord treasurer is generally there at night: we sat up till almost two. Lord treasurer has engaged me to contrive some way to keep the archbishop of York from being seduced by lord Nottingham. I will do what I can in it to-morrow. 'Tis very late, so I must go sleep.

28. Poor Mrs. Manley the author is very ill of a dropsy and sore leg; the printer tells me he is afraid she cannot live long. I am heartily sorry for her; she has very generous principles for one of her sort; and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very homely and very fat. Mrs. Van made me dine with her to-day. I was this morning with the duke of Ormond, and the prolocutor, about what lord treasurer spoke to me yesterday; I know not what will be the issue. There is but a slender majority in the house of lords; and we want more. We are sadly mortified at the news of the French taking the town in Brasil from the Portuguese. The sixth edition of three thousand of the Conduct of the allies is sold, and the printer talks of a seventh: eleven thousand of them have been sold; which is a most prodigious run. The little two-penny Letter of Advice to the October Club does not sell; I know not the reason; for it is finely written I assure you; and, like a true author I grow fond of it, because it does not sell: you know that is usual to writers, to condemn the judgment of the world: if I had hinted it to be mine, every body would have bought it, but it is a great secret.

29. I borrowed one or two idle books of *Contes de Fees**, and have been reading them these two days, although I have much business on my hands. I loitered till one at home; then went to Mr. Lewis at his office; and the vice-chamberlain told me, that lady Ryalton had yesterday resigned her employment of lady of the bed-chamber, and that lady Jane Hyde, lord Rochester's daughter, a mighty pretty girl, is to succeed; he said too, that lady Sunderland would resign in a day

or

* Tales of the Fairies.

or two. I dined with Lewis, and then went to see Mrs. Wesley, who is better to day. But you must know, that Mr. Lewis gave me two letters, one from the bishop of Cloyne, with an inclosed from lord Inchequin to lord treasurer ; which he desires I would deliver and recommend. I am told, that lord was much in with lord Wharton, and I remember he was to have been one of the lords justices by his recommendation ; yet the bishop recommends him as a great friend to the church, &c. I'll do what I think proper. T'other letter was from little faucy MD, N. 26. O Lord, never saw the like, under a cover too, and by way of journal ; we shall never have done. Sirrahs ? how durst you write so soon, firrahs ? I won't answer it yet.

30. I was this morning with the secretary, who was sick and out of humour : he would needs drink Champagne some days ago, on purpose to spite me, because I advised him against it, and now he pays for it ; Stella used to do such tricks formerly ; he put me in mind of her. Lady Sunderland has resigned her place too. It is lady Catharine Hyde that succeeds lady Ryalton ; and not lady Jane. Lady Catharine is the late earl of Rochester's daughter. I dined with the secretary, then visited his lady ; and sat this evening with lady Masham ; the secretary came to us ; but lord treasurer did not ; he dined with the master of the rolls, and staid late with him. Our Society does not meet till to-morrow sen- night, because we think the parliament will be very busy to-morrow upon the state of the war ; and the secretary, who is to treat as president, must be in the house. I fancy my talking of persons and things here, must be very tedious to you, because you know nothing of them ; and I talk as if you did. You know Kevin's- street, and Werburgh-Street, and (what do you call the street where Mrs. Walls lives ?) and Ingoldsbys, and Hig- gins, and lord Santry ; but what care you for lady Catharine Hyde ? Why do you say nothing of your health, firrah ? I hope it is well.

31. Trimnel, bishop of Norwich, who was with this lord Sunderland at Moor-park in their travels, preached yesterday before the house of lords ; and to-day the question was put to thank him, and print his sermon ;

but passed against him; for it was a terrible Whig sermon. The Bill to repeal the Act for naturalizing protestant foreigners, passed the house of lords to-day by a majority of twenty, though the Scotch lords went out, and would vote neither way, in discontent about duke Hamilton's patent, if you know any thing of it. A poem is come out to-day inscribed to me, by way of a flirt; for it is a Whiggish poem, and good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the court of requests. I dined with lord treasurer at five alone, only with one Dutch man. Prior is now a commissioner of the customs. I told you so before, I suppose. When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Dr. Sacheverell †, thanking me for recommending his brother to lord treasurer and Mr. secretary for a place. Lord treasurer sent to him about it: so good a solicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I should be a solicitor for Sacheverell.

Feb. 1. Has not your dean of St. Patrick's received my letter? You say nothing of it, although I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a most delicious day; why don't you observe whether the same days be fine with you? To-night at six Dr. Atterbury, and Prior, and I, and Dr. Friend met at Dr. Robert Friend's house at Westminster, who is master of the school: there we sat till one, and were good enough company. I here take leave to tell politick Dingley, that the passage in the Conduct of the Allies is so far from being blameable, that the secretary designs to insist upon it in the house of commons, when the Treaty of Barrier is debated there, as it now shortly will, for they have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of Advice to the October Club begins now to sell; but I believe it's same will hardly reach Ireland: 'tis finely written, I assure you. I long to answer your letter; but won't yet; you know 'tis late, &c.

2. This day ends Christmas; and what care I? I have neither seen, nor felt, nor heard any Christmas this year. I passed a lazy dull day: I was this morning with lord treasurer, to get some papers from him, which he will remember

* This Letter is to be found in the late Collection by Doddsley, &c. No. 58.

remember as much as a cat, although it be his own business. It threatened rain, but did not much; and Prior and I walked an hour in the Park, which quite put me out of my measures. I dined with a friend hard by; and in the evening sat with lord Masham till twelve, Lord treasurer did not come: this is an idle dining day usually with him. We want to hear from Holland how our peace goes on; for we are afraid of those scoundrels the Dutch, lest they should play us tricks. Lord Marr, a Scotch earl, was with us at lord Masham's; I was arguing with him about the stubbornness and folly of his countrymen; they are so angry about the affair of duke Hamilton, whom the queen has made a duke of England, and the house of lords will not admit him: he swears he would vote for us, but dare not; because all Scotland would detest him if he did; he should never be chosen again, nor be able to live there.

3. I was at Court to-day to look for a dinner; but did not like any that were offered me; and I dined with lord Mountjoy. The queen has the gout in her knee, and was not at chapel. I hear we have a Dutch mail, but I know not what news, although I was with the secretary this morning. He shewed me a letter from the Hanover envoy, Mr. Bothmar, complaining that the Barrier Treaty is laid before the house of commons: and desiring that no infringement may be made in the Guarantee of the Succession; but the secretary has written him a peppering answer. I fancy you understand all this, and are able states-girls, since you have read the Conduct of the Allies. We are all preparing against the birth-day, I think it is Wednesday next. If the queen's gout encreases, it will spoil sport. Prince Eugene has two fine suits made against it; and the queen is to give him a sword worth four thousand pounds, the diamonds set transparent.

4. I was this morning soliciting at the house of commons door for Mr. Vesey, a son of the archbishop of Tuam, who has petitioned for a Bill to relieve him in some difficulty about his estate; I secured him about fifty members. I dined with lady Masham. We have no packet from Holland, as I was told yesterday; and this wind will hinder many people from appearing at the

the birth-day, who expected cloaths from Holland. I appointed to meet a gentleman at the secretary's to-night, and they both failed. The house of commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies. Those, who spoke, drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; the Court had a majority of a hundred and fifty: all agree, that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions; I long to see them in print. My head has not been as well as I could wish it for some days past, but I have not had any giddy fit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The secretary turned me out of his room this morning, and shewed me fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give to some French spy. I dined with four Irishmen at a tavern to-day; I thought I had resolved against it before, but I broke it. I played at cards this evening at lady Masham's, but I only played for her while she was writing; and I won her a pool; and supt there. Lord treasurer was with us, but went away before twelve. The ladies and lords have all their cloaths ready against to-morrow: I saw several mighty fine, and I hope there will be a great appearance, in spite of that spiteful French fashion of the Whiggish ladies not to come, which they have all resolved to a woman; and I hope it will more spirit the queen against them for ever.

6. I went to dine at lord Masham's at three, and met all the company just coming out of Court; a mighty crowd; they staid long for their coaches: I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries. Lady Athburnham looked the best in my eyes. They say, the Court was never fuller nor finer. Lord treasurer, his lady, and two daughters, and Mrs. Hill dined with lord and lady Masham; the five ladies were monstrous fine. The queen gave prince Eugene the diamond sword to-day; but nobody was by when she gave it, except my lord chamberlain. There was an entertainment of Opera songs at night, and the queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well after it. I saw lady Wharton, as ugly as the Devil, coming out in the crowd all in an undress; she
had

had been with the Marlborough daughters and lady Bridgwater in St. James's, looking out of the window all undressed, to see the fight. I do not hear that one Whig lady was there, except those of the bed-chamber. Nothing has made so great a noise as one Kelson's chariot, that cost nine hundred and thirty pounds, the finest was ever seen. The rabble huzzaed him as much as they did prince Eugene. This is birth day chat.

7. Our Society met to-day, the duke of Ormond was not with us; we have lessened our dinners, which were grown so extravagant, that lord treasurer and every body else cried shame. I left them at seven, visited for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The queen is much better after yesterday's exercise: her friends wish she would use a little more. I opposed lord Jersey's election into our Society, and he is refused; I likewise opposed the duke of Beaufort; but I believe he will be chosen in spite of me: I don't much care; I shall not be with them above two months; for I resolve to set out for Ireland the beginning of April next (before I treat them again) and see my willows.

8. I dined to-day in the city; this morning a scoundrel dog, one of the queen's musick, a German, whom I had never seen, got access to me in my chamber by Patrick's folly, and gravely desired me to get an employment in the customs for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and likewise to forward a project of his own, for raising ten thousand pounds a year upon Operas: I used him civilly than he deserved; but it vexed me to the pluck. He was told, I had a mighty interest with lord treasurer, and one word of mine, &c.

—Well; I got home early on purpose to answer MD's letter, N. 26; for this goes to-morrow—
Well; I never saw such a letter in all my life; so saucy, so journalish, so sanguine, so pretending, so every thing.

—I satisfied all your fears in my last; All is gone well, as you say; yet you are an impudent slut to be so positive; you will swagger so upon your sagacity that we shall never have done. Pray don't mislay your reply; I would certainly print it, if I had it here: how long is it? I suppose half a sheet: was the answer written

in

in Ireland? Yes, yes, you shall have a letter when you come from Baligall. I need not tell you again who's out and who's in: we can never get out the duchess of Somerset.——So, they say Presto writ the Conduct, &c. do they like it? I don't care whether they do or no; but the Resolutions, printed t'other day in the Votes, are almost quotations from it; and would never have passed, if that book had not been written. I will not meddle with the Spectator, let him fair sex it to the world's end. My disorder is over, but blood was not from the p—les.——Well, madam Dingley, the frost; why we had a great frost, but I forget how long ago; it lasted above a week or ten days: I believe about six weeks ago; but it did not break so soon with us I think as December 29; yet I think it was about that time, on second thoughts. MD can have no letter from Presto, says you, and yet four days before you own you had my thirty-seventh, unreasonable fluts! The bishop of Gloucester is not dead, and I am as likely to succeed the duke of Marlborough as him if he were; there's enough for that now. It is not unlikely that the duke of Shrewsbury will be your governour; at least I believe the duke of Ormond will not return.——Well, Stella again: why really three editions of the Conduct, &c. is very much for Ireland; it is a sign you have some honesty among you.——Well; I will do Mr. Manley all the service I can: but he will ruin himself. What business had he to engage at all about the city? can't he wish his cause well, and be quiet, when he finds that stirring will do it no good, and himself a great deal of hurt? I cannot imagine who should open my letter; it must be done at your side.—If I hear of any thoughts of turning out Manley, I will endeavour to prevent it. I have already had all the gentlemen of Ireland here upon my back often, for defending him. So now I have answered your saucy letter. My humble service to goody Stoyte and Catharine; I will come soon for my dinner.

9. Morning. My cold goes off at last; but I think I have got a small new one. I have no news since last. They say we hear by way of Calais, that Peace is very

very near concluding. I hope it may be true. I'll go and seal up my letter, and give it myself to-night into the post-office; and so I bid my dearest MD farewell till to-night. I heartily wish myself with them, as hope saved. My willows, and quicksets, and trees will be finely improved, I hope this year. It has been fine hard frosty weather, yesterday and to day. Farewel, &c. &c. &c.*.

L E T T E R LXXVIII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, DUBLIN, Sept. 16, 1710.
I RECEIVED your's, by the last packets, of September the 9th; and because you have missed the two bishops, I send you, with this, the papers relating to the first-fruits, and twentieth parts. I send them in two bundles, being too big for one letter. The bishops, so far as I can learn from the bishop of Ossory, have not made any step since I left London. I will endeavour to get you a letter from the bishops to solicit that affair. In the mean time, open the letter to the two bishops, and make use of it as occasion shall serve. The scheme I had laid for them is crossed by my lord treasurer's † being out; though, perhaps that would not have done; but her majesty's promise I depend on, and I had engaged the archbishop of York in it. When he comes to London I will give you a letter to him. I can likewise find means, I believe, to possess my lord Shrewsbury and Mr. Harley with the reasonableness of the affair. I am not courtier enough to know the properness of the thing; but I had once an imagination

* N B. In the late Collection of Swift's Correspondence, published by Doddsley and others, the course of these journals is continued from this present date, Feb. 9, 1711-12, until the Summer of the year 1713, when the Dr. was made Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. The first of these journals in that Collection is the fifty-eighth Letter.

† 'The earl of Godolphin had resigned his staff, August 8, 1710.'

gination to attempt her majesty herself by a letter, modestly putting her in mind of the matter; and no time so proper, as when there is no lord lieutenant of Ireland, which perhaps may be soon; but this needs advice.

There are great men here as much out of humour, as you describe your great visitée† to have been; nor does the good news from Spain‡ clear them. I believe, however, they are glad at it, though another would have served their occasions as well.

I do not apprehend any other secret in all this affair, but to get whigs out of all places of profit and trust, and to get others in them. As for peace, it must be on no other terms than the preliminaries; and you'll find a tory parliament will give money as freely, and be as eager to prosecute the war, as the whigs were, or they are not the wise men I take them to be. If they do so, and take care to have the money well disposed of when given, they will break the king of France's heart, and the whigs together, and please the nation*. There's an ugly accident, that happens here in relation to our twentieth parts and first-fruits: at Midsummer, 1709, there was ready money in the treasury, and good solvent debts to the queen to the value of 70,000l. Now I am told, by the last week's abstract there's only 223l. in the treasury, and the army unpaid, at least uncleared for a year; and all others, except pensioners, in the same condition. Now the great motive to prevail with her majesty to give the clergy the bounty petitioned for, was the clearness of

† 'Probably the earl of Godolphin, who was, perhaps, much visited by his friends and party, after the resignation of his staff of lord treasurer.'

‡ 'Probably, of the battle near Saragoza, in which king Charles of Spain gained a complete victory over his competitor king Philip, on the 10th of August, 1710.'

* This opinion of so great and good a man as Dr. King deserves particular attention.

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of the revenue here; but if that be anticipated, perhaps it may make an objection. I will add no more, but my prayers for you. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER LXXIX.

DR. SWIFT TO DR. STERNE.

S I R,

LONDON, Sept. 26, 1710.

ONE would think this an admirable place from whence to fill a letter; yet when I come to examine particulars, I find they either consist of news, which you hear as soon by the public papers, or of persons and things, to which you are a stranger, and are the wiser and happier for being so. Here have been great men every day resigning their places; a resignation as sincere, as that of an usurer on his death-bed. Here are some, that fear being whipt, because they have broken their rod; and some that may be called to an account, because they could not cast one up. There are now not much above a dozen great employments to be disposed of, which, according to our computation, may be done in as many days. Patrick † assures me, his acquaintance are all very well satisfied with these changes, which I take for no ill symptom, and it is certain the queen has never appeared so easy or so chearful. I found my lord Godolphin the worst dissembler of any of them that I have talked to; and no wonder, since his loss and danger are greater, besides the addition of age and complexion. My lord lieutenant * is gone to the country, to bustle about elections. He is not yet removed; because, they say it will be requisite to supersede him by a successor, which the queen has not fixed on; nor is it agreed whether the duke of Shrewsbury or Ormond † stand

† Dr. Swift's servant.

* 'Earl of Wharton.'

† The Duke of Ormond was appointed lord lieutenant, October 26, 1710.

stand fairest. I speak only for this morning, because reports usually change every twenty-four hours. Mean time the pamphlets and half sheets grow so upon our hands, it will very well employ a man every day from morning till night to read them, and so out of perfect despair I never read any at all. The whigs, like an army beat three quarters out of the field, begin to skirmish but faintly; and deserters daily come over. We are amazed to find our mistakes, and how it was possible to see so much merit where there was none, and to overlook it where there was so much. When a great minister has lost his place, immediately virtue, honour, and wit fly over to his successor, with the other ensigns of his office. Since I left off writing, I received a letter from my lord archbishop of Dublin, or rather two letters upon these memorials. I think immediately to begin my soliciting, though they are not very perfect; for I would be glad to know whether my lord archbishop would have the same method taken here, that has been done in England, to settle it by parliament: but, however, that will be time enough thought of this good while.

I must here tell you, that the dean of St. Patrick's lives better than any man of quality I know; yet this day I dined with the comptroller,* who tells me, he drinks the queen's wine to-day. I saw collector Sterne, who desired me to present his service to you, and to tell you he would be glad to hear from you, but not about business; by which, I told him, I guessed he was putting you off about something you desired.

I would much rather be now in Ireland drinking your good wine, and looking over, while you lost a crown at penny ombre. I am weary of the caresses of great men out of place. The comptroller expects every day the queen's commands to break his staff. He is the last great household officer they intend to turn out. My lord lieutenant is yet in,
because

* Sir John Holland, Bart.

because they cannot agree about his successor. I am your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R LXXX.

COPY OF A MEMORIAL OF DR. TWIFT TO MR. HARLEY, ABOUT THE FIRST-FRUITS.

October 7, 1710.

IN Ireland hardly one parish in ten hath any glebe, and the rest very small and scattered, except a very few ; and these have seldom any houses.

There are in proportion more impropriations in Ireland than in England, which, added to the poverty of the country, make the livings of very small and uncertain value, so that five or six are often joined to make a revenue of 50*l.* per annum : but these have seldom above one church in repair, the rest being destroyed by frequent wars, &c.

The clergy, for want of glebes, are forced, in their own or neighbouring parish, to take farms to live on at rack rents.

The queen having some years since remitted the first-fruits to the clergy of England, the bishop of Cloyne being then in London, did petition her majesty for the same favour in behalf of the clergy of Ireland, and received a gracious answer. But this affair, for want of soliciting, was not brought to an issue during the governments of the duke of Ormond and the earl of Pembroke.

Upon the earl of Wharton's succeeding, Dr. Swift (who had solicited this matter in the preceding government) was desired by the bishops of Ireland to apply to his excellency, who thought fit to receive the motion as wholly new, and what he could not consider till he were fixed in the government, and till the same application were made to him as had been to his predecessors. Accordingly an address was delivered to his lordship, with
a peti-

a petition to the queen, and a memorial annexed from both houses of convocation; but a dispute happening in the lower house, wherein his chaplain was concerned, and which was represented by the said chaplain as an affront designed to his excellency, who was pleased to understand and report it so to the court, the convocation was suddenly prorogued, and all farther thoughts about the first-fruits let fall as desperate.

The subject of the petition was to desire, that the twentieth parts might be remitted to the clergy, and the first-fruits made a fund for purchasing glebes and impropriations, and rebuilding of churches.

The twentieth parts are twelve-pence in the pound paid annually out of the ecclesiastical benefices, as they were valued at the reformation. They amount to about 500l. per annum; but of little or no value to the queen, after the officers and other charges are paid, though of much trouble and vexation to the clergy.

The first-fruits paid by incumbents upon their promotion amount to 450l. per annum; so that her majesty, in remitting about 1000l. per annum to the clergy, will really lose not above 500l.

Upon August 31, 1710, the two houses of convocation being met to be farther prorogued, the archbishops and bishops conceiving there was now a favourable juncture to resume their applications, did, in their private capacities, sign a power to the said Dr. Swift to solicit the remitting the first-fruits and twentieth parts.

But there is a greater burthen than this, and almost intolerable, upon several of the clergy in Ireland; the easing of which, the clergy only looked on as a thing to be wished, without making it part of their petition.

The queen is impropriator of several parishes, and the incumbent pays her half yearly a rent generally to the third part of the real value of the living, and sometimes half. Some of these parishes, by the

the increase of graziers, are seized on by the crown, and cannot pay the reserved rent. The value of all these impropriations are about 2000l. per annum to her majesty.

If the queen would graciously please to bestow likewise these impropriations to the church, part to be remitted to the incumbent, where the rent is large, and the living small, and the rest to be laid out in levying glebes and impropriations, and building of churches, it would be a most pious and seasonable bounty.

The utmost value of the twentieth parts, first-fruits and crown rents, is 3000l. per annum, of which about 500l. per annum is sunk among officers; so that her majesty, by this great benefaction, would lose but 2500l. per annum.

L E T T E R LXXXI.

DR. SWIFT TO DR. WILLIAM KING, ARCHBISHOP
OF DUBLIN.

MY LORD,

LONDON, Oct. 10, 1710.

I Had the honour of your Grace's letter of September 16; but I was in no pain to acknowledge it, nor shall be at any other time, until I have something that I think worth troubling you; because I know how much an insignificant letter is worse than none at all. I had likewise your memorial *, &c. in another packet. I should have been glad the bishops had been here; although I take bishops to be the worst solicitors in the world except for themselves. They cannot give themselves the little trouble of attendance, that other men are content to swallow; else, I am sure, their two Lordships might have succeeded easier, than men of my level are likely to do.

As

* A memorial of the bishops and clergy of Ireland, concerning the first-fruits and twentieth parts.

As soon as I received the packets from your Grace, I went to wait upon Mr. Harley †. I had prepared him before by another hand where he was very intimate; and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last ministry after some obligations, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me. This happened to be in some sort Mr. Harley's own case. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greatest marks of kindness and esteem; as I was whispered he would; and the more upon the ill usage I had met with. I sat with him two hours among company, and two hours we were alone; where I told him my business, and gave him the history of it: which he heard as I could wish, and declared he would do his utmost to effect it. I told him the difficulties we met with by Lord Lieutenants and their secretaries; who would not suffer others to solicit, and neglected it themselves. He fell in with me entirely; and said, neither they nor himself should have the merit of it, but the Queen, to whom he would shew my memorial with the first opportunity, in order, if possible, to have it done in this interregnum. I said, the honour and merit, next to the Queen, would be his; that it was a great encouragement to the bishops, that he was in the treasury, whom they knew to be the chief adviser of the Queen to grant the same favour in England; that consequently the honour and merit were nothing to him, who had done so much greater things: and that, for my part, I thought he was obliged to the clergy of Ireland for giving him an opportunity of gratifying the pleasure he took in doing good to the church. He took my compliment extremely well, and renewed his promises. Your Grace will please to know, that, besides the first-fruits, I told him of the crown rents; and shewed the nature and value of them; but said, my opinion was, that the convocation had not mentioned them in their petition to the Queen, delivered to Lord Wharton ‡ with the address, because they thought the

times

† Lord High Treasurer of England, created afterwards Earl of Oxford.

‡ Then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

times would not then bear it; but that I looked on myself to have a discretionary power to solicit it in so favourable a juncture.

I had two memorials ready of my own drawing up, as short as possible, shewing the nature of the thing, and how long it had been depending, &c. One of these memorials had a paragraph at the end relating to the crown rents. I would have given him the last; but I gave him the other; which he immediately read, and promised to second both with his best offices to the Queen. As I have placed that paragraph in my memorial, it can do no harm, and may possibly do good. However, I beg your Grace, to say nothing of it; but if it dieth, let it die in silence: we must take up with what we can get.

I forgot to tell your Grace, that when I said I was impowered, &c. he desired to see my powers: and then I heartily wished them more ample than they were: and I have since wondered, what scruple a number of bishops could have to empower a clergyman to do the church and them a service, without any imagination of interest for himself.

Mr. Harley has invited me to dine with him to-day: but I shall not put him upon this discourse so soon. If he begins it himself, I shall add it at the bottom of this. He says Mr. Secretary St. John† desired to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together. That may be further help; although I told him, I had no thoughts of applying to any but himself; wherein he differed from me, and desired I would speak to others, if it were but for form; and seemed to mean, as if he would avoid the envy of being thought to do such a thing alone. But an old courtier (an intimate friend) advised me still to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good inclinations, and credit with the Queen, &c.

I find I am forced to say all this very confusedly, just as it lieth in my memory; but perhaps it

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may

† Afterwards created Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

may give your Grace a truer idea how matters are,
than if I had writ in more order,
I am, &c.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

DUBLIN, Oct. 16, 1710.

I THANK you for your's of the 10th instant,
and send you inclosed a farther power by my
Lord Primate and me. My lord is not able to come
to town; which obliged me to wait on him at
Johnston, and hindered the joining of two or
three bishops in it, who are yet in town: but I
suppose our signing is sufficient. I went in the
morning to wait on his Grace, and intended, when
he had signed it, to have applied to other bishops;
but he was abroad taking the air, and I could not
get it until it was late, and thought it better to sign
and send it as it is, than wait for another post. You
may expect by the next a letter to his Grace of Can-
terbury, and another to the archbishop of York. I
apprised them both of the business. The latter, if I
remember right, spoke to her Majesty about it. I
am not sure that her Majesty remembers what I said
on that subject; but am sure she was pleased to seem
satisfied with it, and to scruple only the time: I sup-
pose, not thinking it fit to confer the favour she de-
signed the clergy of Ireland by the hands it must then
have passed through; but said, that in the interval of a
change, or absence of a chief governor, it should be
done. I hope now is the proper time, and that her
Majesty will rather follow the dictates of her own
bountiful inclinations, than the intrigues of cunning
cousetous counsellors.

I thought to have troubled you with a great many
things; but such a crowd of visitors have broken in
upon me before I could lock my gates, that I am
forced

forced to break off abruptly, recommending you to God's care.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

L E T T E R LXXXIII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV SIR,

DUBLIN, Oct. 16, 1710.

I HAVE before me your's of the 4th instant, which I received two posts ago. It was very grateful to me, and I hope it will have a good effect as to the church in general, and be of use to you in particular, which I heartily wish. My lord primate is out of town, and I have not seen him since I received your's, nor do I see any haste to communicate it to him; but in due time there will be no need to make a secret of it. I durst not have said any thing of it, if you had not given me the caution lest any accident should intervene, to which all matters of this nature are liable. It puts a man out of countenance to raise expectations, if he should not be able to satisfy them. I understand, that her majesty designed this should be her own act; but the good instruments, that have been subservient, ought not to be forgot; and with God's help, I will do my endeavour, that they shall not. I shall be impatient to see the accomplishment of this charitable work.

We are here in as great a ferment about choosing parliament-men, on a supposition, that this parliament will be dissolved as soon as yours in England. And it is remarkable, that such, as design to betray their country, are more diligent to make votes, than those, that have some faint intentions to serve it. It would prevent a great deal of needless charges and heats, if we certainly knew, whether we should have a new parliament or no.

All business in chancery, and in truth all public business is at a stand, by the indisposition of my lord chancellor. I would tell you, that I am engaged most unhappily this night to execute this short letter; but the plain truth, I think, will do as well; which is, that I have no more to say but my prayers for you, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

L E T T E R LXXXIV.

THE LORD PRIMATE* AND ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

S I R,

DUBLIN, Oct. 24, 1710.

WE directed a letter to the bishops of Ossory and Killaloe last August, desiring and empowering them to solicit the affair of our first-fruits and twentieth parts with her majesty, which has depended so long, notwithstanding her majesty's good intentions, and several promises of the chief governors here, to lay our addresses before her majesty in the best manner. We were then apprehensive, that those bishops might return from England before the business could be effected; and therefore we desired them to concern you in it, having so good assurance of your ability, prudence, and fitness to prosecute such a matter. We find the bishops returned before you came to London, for which we are very much concerned; and judging this the most proper time to prosecute it with success, we intreat you to take the full management of it into your hands, and do commit the care of soliciting it to your diligence and prudence; desiring you to let us know from time to time what progress is made in it: and, if any thing farther be necessary on our part, on your intimation we shall be ready to do what shall be judged reasonable. This, with our prayers

for

* Dr. Narcissus Marsh.

for you, and the good success of your endeavours, is all from, Sir, your affectionate humble servants and brothers,

NARCISSUS, ARMAGH.
WILL. DUBLIN.



L E T T E R LXXXV.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, DUBLIN, NOV. 2, 1710.
THE declaration of his grace the duke of Ormond to be our lord lieutenant has stopped the further letters of recommendation designed to be sent to you, because the bishops were unwilling to solicit the affair of the first-fruits and twentieth parts by any other hand. I gave them some account how far you had been concerned in it; and they ordered a letter to Mr. Southwell, to give him an account, that the papers were in your hands, and to desire you to wait on him with them, and take your own measures in soliciting the affair. I am not to conceal from you, that some expressed a little jealousy, that you would not be acceptable to the present courtiers, intimating, that you were under the reputation of being a favourite of the late party in power*. You may remember I asked you the question before you were engaged in this affair, knowing of what moment it was; and by the coldness I found in some, I soon perceived what was at the bottom. I am of opinion, that this conjuncture of circumstance will oblige you to exert yourself with more vigour; and if it should succeed, you have gained your point; whereas, if you should

* Dr. Swift recommended himself to Mr. Harley, to whom he applied on this occasion, by getting himself represented as a person, who had been extremely ill used by the last ministry, because he would not go certain lengths which they would have had him; this being in some sort Mr. Harley's own case. See letter of October 10, p. 95.

should fail, it would cause no reflections, that having been the fate of so many before you.

I can be very little useful to you at this distance; but if you foresee any thing, wherein I may be serviceable to the business or yourself, you may command, Sir, your's, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER LXXXVII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, DUBLIN, Nov. 30, 1710.
I RECEIVED your's of the 23d, by last packet. I was aware of what you observed, when the letter to his grace was signed; but it was before I received your's of the 4th instant, wherein you tell me, that the business was in effect done; nor could I have any certain prospect, that it would be done from any intimation, that I had before from you. you must know, that this was not the only thing displeased me in the letter; it was drawn and signed by some before I saw it. I looked on it as a snare laid in my way, nor must you wonder, that some are better at making their court than serving the church, and can flatter much better than vote on the right side. Those, that had rendered themselves justly obnoxious by deserting his grace's* friends and interest in notorious instances, think they have salved all by this early application, and perhaps it may prove so.

But if the matter be done, assure yourself it will be known by whom and what means it was effected.

In the mean time, God forbid you should think of slackening your endeavours to bring it to perfection. I am yet under an obligation not to say any thing of the matter from your letter; and whilst
 so,

* * The duke of Ormond, who was declared lord lieutenant of Ireland, October 19, 1710.

so, it would be hard for me to refuse to sign such a letter as that you mention, or find a pretence for so doing: but when business is done, the means and methods will likewise be known, and every body have their due, that contributed to it.

I shall reckon nothing done till the queen's letter come here. You may remember how we were borne in hand in my lord Pembroke's time †, that the queen had passed the grant, which, after a whole year's expectation and solicitation, proved only a mouthful of moon-shine. But if it succeeds better now, we must owe it, next to the queen's goodness and bounty, to the great care of the great man, to whom you have applied, and to your management. It is seven or eight years since we first attempted this affair, and it passed through several hands; yet no progress was made in it, which was certainly due to the ill methods taken to put it forward; which, in truth, instead of promoting, obstructed it. At the very first motion, it was promised, and in a fair way; but the bishops here, out of their abundant deference to the government, made the same wrong step they would have done now; and we could never make the least progress since, till now, and I pray God we have not put it back again.

You must not imagine, that it is out of any disaffection to you, or any distrust of your ability or diligence, that the bishops here were so cold in their employing you: but they reckoned on party; and though several knew what you were, yet they imagined, and some vouched, that you were looked on at court as engaged on the other side; and you cannot do yourself a greater service than to bring this to a good issue to their shame and conviction. I heartily recommend you and your business to God's care. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

† See p. 22, and the note.

LETTER

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

S I R,

DUBLIN, Dec. 16, 1710.

THIS is to acknowledge the receipt of your's of the 20th instant, which came not to my hands till Thursday last, by reason of winds, that kept the pacquets on the other side.

I find the matter of our first-fruits, &c. is talked of now. I reckon on nothing certain till her majesty's letter comes in form: and quære, why should you not come and bring it with you? It would make you a very welcome clergyman to Ireland, and be the best means to satisfy mankind how it was obtained, although I think it will be out of dispute. I am very well apprised of the dispatch you gave this affair, and well pleased, that I judged better of the person fit to be employed, than some of my brethren. But now 'tis done, as I hope it is, effectually, they will assume as much as their neighbours, which I shall never contradict.

Things are taking a new turn here as well as with you; and I am of opinion, by the time you come here, few will profess themselves whigs. The greatest danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the fury and indiscretion of some of our own people, who never had any merit, but by embroiling things; they did, and I am afraid will yet do mischief. You will soon hear of a great conspiracy discovered in the county of Westmeath. I was used to so many discoveries of plots in the latter end of king Charles's time, and the beginning of king James's, that I am not surpris'd at this discovery. I must not say any thing of it, till all the witnesses be examined: so many as have deposed are not decisive. The design of it is to shew all the gentlemen of Ireland to be a pack of desperate whigs, ready to rise up in arms against her majesty for the
old

old ministry, associating to that purpose. Whether it be for the interest of Ireland to have this believed you may judge; and sure there must be good evidence to make any reasonable man believe it. Mr. Higgins * has drawn up the narrative, and sent it to England, and will pawn all he is worth to make it good. I heartily recommend you to God's favour, and am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN †.

LETTER

* ‘ Francis Higgins, M. A. an Irish clergyman, extremely vehement against the whig party.’

† ‘ The archbishop, in another letter, gives this short account of the plot: That four or five gentlemen of small fortunes are said to have signed an association to fight up to the knees in blood against the new ministry. The discoverer is one Langton, who swore to it: he was a converted priest. Several of the gentlemen were his parishioners. Mr. Meares, Mr. Jones, Mr. Shoarn, and Capt. Newstead, are in the number. This informer was a servant of Mr. Meares's, who told him, that Capt. Newstead's son brought the paper or parchment containing this association, as he believes; for he neither saw it nor heard it read. The servant being examined denies he ever saw any such paper, or knows any thing of it, or ever told Mr. Langton any such thing. This, with some seditious words spoken by some of those gentlemen at dinner in their cups, or conversation, so far as I can remember, is the sum of the evidence for the plot. A commission of oyer and terminer went down to the country to find bills against the gentlemen! but the grand jury would not find the bills upon that evidence.

L E T T E R LXXXIX.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

Feb. 1710-11.

I ENVY none of the Queen's subjects so much as those who are abroad; and I desire to know, whether, as great a soul as your lordship has, you did not observe your mind to open and enlarge, after you were some leagues at sea, and had left off breathing party-air. I am apt to think this schism in politics has cloven our understandings, and left us but just half the good sense that blazed in our actions: And we see the effect it has had upon our wit and learning, which are crubled into pamphlets and penny-papers. The October club, which was in its rudiments when your lordship left us, is now grown up to be a party by itself, and begins to rail at the ministry as much as the Whigs do, but from topics directly contrary. I am sometimes talked into frights, and told that all is ruined; but am immediately cured when I see any of the ministry: Not from the satisfaction they give me in any one point, but because I see them so perfectly easy, and believe they could not be so if they had any fear at heart. My comfort is, they are persons of great abilities, and they are engaged in a good cause. And what is one very good circumstance, as I told three of them the other day, they seem heartily to love one another, in spite of the scandal of the inconstancy which court-friendships lie under. And I can affirm to your Lordship, they heartily love you too; which I take to be a great deal more than when they assure you so themselves. For even statesmen will sometimes discover their passions, especially their good ones.

Here is a pamphlet come out, called "A Letter to Jacob Banks," shewing that the liberty of Sweden was destroyed by the principle of passive obedience. I

know

know not whether his quotation be fair, but the piece is shrewdly written; and, in my opinion, not to be answered, otherwise than by disclaiming that sort of passive obedience which the Tories are charged with. This dispute would soon be ended, if the dunces, who writ on each side, would plainly tell us what the object of this passive obedience is in our country. For, I dare swear, nine in ten of the Whigs will allow it to the legislature, and as many of the Tories deny it to the prince alone: And I hardly ever saw a Whig and Tory together, whom I could not immediately reconcile on that article, when I made them explain themselves.

My Lord, the Queen knew what she did, when she sent your lordship to spur up a dull northern court: Yet, I confess, I had rather have seen that activity of mind and body employed in conquering another kingdom, or the same over again. I am,

My Lord, &c.

LETTER XC.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. JOHNSON*.

Feb. 9, 1711.

I DINED to-day with Sir Michael Dudley, who is newly turned out of the commission of the customs. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity of whiggery, which was always his principle, tho' he was gentle a little, while he kept in employment. We can get no packets from Holland. I have not been

* Mrs. Johnson was a lady, with whom Swift became acquainted, while he lived with Sir William Temple. She was the daughter of his steward; and when he died, he left her a thousand pounds, in consideration of her father's faithful services. She was about 18 when she went to Ireland; and after a most intimate friendship of more than 16 years, she was, in 1716, married to the dean, by Dr. Ashe, then bishop of Clogher, to whom he had been a pupil in Trinity College, Dublin, though it is not known that they ever cohabited.

This

been with any of the ministry these two or three days. I keep out of their way on purpose, for a certain reason, for some time, though I must dine with the secretary * to-morrow. The choosing of the company being left to me, I have engaged lord Anglesey and lord Carteret, and have promised to get three more; but I have a mind, that none else should be admitted. However, if I like any body at court to-morrow, I may perhaps invite them. I have got another cold, but not very bad.

10th, I saw prince Eugene at court to-day very plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly besides. The court was very full, and people had their birth-day cloaths. No packets from Holland yet. Here are a parcel of drunken whiggish lords, like your lord Santry, who come into chocolate houses, and rail aloud at the tories, and have challenges sent them, and the next morning come and beg pardon. General Ros's was like to swinge the marquis of — for this trick, the other day; and we have nothing else now to talk of till the parliament has had another bout with the state of the war, as they intend in a few days. They have ordered the barrier treaty to be laid before them; and it was talked some time ago, as if there was a design to impeach lord Townshend, who made it.

11th, I dined with lord Anglesey to-day, who had seven Irishmen to be my companions, of which two only were coxcombs. One I did not know, and the other was young Bligh, who is a puppy of figure here, with a fine chariot. He asked me one day at court, when I had just been talking with
some

This, and the following letters, are part of the journal, which, in the life of Swift, prefixed to Bathurst's edition, he is said to have written, and sent to this lady every fortnight. The letters are addressed sometimes to Mrs. Johnson, and sometimes to Mrs. Dingley; and seem to be considered as written not to one, but both; for they are frequently addressed jointly; "are you house wives, are you readers?" See his letter to Mrs. Dingley. dated March 22, 1711-12.

* St. John.

some lords, who stood near me, Doctor, when shall we see you in the county of Meath? I whispered him to take care what he said, for the people would think he was some Barbarian. He never would speak to me since, till we met to-day. I went to Lady Masham's to-night, and sat with lord-treasurer and the secretary there till past two o'clock; and when I came home, found some letters from Ireland, which I read, but can say nothing of them till to-morrow: it is too late.

12th, One letter was from the bishop of Clogher last night, and the other from Walls, about Mrs. South's salary, and his own pension of eighteen pounds for his tythes of the Park. I will do nothing in either. The first I cannot serve in, and the other is a trifle; only you may tell him I had his letter, and will speak to Ned Southwell about what he desires me. You say nothing of your dean's receiving my letter.

I find, Clements, whom I recommended to lord Anglesey last year, at Walls's desire, or rather the bishop of Clogher's is mightily in lord Anglesey's favour. You may tell the bishop and Walls so. I said to lord Anglesey, that I was glad I had the good luck to recommend him, &c.

I dined in the city with my printer, to consult with him about some papers lord treasurer gave me last night, as he always does, too late. However, I will do something with them. My third cold is a little better. I never had any thing like it before, three colds successively. Three messengers come from Holland to-day, and they brought over the six packets that were due. I know not the particulars yet; for when I was with the secretary at noon, they were just opening. But one thing I find, the Dutch are playing us tricks, and tampering with the French; they are dogs; I shall know more.

13th, I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis †, at his lodgings, to consult about some observations

† Erasmus Lewis, se retary to lord Oxford.

observations on the barrier treaty. Our news from Holland is not good. The French raise difficulties, and make such offers to the allies, as cannot be accepted; and the Dutch are uneasy, that we are like to get any thing for ourselves; and the whigs are glad at all this. I came home early, and have been very busy three or four hours. I had a letter from Dr. Pratt to-day by a private hand, recommending the bearer to me, for something that I shall not trouble myself about. Wesley writ to recommend the same fellow to me. His expression is, that hearing I am acquainted with my lord treasurer, he desires I would do so and so. A matter of nothing. What puppies are mankind? I hope I shall be wiser when I have once done with courts. I think you have not troubled me much with your recommendations. I would do you all the service I could.

14th, Our society dined to-day at Mr. secretary's house. I went there at four; but hearing the house of commons would sit late upon the barrier treaty, I went for an hour to Kensington, to see lord Masham's children. My young nephew ||, his son of six months old, has got a swelling in his neck. I fear it is the evil. We did not go to dinner till eight at night and I left them at ten. The commons have been very severe on the barrier treaty, as you will find by their votes. A Whig member took out the Conduct of the Allies*, and read that passage about the succession with great resentment; but none seconded him. The church party carried every vote by a great majority. The archbishop of Dublin is so railed at by all who come from Ireland, that I can defend him no longer. Lord Anglesey assured me, that the story of applying Piso out of Tacitus

|| Lord Masham was probably one of the sixteen brothers; which accounts for Swift's calling his son nephew. See the note on a letter from lord Harley, dated July 17, 1714.

* A pamphlet written by the dean. See his works.

citius to lord treasurer being wounded is true †. I believe the duke of Beaufort will be admitted to our society ‡ next meeting. To-day I published the Fable of Midas, a poem, printed in a loose half sheet. I know not how it will take; but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night. Mr. secretary read it before me the other night, to lord treasurer, at Lord Masham's where they equally approve of it. Tell me how it passes with you? I think this paper is larger than ordinary; for here is a six days journal, and no nearer the bottom. I fear these journals are very dull.

15th, Mr. Lewis and I dined by invitation with a Scotch acquaintance, after I had been very busy in my chamber, till two in the afternoon. My third cold is now very troublesome on my breast, especially in the morning. This is a great revolution in my health; colds never used to return so soon with me or last so long. It is very surprising the news this day: the dauphin and dauphiness both dying within six days. They say the old king is almost heart-broke: he has had prodigious mortifications in his family. The dauphin has left two little sons, of four and two years old; the eldest is sick. There is a foolish story got about town, that lord Strafford, one of our plenipotentiaries, is in the interests of France: And it has been a good while said, that lord privy seal || and he do not agree very well; they are both long practised in business, but neither of them of much parts. Strafford hath some life and spirit; but is infinitely proud, and wholly illiterate.

16th, I dined to-day in the city with my printer, to finish something I am doing about the barrier treaty

† For an account of the treasurer's being wounded, see a letter from the archbishop of Dublin, dated March 17, 1710, and note.

‡ The society of sixteen, called Brothers.

|| Dr. John Robinson, bishop of Bristol. He was sworn lord privy seal, Sept. 3, 1711.

treaty; but it is not quite done*. I went this evening to lord Masham's, where lord treasurer sat with us till past twelve. The lords have voted an address to the queen, to tell her, they are not satisfied with the king of France's offers. The whigs brought it in of a sudden; and the court could not prevent it, and therefore did not oppose it. The house of lords is too strong in whigs, notwithstanding the new creation: for they are very diligent, and the tories as lazy. The side that is down hath always most industry. The whigs intended to have made a vote, that would reflect on lord treasurer; but their project was not ripe.

17th, The court was mighty full to-day, and has been so these many Sundays; but the queen was not at chapel. She has got a little fit of the gout in her foot. The good of going to court is, that one sees all one's acquaintance, whom otherwise I should hardly meet twice a year. Prince Eugene dines with the secretary to-day, with about seven or eight general officers, or foreign ministers. They will be all drunk, I am sure. I never was in company with this prince. I have proposed to some lords, that we should have a sober meal with him; but I cannot compass it. It is come over in the Dutch news prints, that I was arrested on an action of 20,000*l.* by the duke of Marlborough. I did not like my court invitations to-day; so Sir Andrew Fountaine and I went and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh†. I came home at six, and have been very busy till this minute, and it is past twelve. We reckon the dauphin's death will set forward the peace a good deal.

18th, Lewis had Guiscard's picture; he bought it, and offered it to lord treasurer, who promised to

* It was published under the title of, "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty." See Bathurst's edition, octavo, vol. ix.

† The mother of Vanessa. See an account of her in Swift's life, and the verses called Cadenus and Vanessa. See also the note prefixed to the dean's letters to Miss Vanhomrigh in this collection.

to send for it, but never did ; so I made Lewis give it me, and I have it in my room ; and now lord treasurer says, he will take it from me. Is that fair ? He designs to have it at length in the cloaths he wore when he did the action, and a penknife in his hand. Kneller is to copy it from this that I have. I intended to dine with lord treasurer to-day, but he has put me off till to-morrow ; so I dined with lord Dupplin. You know lord Dupplin very well ; he is a brother of the society †. Well, but I have received a letter from the bishop of Clogher, to solicit an affair for him with lord treasurer, and with the parliament, which I will do as soon as fly. I am not near so keen about other people's affairs as you used to reproach me. It was a judgment on me. I doubt you have been in pain about the report of my being arrested. The pamphleteers have let me alone this month which is a great wonder ; only the third part of the answer to the conduct, which is lately come out. Did I tell you of it before ? The house of commons goes on in mauling the late ministry and their proceedings.

19th, I dined with lord treasurer to-day, and sat with him till ten in spite of my teeth, though my printer waited for me to correct a sheet. I told him of four lines I writ extempore with my pencil, on a bit of paper in his house, while he lay wounded. Some of the servants, I suppose, made waste paper of them, and he never heard of them. They were inscribed to Mr. Harley's physicians thus :

On Britain Europe's safety lies ;
 Britain is lost, if Harley dies :
 Harley depends upon your skill :
 Think what you save, or what you kill.

I proposed that some company should dine with him on the eighth of March, which was the day he was wounded ; but he says he designs, that the
 lords

† The society of sixteen.

lords of the cabinet, who then sat with him, should dine that day with him: however he has invited me to dinner. I am not yet rid of my cold; it plagues me in the morning chiefly.

20th, after waiting to catch the secretary coming out from Sir Thomas Hanmer, for two hours in vain, about some business, I went into the city to my printer, to correct some sheets of the barrier treaty, and remarks, which must be finished to-morrow. I have been hourly busy for some days past with this and some other things; and I wanted some very necessary papers, which the secretary was to give me, and the pamphlet must not be published without them; but they are all busy too. Sir Thomas Hanmer is chairman of the committee, for drawing up a representation of the state of the nation to the queen, where all the wrong steps of the allies, and the late ministry about the war, will be mentioned. The secretary I suppose, was helping him about it to-day; I believe it will be a peeper.

21st, I have been six hours to-day morning writing nineteen pages of a letter to lord treasurer, about forming a society or academy, to correct and fix the English language. Is English a speech or a language? It will not be above five or six more. I will send it him to-morrow, and will print it, if he desires me*. I dined, you know, with our society to-day; Thursday is our day. We had a new member admitted; it was the duke of Beaufort. We were thirteen met; brother Ormond was not there, but sent his excuse, that prince Eugene dined with him. I left them at seven, being engaged to go to Sir Thomas Hanmer, who desired I would see him at that hour. His business was, that I would † hoen lbp ihainm itaoi dsroanws ubpl tohne sroe qporaensie p not las toi qobn, which I consented to do; but

* It is printed in his works.

† Thus decyphered, "help him to draw up the representation."

but do not know whether I shall succeed, because it is a little out of my way: however I have taken my share.

22d, I finished the rest of my letter to lord treasurer to-day, and sent it to him about one o'clock; and then dined privately with my friend Mr. Lewis, to talk over some affairs of moment. I have gotten the 13th volume of Rymer's collection of the records of the Tower for the university of Dublin*. I will write to the provost to know how I shall send them to him; no, I won't, for I will bring them myself among my own books. I was with Hanmer this morning, and there was the secretary and chancellor of the exchequer† very busy with him, laying their heads together about the representation. I went to lord Masham's to-night‡, and lady Masham made me read her a pretty twopenny pamphlet, called the St. Alban's ghost|| I thought I had writ it myself; so did they; but I did not. Lord treasurer came down to us from the queen, and we stayed till two o'clock. This is the best night place I have. The usual company are lord and lady Masham, lord treasurer, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I; sometimes the secretary§, and sometimes Mrs. Hill, of the bed-chamber, lady Masham's sister.

23d, I have no news to tell you this last day, nor do I know where I shall dine. I hear the secretary is a little out of order. perhaps I may dine there, perhaps not. I sent Hanmer what he wanted from me. I know not how he will approve of it. I was to do more of the same sort. On Tuesday it will be four weeks since I had your last, No. 26. This day

* See a letter from lady Elizabeth Germain to Dr. Swift, dated November 7, 1734, and note.

† 'Robert Benson, Esq; afterwards created lord Bingley.'

‡ It should be last night, for this appears to have been written after two o'clock in the morning.

|| The title is, The story of St. Alban's ghost, or the apparition of mother Haggy, collected from the best manuscripts.'

§ Mr. St. John.

day se'nnight I expect one, for that will be something more than a full month. Farewel.

LETTER XCI.

THE SAME.

LONDON, Feb. 23, 1711-12.

AFTER having disposed my last letter in the post-office, I am now to begin this, with telling you that I dined with the secretary to-day, who is much out of order with a cold, and feverish; yet he went to the cabinet council to night at six, against my will. The secretary is much the greatest commoner in England, and turns the whole parliament who can do nothing without him; and if he lives and has his health, will, I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him sometimes, that if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favour, and trust my fortune with his. But what care you for all this? I am sorry when I came first acquainted with this ministry, that I did not send you their names and characters, and then you would have relished what I would have writ, especially if I had let you into the particulars of affairs: but enough of this.

24th, I went early this morning to the secretary, who is not yet well. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the chancellor of the exchequer came while I was there, and he would not let me stir; so I did not go to church, but was busy with them till noon, about the affair I told you in my last. The other two went away, and I dined with the secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little. I sometimes sit up very late at lord Masham's, and have writ much for several days past; but I will amend both; for I have
now

now very little business, and hope I shall have no more. I am resolved to be a great rider this summer in Ireland. I was to see Mr. Wesley this evening, who has been somewhat better for this month past, and talks of returning to Bath in a few weeks. Our peace goes on but slowly; the Dutch are playing tricks, and we do not push it as strongly as we ought. The fault of our court is delay, of which the queen has a great deal; and lord treasurer is not without his share. But pray let us know a little of your life and conversation. Do you play at ombre, or visit the dean, and goody Wall's and Stoyte's, and Manly's as usual? I must have a letter from you. Let me know what you do? Is my aunt alive yet? Oh, pray, now I think of it, be so kind to step to my aunt, and take notice of my great-grand-father's picture; you know he has a ring on his finger, with a seal of an anchor and dolphin about it; but I think there is besides, at the bottom of the picture, the same coat of arms quartered with another, which I suppose was my great-grand-mother's. If this be so, it is a stronger argument than the seal. And pray see whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the same time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and ask my aunt what she knows about it. But perhaps there is no such coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamed it. My reason is because I would ask some herald here, whether I should chuse that coat, or one in Guillim's large folio of heraldry, where my uncle Godwin is named with another coat of arms of three stags. This is sad stuff to write.

25th, I was this morning again with the secretary, and we were two hours busy; and then went together to the Park, Hyde Park, I mean, and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two Arabian horses sent some time ago to lord treasurer. The duke of Marlborough's coach overtook us with his grace, and lord Godolphin in it; but they did not see us, to our great satisfaction; for neither of us desired that either of those two lords should see us together. There was half a dozen

dozen ladies riding like cavaliers to take the air. My head is better to-day. I dined with the secretary; but we did no business after dinner, and at six I walked into the fields; and then I went to visit Percival and his family, whom I had seen but once since they came to town. They are going to Bath next month. Countess Doll of Meath* is such an owl, that wherever I visit, people are asking me, whether I know such an Irish lady, and her figure and her foppery? I came home early, and have been amusing myself with looking into one of the volumes of Rymer's records of the Tower, and am mighty easy to think I have no urgent business upon my hands. My third cold is not yet off; sometimes I cough, and am not right with it in the morning. Did I tell you, that I believe it is lady Masham's hot rooms that gave it me? I never knew such a stove; and in my conscience, I believe both my lord and she, my lord treasurer, Mr. secretary, and myself have all suffered by it. We have all had colds together, but I walk home on foot.

26th, I was again busy with the secretary. We read over some papers, and did a good deal of business. I dined with him, and we were to do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner; an old saying and a true, much drinking little thinking. We had company with us, and nothing could be done. I am to go there to-morrow. I have now nothing to do; and the parliament, by the queen's recommendation, is to take some method for preventing libels, &c. which will include pamphlets, I suppose. I do not know what method they will take, but it comes on in a day or two. To-day in the morning I visited upwards; first I saw the duke of Ormond below stairs, and gave him joy of his being declared general in Flanders; then I went up one pair of stairs, and sat with the duchess;

* 'Dorothy, daughter to James Stopford, Esq; and second wife of Edward Brabazon, earl of Meath, who died 22 February, 1708, without issue.'

els; then I went up another pair of stairs, and paid a visit to lady Betty; and desired her woman to go up to the garret, that I might pass half an hour with her; but she was young and handsome, and would not. The duke is our president this week, and I have bespoke a small dinner on purpose for good example.

27th, I was again with the secretary this morning; but we only read over some papers with Sir Thomas Hanmer: then I called at lord treasurer's; it was his levee-day, but I went up to his bed-chamber, and said what I had to say. I came down and peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred fools were waiting, and two streets were full of coaches. I dined in the city with my printer*, and came back at six to lord treasurer, who had invited me to dinner but I refused him. I sat there an hour or two, and then went to lord Masham's. They were all abroad; so truly I came home, and read whatever stuff was next me. I can sit and be idle now, which I have not been above a year past. However I will stay out the session, or see if they have any farther commands for me, and that I suppose will end in April. But I may go somewhat before, for I hope all will be ended by then, and we shall have either a certain peace, or a certain war. The ministry is continuing new funds for money by lotteries; and we go on as if the war were to continue; but I believe it will not.

28th, I have been packing up some books in a great box I have bought, and must buy another for cloaths and luggage. This is a beginning towards a removal. I have sent to Holland for a dozen shirts, and design to buy another new gown and hat. I have writ this night to the provost. Our society met to-day as usual, and we were fourteen, besides the earl of Arran, whom his brother the duke of Ormond brought among us against all order. We
were

* This printer was John Barber, afterwards alderman and lord mayor of London.

were mightily shocked, but after some whispers, it ended in chusing lord Arran one of our society, which I opposed to his face, but it was carried by all the rest against me.

29th, This is leap year, and this is leap day; prince George was born on this day. People are mistaken; and some here think it is St. David's day, but they do not understand the virtue of leap year. I have nothing to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like grumdragon; and yet I was dictating some trifles this morning to a printer. I dined with a friend hard by, and the weather was so discouraging I could not walk. I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of Arrian*. Alexander the Great is just dead. I do not think he was poisoned: betwixt you and me, all those are but idle stories. It is certain, that neither Ptolomey nor Aristobulus thought so, and they were both with him when he died. It is a pity we have not their histories. The bill for limiting members of parliament to have but so many places past the house of commons, and will pass the house of lords, in spite of the ministry; which you know is a great lessening of the queen's power. Four of the new lords voted against the court in this point. It is certainly a good bill in the reign of an ill prince; but I think things are not settled enough for it at present, and the court may want a majority at a pinch.

March 1, I went into the city, to enquire after poor Stratford, who has put himself a prisoner into the Queen's-Bench, for which his friends blame him very much, because his creditors designed to be very easy with him. He grasped at too many things together, and that was his ruin. There is one circumstance relative to lieutenant-general Meredith, that is very melancholy: Meredith was turned out of all his employments last year, and had about
10,000l.

* The Greek historian, who writ the life of Alexander the Great.

10,000*l.* left to live on. Stratford, upon friendship, desired he might have the management of it for Meredith, to put it into the funds and stocks for the best advantage; and now he has lost it all. You have heard me often talk of Stratford; we were class fellows at school and university. I dined with some merchants, his friends, to-day, and they said they expected his breaking this good while. I gave him notice of a treaty of peace while it was a secret, of which he might have made good use, but that helped to ruin him; for he gave money, reckoning there would be actually a peace for this time, and consequently stocks to rise high. Ford narrowly escaped losing 500*l.* by him, and so did I too.

2d, Morning. I was wakened at three this morning, my man and the people of the house telling me of a great fire in the Hay-Market. I slept again, and two hours after my man come in again, and told me it was my poor brother Sir William Windham's † house that is burned ‡; and that two maids leaping out of an upper room to avoid the fire, fell both on their heads, one of them upon the iron spikes before the door, and both lay dead in the streets. It is supposed to have been some carelessness of one or both those maids. The duke of Ormond was there helping to put out the fire. Brother Windham gave 6000*l.* but a few months ago for that house, as he told me, and it was very richly furnished. I shall know more particulars at night. He married lady Catharine Seymour, the duke of Somerset's daughter; you know her, I believe.

VOL. XI.

G

At

† Windham was a brother of the society.

‡ It is not much to Swift's credit that he went quietly to sleep, after he had been told there was a great fire in the Hay-Market, where he knew a friend had a house and family; yet he had a quick and strong sense of the calamities of others. See his letter to Mrs. Dingley of November 15, and December 18, 1712.

At night. Sir William Windham's young child escaped very narrowly; lady Catharine escaped bare-foot; they all went to Northumberland house. Mr. Bridges house at next door is damaged much, and was like to be burned. Windham has lost above 10,000*l.* by this accident. His lady above 1000*l.* worth of cloaths. He was not at court to-day. I dined with lord Masham. The queen was not at church.

3d, Pray tell Walls, that I spoke to the duke of Ormond and Mr. Southwell about his friend's affair, who I find needeth not me for a solicitor; for they both told me the thing would be done. I likewise mentioned his own affair to Mr. Southwell, and I hope that will be done too; for Southwell seems to think it reasonable, and I will mind him of it again. Tell him this nakedly. You need not know the particulars. They are secrets; one of them is about Mrs. South having a pension; the other about his salary from the government for the tythes of the park, that lies in his parish, to be put upon the establishment. I dined in the city with my printer, with whom I had some small affair. I have no large work on my hands now. I was with lord treasurer this morning; and dined with the dean. Monday is parson's holiday.

4th, I sat to-day with poor Mrs. Wesley, who made me dine with her. She is much better than she was. I heartily pray for her health, and out of the entire love I bear to her worthy husband. This day hath passed very insignificantly. But it is a great comfort to me now, that I can come home and read, and have nothing upon my hands to write. I was at lord Masham's to-night, and stayed there till one. Lord treasurer was there; but I thought he looked melancholy, just as he did at the beginning of the session, and he was not so merry as usual. In short, the majority in the house of lords is a very weak one. He has much ado, to keep it up; and he is not able to make those removes he would, and oblige his friends; and I doubt

doubt too he does not take care enough about it, or rather cannot do all himself, and will not employ others, which is his great fault, as I have often told you.

5th, I wish you a merry Lent. I hate Lent, I hate different diets, and furrmity and butter, and herb porridge; and the four devout faces of people, who only put on religion for seven weeks. I was at the secretary's office this morning; and there a gentleman brought me two letters, dated last October; one from the bishop of Clogher, the other from Walls. The gentleman is called colonel Newburgh. I think you mentioned him to me some time ago. He has business in the house of lords. I will do him what service I can. The representation of the house of commons is printed; I have not seen it yet; it is plaguy severe, they say. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, and had a true lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but spleen; for his wife and a child or two were sick in the house, and that was full as mortifying as fish. We have had mighty fine cold frosty weather for some days past. I hope you take the advantage of it, and walk now and then. You never answer that part of my letters, where I desire you to walk. I must keep my breath to cool my lenten porridge.

6th, I hear Mr. Prior has suffered by Stratford's breaking. I was yesterday to see Prior, who is not well, and I thought he looked melancholy. He can ill afford to lose money. I walked before dinner in the Mall a good while with lord Arran and lord Dupplin, two of my brothers, and then we went to dinner, where the duke of Beaufort was our president. We were but eleven to-day.

We are now in all nine lords and ten commoners. The duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the earl of Darby, to be a member; but I opposed it so warmly, that it was waived. Darby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys, and we want but two to make up our number. I stayed till eight, and then we all went

away soberly. The duke of Ormond's treat last week cost 20l. though it was only four dishes, and four without a desert; and I bespoke it in order to be cheap, yet I could not prevail to change the house. Lord Masham made me go home with him to eat boiled oysters. Take oysters, wash them clean; that is, wash their shells clean; then put your oysters into an earthen pot, with their hollow sides down, then put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and so let them boil. Your oysters are boiled thus in their own liquor, and not mixed with water. Lord treasurer was not with us; he was very ill to-day with a swimming in the head, and is gone to be cupped, and sent to desire lady Masham to excuse him to the queen.

7th, I was to-day at the house of lords about a friend's bill. Then I cross'd the water at Westminster stairs to Southwark, went through St. George's Fields to the Mint, which is the dominion of the King's Bench prison, where Stratford lodges in a blind alley, and writ to me to come to him, but he was gone to the Change. I thought he had something to say to me about his own affairs. I found him at his usual coffee-house, and went to his old lodgings, and dined with him and his wife, and other company. His business was only to desire I would intercede with the ministry about his brother-in-law, Benjamin Burton, of Dublin, the banker, who is like to come into trouble, as we hear, about spreading false whiggish news. Mrs. Stratford tells me her husband's creditors have consented to give him liberty to get up his debts abroad; and she hopes he will pay them all. He was chearfuller than I have seen him this great while. I have walked much to-day.

8th, This day twelve months Mr. Harley was stabbed*. He is ill, and takes physic to-day, I hear, ('tis now morning) and cannot have the cabinet-council with him, as he intended, nor me to say grace. I am going too see him. Pray read the repr:-

* See the next letter, and note on paragraph dated 13.

representation, it is the finest that ever was writ. Some of it is my stile ; but not very much. This is the day of the queen's accession to the crown, so that it is a great day. I am going to court, and will dine with lord Masham ; but I must go this moment to the secretary, about some business ; so I will seal up this, and put it in the post. Farewel.

L E T T E R XCII.

T H E S A M E.

LONDON, March. 8, 1711-12.

I Carried my forty-second letter in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the general post. I went in the morning to see lord treasurer, who had taken physic, and was drinking his broth. I had been with the secretary before, to recommend a friend, one Dr. Friend, to be physician-general ; and the secretary promised to mention it to the queen. I can serve every body but myself. Then I went to court, and carried lord keeper and the secretary to dine with lord Masham, when we drank the queen and lord treasurer with every health, because this was the day of his stabbing. Then I went and played at piquet with lady Masham and Mrs. Hill ; won ten shillings, gave a crown to the box, and came home. Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks, that play the devil about this town every night, slit people's noses, and beat them ?

9th, I was at court to-day, and nobody invited me to dinner, except one or two, whom I did not care to dine with ; so I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Young Davenant was telling us, how he was set upon by the Mohocks, and how they ran his chair through with a sword. It is not safe being in the streets at night. The bishop of Salsbury's son* is said

* Thomas then at the Temple, afterwards consul at Lisbon, and at last one of the justices of the King's Bench.

said to be of the gang. They are all whigs. A great lady sent to me, to speak to her father, and to lord treasurer, to have a care of them, and to be careful likewise of myself; for she heard they had malicious intentions against the ministry, and their friends. I know not whether there be any thing in this, tho' others are of the same opinion. The weather still continues very fair and frosty. I walked in the Park this evening, and came home early, to avoid the Mohocks. Lord treasurer is better.

10, I went this morning again to lord treasurer, who is quite recovered, and I stayed till he went out. I dined with a friend in the city, about a little business of printing; but not my own. You must buy a small two-penny pamphlet, called, "Law is a bottomless Pit †." It is very prettily written, and there will be a second part. The commons are very slow in bringing in their bill to limit the press, and the pamphleteers make good use of their time; for there come out three or four every day.

11th, Lord treasurer has lent the long letter I writ him to Prior ‡; and I can't get Prior to return it. I want to have it printed, and to make up this academy for the improvement of our language. I dined privately with my friend Lewis, and then went to see Ned Southwell, and talked with him about Wall's business and Mrs. South's. The latter will be done; but his own not. Southwell, tells me, that it must be laid before lord treasurer, and the nature of it explained, and a great deal of clutter, which is not worth the while; and may be, lord treasurer won't do it at last; and it is, as Wall says himself, not above forty shillings a year difference.

12th, There is the devil and all to do with these Mohocks. Grubstreet papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of near eighty put into several prisons, and all a lye; and I begin almost
to

† Or, "The History of John Bull," written by Dr. Arbuthnot, but printed with Swift's works.

‡ Concerning the English language.

to think there is no truth, or very little, in the whole story. He, that abused Davenant, was a drunken gentleman, none of that gang. My man tells me, that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-house, publickly, that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and, though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, and two gentlemen of the Highlands of Scotland; yet very polite men. I sat there till nine, and then went to lord Masham's, where lord treasurer followed me, and we sat till twelve; and I came home in a chair, for fear of the Mohocks; and I have given him warning of it too. Little Harrison, whom I sent to Holland, is now actually made queen's secretary at the Hague. It will be in the Gazette to-morrow. It is worth one thousand two hundred pounds a year*.

Here is a young fellow, who has writ some sea-eclogues, poems of mermen, resembling pastorals of shepherds, and they are very pretty. The thought is new; mermen are he-mermaids, tritons, natives of the sea. Do you understand me? I think to recommend him to our society to-morrow. His name is Diaper†. P— on him; I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits rise; but, when they do rise I would encourage them: they tread on our heels, and thrust us off the stage.

13th, You would laugh to see our printer constantly attending our society after dinner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which he seldom fails to do. Lord Lansdown, one of our society, was offended at a passage in this day's Examiner, which, he thinks, reflects on him, as I believe it does, though in a mighty civil way. It is only.

* See a letter from this gentleman to the dean, dated December 16, 1712.

† 'John Diaper, educated at Balliol College, Oxford.'

only that † his underlings cheat ; but that he is a very fine gentleman every way, &c. Lord Orrery was

† ' In the Examiner, Vol. II. No. 15, from Tuesday, March 6, to Tuesday, March 13, 1711, was published the following letter, addressed to the Examiner,

S I R,

YOU have been so taken up with censuring the corruptions of the adverse party, that you seem to have wanted either time or disposition, to take notice of those among your own ! which, tho' not so flagrant, or universal, do daily produce very pernicious consequences. I know a certain person in employment, who, besides the firmness of his principles, in respect to the present proceedings of the court, is a man of undoubted honour and virtue, of admirable sense and learning, and every way qualified for the execution of any office. I am convinced as much as it is possible to be of any truth, that no bribe whatsoever can corrupt his integrity, or sway him in the least to act against his opinion ; being just and liberal in his nature, and easy in his fortune ; yet so it happens, that there are no where greater or grosser abuses ; no where more bribery and oppression, than what are practised by those, who are employed under him. The worst of it is, that these mischiefs are the accidental effects of this person's good qualities, whose spirit being above any sordid aims of his own, can never be brought to suspect them in those, whom he hath thought fit to trust. This candid disposition not only unqualifies him from suspecting any abuses in his officers ; but likewise from admitting or believing whatever complaints are made against them. By this means, the public is wholly disappointed of all the good effects, it might hope from a worthy man being in employment. The chief underlings, by oppressing not only those, who apply to them for business but their own inferiors, in office, grow to much greater riches than their master ; and it is an aggravation, that since the public must be defrauded, the profit should accrue to those, who least deserve it. I hope all those, who are in high station, if they chance to read this paper, will from hence take the hint to examine amongst their dependants, by what means some of them have come, in so short a time, to such prodigious wealth ! and thereupon proceed to punish those crimes, from which themselves are so exempt. I therefore desire you will be pleased to print this letter in your next paper, if you think it deserves that honour, and give the public and me your opinion in the matter.

I am with much respect, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

was president to-day ; but both our dukes were absent. Brother Windham recommended Diaper to the society. I believe we shall make a contribution among ourselves, which I don't like. Lord treasurer has yet done nothing for us ; but we shall try him soon. The company parted early ; but Friend, and Prior, and I, sat a while longer, and reformed the state, and found fault with the ministry. Prior hates his commission of the customs, because it spoils his wit. He says he dreams of nothing but cockets, and docketts, and drawbacks, and other jargon, words of the custom-house. Our good weather went away yesterday, and the nights are now dark, and I came home before ten.

14th, I have been plagued this morning with solicitors, and with nobody more than my brother Dr. Friend, who must needs have me get old Dr. Laurence, the physician-general, turned out, and himself in. He has argued with me so long upon the reasonableness of it, that I am fully convinced it is very unreasonable ; and so I would tell the secretary, if I had not already made him speak to the queen. Besides, I know not but my friend Dr. Arbuthnot, would be content to have it himself, and I love him ten times better than Friend. What's all this to you ? but I must talk of things as they happen in the day, whether you know any thing of them or not. I dined in the city, and, coming back, one parson Richardson*, of Ireland, over-

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took

* John Richardson, a clergyman of Ireland, who, in 1711, published at Dublin, in quarto. "A Proposal for the Conversion of the Popish Natives of Ireland, to the established religion. With the Reasons upon which it is grounded, And an Answer to the objections made to it." And in 1713 he published, at London, in octavo, "A short history of the Attempts, that have been made to convert the Popish Natives of Ireland to the established Religion. With a Proposal for their Conversion, and a Vindication of Archbishop Usher's Opinion concerning the Performance of divine Offices to them in their own Language. The second Edition, with Additions." In the title-page the author styles himself rector of Annalt, alias Belturbet, in the diocese of Kilmore in Ireland, and chaplain to his grace the duke of Ormond and the lord bishop of Clogher.

took me. He was here last summer, upon a project of converting the Irish, and printing bibles, &c. in that language, and is now returned to pursue it. He tells me Dr. Coghill came last night to town. I will send to see how he does to-morrow.

15th, I had intended to be early with the secretary this morning, when my man admitted up-stairs one Mr. Newcomb, an officer, who brought me a letter from the bishop of Clogher, with four lines added by Mrs. Ashe, all about that Newcomb. I think, indeed, his case is hard; but God knows whether I shall be able to do him any service. People will not understand; I am a very good second, but I care not to begin a recommendation, unless it be for an intimate friend. However, I will do what I can. I missed the secretary, and then walked to Chelsea to dine with the dean of Christ-church †, who was engaged to lord Orrery, with some other Christ-church men. He made me go with him, whether I would or no; for they have, this long time, admitted me a Christ-church man. Lord Orrery, generally every winter, gives his old acquaintance of that college a dinner. There were nine clergymen at table, and four laymen. The dean and I soon left them; and, after a visit or two, I went to lord Masham's; and lord treasurer, Arbuthnot, and I, sat till twelve. I came home afoot, but had my man with me. Lord treasurer advised me not to go in a chair, because the Mohocks insult chairs more than they do those on foot. They think there is some mischievous design in those villains. Several of them, lord treasurer told me, are actually taken up. I heard at dinner, that one of them was killed last night. We shall know more in a little time.

16th, This morning at the secretary's, I met general Ross, and recommended Newcomb's case to him, who promises to join me in working up the duke

† 'Dr. Francis Atterbury, who was promoted to that deanry September 1711, on the death of Dr. Henry Aldrich.'

duke of Ormond to do something for him. Lord Winchelsea told me to-day at court, that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old lady Winchelsea's, at the door of their house in the Park, with a candle, as she had just lighted out somebody. They cut her face, and beat her without any provocation. I hear my friend Lewis has got a Mohock in one of the messenger's hands. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in an open chair. She has got an ugly cough, as Arbuthnot her physician says. I dined with Crow, late governor of Barbadoes, an acquaintance of Sterne's. After dinner, I asked him, whether he had heard of Sterne? Here he is, said he, at the door in a coach; and in came Sterne. He has been here this week. He is buying a captainship, in his cousin Sterne's regiment. He told me, he left Jemmy Leigh playing at cards with you. He is to give eight hundred guineas for his commission.

17th, Dr. Sacheverel came this morning, to give me thanks for getting his brother an employment.

It was but six or seven weeks since I spoke to lord treasurer for him. Sacheverel brought 'Trap*' along with him. We dined together at my printer's, and I sat with them till seven. I little thought, and I believe so did he, that ever I should be his solicitor to the present ministry, when I left Ireland. This is the seventh I have now provided for since I came, and can do nothing for myself. I don't care; I shall have ministries and other people, obliged to me. Trap is a coxcomb, and the other is not very deep; and their judgment, in things of wit and sense, is miraculous. The second part of Law is a bottomless Pit is just now printed, and better, I think, than the first.

18th,

* ' Joseph Trap, M. A. then professor of poetry in the university of Oxford. He had published there, in 1711, the first volume of his *Prælectiones poeticae*, with a dedication to Mr. secretary St. John.'

18th, There is a proclamation out against the Mohocks. One of those, that are taken, is a baronet. I dined with poor Mrs. Wesley, who is returning to the Bath. I walked this evening in the Park and met Prior, who made me go home with him, where I stayed till past twelve, and could not get a coach, and was alone, and was afraid enough of the Mohocks. I will do so no more, though I got home safe. Prior and I were talking discontentedly of some managements, that no more people are turned out, which gets lord treasurer many enemies; but whether the fault be in him, or the queen, I know not; I doubt in both. I wish you good luck at ombre with the dean.

19th, Newcomb came to me this morning, and I went to the duke of Ormond to speak for him; but the duke was just going out to take the oaths for general. The duke of Shrewsbury is to be lord lieutenant of Ireland. I walked with Domville and Ford to Kensington, where we dined, and it cost me above a crown. I don't like it, as my man said. I saw there lord Masham's children. The youngest my nephew, I fear has got the king's evil; the other two are daughters of three and four years old. It was very windy walking. The gardens there are mighty fine. I passed the evening at lord Masham's, with lord treasurer and Arbuthnot, as usual, and we stay'd till past one; but I had my man to come with me, and at home I found three letters; one from one Fetherston, a parson, with a postscript of Tindall's to recommend him. And Fetherston, whom I never saw, has been so kind as to give me a letter of attorney, to recover a debt for him: another from lord Abercorn, to get him the dukedom of Chatelleraut from the king of France? in which I will do what I can, for his pretensions are very just: the third from you. It is a great air this of getting a dukedom from the king of France; but it is only to speak to the secretary, and get the duke of Ormond to engage in it, and mention the case to lord treasurer, &c. and this I shall do.

20th.

20th, I was with the duke of Ormond this morning, about lord Abercorn, Dr. Friend, and Newcomb, Some will do and some will not do. The duke of Shrewsbury is certainly to be your governor. I will go in a day or two, and give the duchess joy, and recommend the archbishop of Dublin to her. I writ to the archbishop some months ago, that it would be so; and told him I would speak a good word for him to the duchess; and he says he has a great respect for her, &c. I made our society change their house, and we met to day at the star and garter in the Pallmall. Lord Arran was president. The other dog was so extravagant in his bills, that, for four dishes, and four, first and second course, without wine or desert, he charged twenty-one pounds, six shillings, and eight-pence to the duke of Ormond. We design, when all have been presidents this turn, to turn it into a reckoning of so much a head; but we shall break up when the session ends.

21st, I am not dean of Wells, nor know any thing of being so; nor is there any thing in the story; and that's enough. It was not Roper sent that news; Roper is my humble slave. I will bring over all the little papers I can think on. I thought I sent you by Leigh, all that were good at that time. The author of the Sea Eclogues sent books to the society yesterday, and we gave him guineas a-piece; and may be, will do further for him. So the bishop of Clogher, and lady, were your guests for a night or two. The session, I doubt, will not be over till the end of April; however I shall not wait for it, if the ministry will let me go sooner. I wish I were just now in my little garden at Laracor. I would set out for Dublin, and bring you an account of my young trees. I will do what you desire me for Tisdall, when I next see lord Anglesea.

L E T.

LETTER XCIII.

TO MRS. DINGLEY.



LONDON, March 22, 1711-12.

UGLY, nasty weather. I dined with a friend, and went to see lord treasurer ; but he had people with him I did not know ; so I went to lady Masham, and lost a crown with her at picquet, and then sat with lord Masham and lord treasurer, &c. till past one ; but I had my man with me to come home. Our Mohocks are all vanished ; however I shall take care of my person.

23d, I was this morning, before church, with the secretary about lord Abercorn's business, and some others. My soliciting season is come, and will last as long as the session. I went late to court, and the company was almost gone. The court serves me for a coffee-house ; once a week I meet an acquaintance there, that I should not otherwise see in a quarter. There is a flying report, that the French have offered a cessation of arms, and to give us Dunkirk, and the Dutch Namure, for security, till the peace is made. The duke of Ormond, they say, goes in a week. Abundance of his equipage is already gone. His friends are afraid the expence of this employment will ruin him, since he must lose the government of Ireland. I dined privately with a friend, and refused all dinners offered me at court ; which, however, were but two, and I did not like either. Did I tell you of a scoundrel about the court, that sells employments to ignorant people, and cheats them of their money ? He lately made a bargain for the vice-chamberlain's place. for seven thousand pounds, and had received some guineas earnest ; but the whole thing was discovered the other day, and examinations taken of it by lord Dartmouth, and I hope he will be swinged. The
vice-

vice-chamberlain told me several particulars of it last night at lord Masham's.

24th, This morning I recommended Newcomb again to the duke of Ormond, and left Dick Stewart to do it farther. Then I went to visit the duchess of Hamilton, who was not awake. So I went to the duchess of Shrewsbury, and sat an hour at her toilet. I talked to her about the duke's being lord lieutenant. She said she new nothing of it; but I rallied her out of that, and she resolves not to stay behind the duke. I intend to recommend the bishop of Clogher to her for an acquaintance. He will like her very well: she is, indeed, a most agreeable woman, and a great favourite of mine. I know not whether the ladies in Ireland will like her. I was at the Court of Requests, to get some lords to be at a committee to-morrow, about a friend's bill: and then the duke of Beaufort gave me a poem, finely bound in folio, printed at Stamford, and writ by a country 'squire. Lord Exeter desired the duke to give it to the queen, because the author is his friend; but the duke desired I would let him know whether it was good for any thing. I brought it home, and will return it to-morrow, as the dullest thing I ever read; and advise the duke not to present it. I dined with Domville at his lodgings, by invitation. He goes in a few days for Ireland.

25th, There is a mighty feast at a tory sheriff's to-day in the city; twelve hundred dishes of meat. About five lords, and several hundred gentlemen, will be there, and give four or five guineas a-piece, according to custom. Dr. Coghill and I dined, by invitation, at Mrs. Van's*. It has rained or mizzled all day, as my pockets feel. There are two new answers come out to "The Conduct of the Allies." The last year's Examiners, printed together in a small volume, go off but slowly. The printer overprinted himself by at least a thousand; so soon
out

* Vanhomrigh.

out of fashion are party-papers, however so well writ. The Medleys are coming out in the same volume, and perhaps may sell better. Our news about a cessation of arms begins to fly, and I have not these three days seen any body in business to ask them about it. We had a terrible fire last night in Drury-lane, or thereabouts, and three or four people destroyed. One of the maids of honour has the small-pox, but the best is, she can lose no beauty; and we have one new handsome maid of honour.

26th, I forgot to tell you, that on Sunday last, about seven at night, it lightned above fifty times as I walked the mall, which I think is extraordinary at this time of the year, and the weather was very hot. Had you any thing of this in Dublin? I intended to dine with lord treasurer to-day, but lord Mansel and Mr. Lewis made me dine with them at Kit Musgrave's. Now you don't know who Kit Musgrave † is. The news of the French desiring a cessation of arms, &c. was but town-talk. We shall know in a few days, as I am told, whether there will be a peace or no. The duke of Ormond will go in a week for Flanders, they say. Our Mohocks go on still, and cut people's faces every night; but they shan't cut mine. I like it better as it is. The dogs will cost me at least a crown a week in chairs. I believe the souls of your houghers of cattle have got into them, and now they don't distinguish between a Cow and a Christian. I ought to wish you yesterday a happy new-year. You know the twenty-fifth of March is the first day of the year, and now you must leave off cards, and put out your fire. I'll put out mine the first of April, cold or not cold. I believe I shall lose credit with you, by not coming over at the beginning of April; but I hoped this sessions would be ended, and I must stay till then; yet I would fain be at the beginning of my willows growing. Percival tells me, that the quick-fets upon the flat in the garden do not grow so well as those famous ones on the ditch. They want digging

† Christopher Musgrave, Esq; clerk of the ordnance.

digging about them. The cherry-trees, by the river-side, my heart is set upon.

27th; Society-day, you know: I suppose Dr. Arbuthnot was president. His dinner was dressed in the queen's kitchen, was mighty fine. We eat it at Ozinda's coffee-house, just by St. James's. We were never merrier nor better company, and did not part till after eleven. I did not summons lord Landsdown: he and I are fallen out. There was something in an examiner * a fortnight ago, that, he thought, reflected on the abuses in his office, (he is secretary at war) and he writ to the secretary, that he heard I had inserted that paragraph. This I resented highly, that he should complain of me before he spoke to me. I sent him a peppering letter, and would not summon him by a note, as I did the rest; nor ever will have any thing to say to him, till he begs my pardon. I met lord treasurer to-day at lady Masham's. He would fain have carried me home to dinner. No, no; what, upon a society-day!

28th, I was with my friend Lewis to-day, getting materials for a little mischief; and I dined with lord treasurer, and three or four fellows I never saw before. I left them at seven, and came home, and have been writing to the archbishop of Dublin, and cousin Deane, in answer to one of his of four months standing, that I spied by chance among my papers. Domville is going to Ireland; he came here this morning to take leave of me, but I shall dine with him to-morrow. Does the bishop of Clogher talk of coming for England this summer? I think lord Molesworth told me so about two months ago. The weather is bad again; rainy and very cold this evening. Do you know what the longitude is? A projector has been applying himself to me, to recommend him to the ministry; because he pretends to have found out the longitude.

* That of March 13, 1711, mentioned in a former note.;

tude. However, I will gravely hear what he says, and discover him a knave or a fool.

20th, I am plagued with a pain in my shoulder; I believe it is rheumatic; I will do something for it to-night. Mr. Lewis and I dined with Mr. Denville, to take our leave of him. I drank three or four glasses of champagne by perfect teasing, tho' it is bad for my pain; but if it continues, I will not drink any wine without water till I am well. The weather is abominably cold and wet. I have put flannel to my shoulder, and rubbed it with Hungary water. It is hard. I never would drink any wine, if it were not for my head, and drinking has given me this pain. I will try abstemiousness for a while. You must know I hate pain, as the old woman said. My flesh sucks up Hungary water rarely. My man is an awkward rascal, and makes me peevish. Do you know, that the other day he was forced to beg my pardon, that he could not shave my head, his hand shook so? He is drunk every day, and I design to turn him off as soon as ever I get to Ireland.

30th, I was not able to go to church or court to-day. The pain has left my shoulder, and crept to my neck and collar-bone. Dogs gnawing. I went in a chair at two, and dined with Mrs. Van, where I could be easy, and came back at seven. It has rained terribly hard all day long, and is extremely cold. I am very uneasy, and have cruel twinges every moment.

31st. April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. All these days I have been extremely ill, tho' I twice crawled out a week ago, tho' very weak. The pain increases, with mighty violence in my left shoulder and collar-bone, and that side my neck. On Thursday morning appeared great red spots in all those places where my pain was, which was so violent, that I had not a minute's ease, nor hardly a minute's sleep in three days and nights. The spots increased every day, and red little pimples, which are now grown white, and full of corruption, tho' small. The

red

red still continues too, and most prodigious hot and inflamed. The disease is the shingles. I eat nothing but water-gruel; am very weak; but out of all violent pain. The doctor says it would have ended in some violent disease, if it had not come out thus. I shall now recover fast. I have been in no danger of life but miserable torture. So adieu. The next letter will not be in the old order of journal, till I have done with physick.

LETTER XCIV.

MR. NELSON, TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR. Ash-Wednesday, Feb. 22, 1710-11.
I Beg leave to put you in mind of the inscription, which you are to prepare for the earl of Berkeley's monument. My Lady dowager has determined to have it in Latin; so that I hope you want no farther directions towards the finishing of it. The workman calls upon me for it, which is the reason of this trouble given you, by, Rev. Sir, your most humble servant,

ROBERT NELSON.

H. S. E.

Carolus comes de Berkeley, vicecomes de Duresley, baro Berkeley de castro de Berkeley, dominus Moubray Segrave, et Bruce; dominus locum tenens comitatus Glocestriæ; civitatis Glocestriæ seneschallus; guardianus de tereſta de Dean; custos rotulorum comitatus de Surrey; et reginæ Annæ à ſecretioribus conſiliis. Ob fidem ſpectatam, linguarum peritiam et prudentiam, a rege Gulielmo III. legatus et plenipotentiarus ad ordines Fœderati Belgii per quinque annos arduis reipublicæ negotiis ſæliciter invigilavit. Ob quæ merita ab eodem rege (vivante adhuc patre) in magnatum numerum adſcriptus et conſiliarius a ſecretis factus; et ad Hiberniam ſecundus inter tres ſummos juſticiarios miſſus; denique

nique legatus extraordinarius designatus ad Turcarum imperium : et postea regnante Anna ad Cæsarem ablegatus ; quæ munia ingravescente valetudine et senectute obire nequit.

Natus Londini, 1649.

Obiit, 1710.

Ætatis 62

L E T T E R XCV.

FOR THE REV DR. SWIFT, BISHOP OF, OR DEAN OF, &c.

S I R,

VIENNA, April 18, 1711.

I HAVE often with pleasure reflected upon the glorious possibilities of the English constitution ; but I must apply to politics a French expression, appropriated by them to beauty : there is a (*je ne sçai quoi*) amongst us, which makes us troublesome with our learning, disagreeable with our wit, poor with our wealth, and insignificant with our power.

I could never despise any body for what they have not, and am only provoked, when they make not the right use of what they have. This is the greatest mortification to know the advantages we have by art and nature, and see them disappointed by self-conceit and faction. What patience could bear the disappointment of a good scheme by the October club ?

I have with great uneasiness received imperfect accounts of disagreement amongst ourselves. The party we have to struggle with has strength enough to require our united endeavours. We should not attack their firm body like Hussars. Let the victory be secure before we quarrel for the spoils ; let it be considered whether their yoke were easy, or their burthen light. What ! must there ever be in St. Stephen's chapel a majority either of knaves or fools ?

But seriously I have long apprehended the effects of that universal corruption, which has been improved

proved with so much care, and has so fitted us for the tyranny designed, that we are grown I fear insensible of slavery, and almost unworthy of liberty.

The gentlemen, who give you no other satisfaction in politics than the appearances of ease and mirth, I wish I could partake with them in their good humour; but Tockay itself has no effect upon me while I see affairs so unsettled; faction so strong, and credit so weak; and all services abroad under the truest difficulties by past miscarriages, and present want of money; but we are told here, that in the midst of victory, orders are given to found a parly, I will not say a retreat. Give me leave to tell the churchmen, there is not in * * * *

I have rid the resty horse you say they gave me, in ploughed lands, till I have made him tame. I wish they manage the dull jades as well at home, and get them forward either with whip or spur. I depend much upon the three you mention; if they remember me with kindness, I am their's, by two the strongest ties, I love them and hate their enemies.

Yet you seem to wish me other work. It is time the statesmen employ me in my own trade, not theirs. If they have nothing else for me to subdue, let me command against that rank whiggish puppet-shew. Those junto pigmies, if not destroyed, will grow up to giants. Tell St. John he must find me work in the old world or the new.

I find Mr. Harley forgets to make mention of the most important part of my letter to him; which was to let him know that I expected immediately for one Dr. Swift a lean bishoprick or fat deanry. If you happen to meet that gentleman at dinner, tell him, that he has a friend out of the way of doing him good, but that he would, if he could, whose name is

PETERBOROW.

LET-

L E T T E R XCVI.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

DUBLIN, April 19, 1711.

I HAD the favour of your's of the 10th instant, by which I understand how much I am obliged to you for the justice you did me as to the report, you let me know was about to be printed in the Post-boy relating to Mr. Harley.

I think there is no man in this kingdom, on which such a report could be fixed with less colour of truth, having been noted for the particular regard I have always had for him. I have suffered in some cases too, for my zeal to defend him in the worst of times; for I confess I never could, with patience, bear the treatment he met with in Gregg's affair*. The truth is, when I received the news of this last barbarous attempt made on him, I with indignation insulted some, with whom I used to dispute about the former case, and asked them, whether they would now suspect, that he was in the conspiracy to stab himself? The turn they gave it was what I wrote to you, that they imagined he might be in it notwithstanding that; and that his discovering Guiscard, and pressing so hard on the examination, was the thing that provoked the man to such a degree of rage, as appeared in that villainous act. And they instanced the story of Piso in

Tacitus,

* William Gregg was an under clerk to Mr. secretary Harley in 1708, and was detected in a treasonable correspondence. When he was indicted, he pleaded guilty; which gave occasion to Mr. Harley's enemies to insinuate, that he was privy to Gregg's practices, and had, by assurances of pardon, prevailed, upon him to plead guilty, in order to prevent the examination of witnesses. When Gregg was at length executed, he left a paper behind him, in which Mr. Harley was fully and particularly justified.

Tacitus, and the passage of Rufus. I know very well, that they did not believe themselves, and amongst other things I applied that passage of Hudibras, he, that beats out his brains, &c. †. I believe I have told this passage to several as an example, to shew into what absurdities the power of prejudice, malice and faction will lead some men, I hope with good effect; and added, as several gentlemen that heard me can witness, that it was a strange thing, that Mr. Harley should discover Gregg, and have him hanged, and yet be suspected to be partaker of his crime; but altogether unaccountable, that in a cause, wherein his life was so barbarously struck at, it was a thousand to one if he escaped, he should be still under the suspicion of being a party with his murderer; so that I could never imagine, that any one should report, that I spoke my own sense, in a matter, wherein I expressed so great an abhorrence, both of the fact, and the vile comment made upon it.

As to any speech at the meeting of the clergy, or any reprimand given me by any person on this account, it is all, assure yourself, pure invention.

I am sensible of the favour you did me, in preventing the publishing of such a false report, and am most thankful to Mr. secretary St. John for stopping it. I have not the honour to be known to him, otherwise I would give him the trouble of a particular acknowledgement. As to Mr. Harley, I have had the happiness to have some knowledge of him, and received some obligations from him, particularly on the account of my act of parliament, that I obtained for the restitution of Seatown to the see of Dublin. I always had a great honour for him, and expected great good from his known abilities, and zeal for the common interest; and, as I believe, he was the principal instrument of settling things on the present foot; so I believe every one, that

† But he, that dashes out his brains,
The devil's in him, if he feigns.

that wisheth well to these kingdoms, is satisfied, that there is not any man, whose death would be a greater loss to the public than his. The management of this parliament has, if not reconciled his worst enemies to him, at least silenced them; and 'tis generally believed, that his misfortune has much retarded public affairs.

I partly can guess, who writ the letter you mention: it must be one of two or three, whose business it is to invent a lie, and throw dirt, ever since I was obliged by my duty to call them to account for their negligence and ill practices; they have published and dispersed several libellous prints against me, in one of which I marked forty-three downright falsehoods in matters of fact. In another, it is true, there was only one such; the whole and every part of it, from beginning to end, being pure invention and falsehood. But to my comfort, they are despised by all good men, and I like myself nothing less for being the object of their hate. You will excuse this long letter, and I hope I may by next apprise you with something of consequence. In the mean time I heartily recommend you, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

I held my visitation on the 9th instant, where you were excused as absent on the public business of the church*.

* Dr. Swift had then two livings in Ireland, Laracor and Rathbeggin, both in the diocese of Meath.

LET-

L E T T E R XCVII.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

May 4, 1711.

I HAVE had the honour of your Lordships letter; and, by the first lines of it have made a discovery that your Lordship is come into the world about eighteen hundred years too late, and was born about half a dozen degrees too far to the north, to employ that public virtue I always heard you did possess; which is now wholly useless, and which those very few that have it, are forced to lay aside when they would have business succeed.

Is it not some comfort, my Lord, that you meet with the same degeneracy of manners, and the same neglect of the public, among the honest Germans, though, in the philosopher's phrase, differently modified; and I hope, at least, we have one advantage, to be more polite in our corruptions than they.

Our divisions run farther than perhaps your Lordship's intelligence hath yet informed you of. That is, a triumvirate of our friends whom I have mentioned to you: I have told them more than once, upon occasion, that all my hope of their success depended on their union; that I saw they loved one another, and hoped they would continue it, to remove that scandal of inconstancy ascribed to court friendships. I am not now so secure. I care not to say more on such a subject, and even this is *entre nous*. My credit is not of a size to do any service on such an occasion: But, as little as it is, I am so ill a politician, that I will venture the loss of it to prevent this mischief; the consequences of which I am as good a judge of as any minister of state, and perhaps a better because I am not one.

When you writ your letter you had not heard of Guiscard's attempt on Mr. Harley: Supposing you

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know

know all the circumstances, I shall not descant upon it. We believe Mr. Harley will soon be Treasurer, and be of the House of Peers; and then we imagine the Court will begin to deal out employments, for which every October-member is a candidate; and consequently nine in ten must be disappointed: The effect of which we may find in the next session. Mr. Harley was yesterday to open to the House the ways he has thought of to raise funds for the securing the unprovided debts of the nation, and we are all impatient to know what his proposals are.

As to the imperfect account you say you have received of disagreement among ourselves, your Lordship knows that the names of Whig and Tory have quite altered their meanings. All who were for turning out the late ministry, we now generally call Tories; and, in that sense, I think it plain that there are among the Tories three different interests. One of those, I mean the ministry, who agree with your Lordship and me, in a steady management for pursuing the true interest of the nation; another is that of warmer heads, as the October-club and their adherents without doors; and a third is, I fear, of those who, as your Lordship expresses it, would sound a parly, and who would make fair weather in case of a change, and some of these last are not inconsiderable.

Nothing can be more obliging than your lordship's remembering to mention me in your letters to Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, when you are in the midst of such great affairs. I doubt I shall want such an advocate as your Lordship: for, I believe, every man who has modesty or merit, is but an ill one for himself. I desire but the smallest of those titles you give me on the outside of your letter. My ambition is to live in England, and with a competency to support me with honour. The ministry know by this time whether I am worth keeping; and it is easier to provide for ten men in the church than one in a civil employment.

But I renounce England and deanries, without a promise from your Lordship, under your own hand
and

and seal, that I shall have liberty to attend you whenever I please. I foresee we shall have a peace next year, by the same sagacity that I have often foreseen when I was young. I must leave the town in a week, because my money is gone, and I can borrow no more. Peace will bring your Lordship home; and we must have you to adorn your country, when you shall be no longer wanted to defend it. I am,

MY LORD, &c.

L E T T E R XCVIII.

TO MR. SECRETARY ST. JOHN *.

S I R,

CHELSEA, May 11, 1711.

BEING convinced by certain ominous prognostics, that my life is too short to permit me the honour of ever dining another Saturday with Sir Simon Harcourt, Knight, or Robert Harley, Esq; I beg I may take the last farewell of those two gentlemen tomorrow. I made this request on Saturday last, unfortunately after you were gone; and they, like great statesmen, pretended they could do nothing in it without your consent; particularly my Lord-Keeper, as a lawyer, raised innumerable difficulties, although I submitted to allow you an hour's whispering before dinner, and an hour after. My Lord Rivers would not offer one word in my behalf, pretending he himself was but a tolerated person. The Keeper alledged you could do nothing but when all three were capitularly met, as if you could never open but like a parish-chest, with the three keys together. It grieves me to see the present ministry thus confederated to pull down my great spirit. Pray, Sir, find an expedient. Finding expedients is the business of secretaries of state. I will yield to any reasonable conditions not

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below

* Afterwards Lord Bollingbroke.

below my dignity. I will not find fault with the victuals; I will restore the water-glass that I stole, and solicit for my Lord-Keeper's salary. And, Sir, to shew you I am not a person to be safely injured, if you dare refuse me justice in this point, I will appear before you in a pudding-sleeve gown, I will disparage your snuff, write a lampoon upon Nably Car, dine with you upon a foreign post-day; nay, I will read verses in your presence, until you snatch them out of my hands. Therefore pray, Sir, take pity upon me and yourself; and believe me to be, with great respect,

Sir,

Your most obedient, and
most humble servant.

L E T T E R XCIX.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

DUBLIN, May 15, 1711.

I HAD the favour of your's of the 10th instant, by the last packets, and cannot return you sufficient acknowledgment for your kind and prudent management of that affair so much to my advantage. I confess that I did not much fear, that such a vile report would do me any great injury with Mr. Harley; for I was persuaded he is too wise to believe such an incredible story. But the publishing it to the world might have influenced some to my disadvantage; and no man can be well pleased to be the subject of a libel, though it often happens to be the fate of honest men.

I doubt not but you will hear of an unlucky contest in the city of Dublin about their mayor. You may remember, (I think, whilst you were here, that is, in 1709) alderman Constantine, by a cabal, for so I must call it, lost his election: and a junior alderman, one Forrest, was elected mayor for the ensuing year. Constantine petitioned the council board not to approve the election; for you must

know

know by the new rules, settled in pursuance of an act of parliament, for the better regulation of corporations, their chief officers must be approved of by the governor and council after they are elected, before they can enter into any of their respective offices; and, if not approved of in ten days, the corporation, that chose them, must go to a new election. Now alderman Constantine, upon the corporation's return of Forrest, complained of it as wrong, and desired to be heard by council; but my lord Wharton, then lord lieutenant, would not admit of it. This past on to the year 1710, and then the present mayor was chosen, alderman Eccles, another junior alderman; and this year one alderman Barlow, a taylor, another junior. Constantine finding the government altered, supposed he should have more favour, and petitions again of the wrong done him. The city replied, and we had two long hearings. The matter depended on an old bye-law, made about the 12th of queen Elizabeth; by which the aldermen, according to their ancientry, are required to keep their mayoralty, notwithstanding any licences or orders to the contrary. Several dispensations and instances of contrary practices were produced; but with a salvo, that the law of succession should stand good; and some alderman, as appeared, had been disfranchised for not submitting to it, and holding their mayoralty. On the contrary, it was urged, that this rule was made in a time when the mayoralty was looked upon as a great burthen, and the senior aldermen got licences from serving it, and by faction and interest got it put on the junior and poorer; and most of the aldermen were then papists, and being obliged, on accepting the office, to take the oath of supremacy, and come to church, they declined it; but the case was now altered, and most were ambitious of it; and a rule or bye-law, that imposed it as a duty and burthen, must be understood to oblige them to take it, but could not oblige the electors to put it on them; that it was often dispensed with, and, as alleged, altogether abrogated by the new rules, that

that took the election out of the city, where the charter places it, and gave it to the aldermen only; that since those rules, which were made in 1672, the elections have been in another manner, and in about 36 mayors, eight or nine were junior aldermen. On the whole, the matter seemed to me to hang on a most slender point; and being archbishop of Dublin, I thought I was obliged to be for the city, but the majority was for the bye-law, and disapproved alderman Barlow, who was returned for mayor. I did foresee, that this would beget ill blood, and did not think it for my lord duke of Ormond's interest to clash with the city; and I went to several of his grace's friends, whom I must trust before the debate in council, and desired them to consider the matter, and laid the inconveniency I apprehended before them, and desired them to take notice, that I had warned them; but they told me, that they did not foresee any hurt it would be to his grace. And I pray God it may not; though I am afraid it may give him some trouble.

The citizens have taken it heinously; and, as I hear, met to-day, and in common council repealed the bye-law, and have chosen alderman Barlow again. I think them wrong in both; and a declaration of enmity against the council and government, which feud is easier begun than laid. It is certain the council must disapprove their choice, it begin against the new rules, as well as good manners: and what other steps will be made to correct them, I cannot say; whereas if they had appointed a committee to view, and report what old obsolete bye-laws were become inconvenient, and repealed this among the rest, it would not have given offence, and if they had chosen another instead of Barlow, I believe he would have been approved, and there had been an end of the contest.

You must know this is made a party affair, as Constantine sets up for a high-churchman, which I never heard he did before: but this is an inconveniency in parties, that whoever has a private quarrel, and finds himself too weak, he immediately becomes

becomes a zealous partizan, and makes his private a public quarrel.

Perhaps it may not be ungrateful, nor perhaps altogether useless to you, to know the truth of this matter for I imagine it will be talked of.

I believe the generality of the citizens and gentlemen of Ireland are looked on as friends to the whiggish interest. But it is only so far as to keep out the pretender, whom they mortally fear with good reason; and so many villainous papers have been spread here, and so much pains taken to persuade them, that the Tories design to bring him in, that it is no wonder they are afraid of them; but God be thanked this ministry and parliament has pretty well allayed that fear by their steady and prudent management. And if his grace the duke of Ormond prosecutes the same measures the ministry doth in Britain, (as I believe he will) I persuade myself, that the generality here will be as zealous for this as any ministry we ever had.

The death of the earl of Rochester is a great blow to all good men, and even his enemies cannot but do justice to his character. What influence it will have on public affairs, God only knows. I pray let me have your thoughts on it, for I have some fears, that I do not find affect other people: I was of opinion that he contributed much to keep things steady; and I wish his friends may not want his influence. I conclude with my prayers for you,

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER C.

LORD PETERBOROW TO DR. SWIFT.

S I R, HANOVER, June 21, 1711.
YOU were returning me to ages past for some expressions in my letter. I find matter in your's to send you as far back as the golden age. How came you

you to frame a system (in the times we live in) to govern the world by love.

I was much more surprized at such a notion in your first, than to find your opinion altered in your last letter. My hopes were founded more reasonably upon the contrary principle. I wish we could keep ourselves steady by any; but I confess it was the hatred and contempt so justly conceived against our late governors, that gave me some little expectations we might unite at least, in order to prevent a relapse.

The consequences of places not given were apparent; the whole party were then dissatisfied; and when given, those are only pleased, who have them. This is what the honest management of past administrations has brought us to: but I should not yet despair if your loving principle could but have its force amongst three or four of your acquaintance. Never persons had more reason to agree; nor was it ever in the power of a few men to bring greater events to bear, or prevent greater inconveniencies; for such are inevitable, without the nicest management; and I believe no person was ever better prepared to make this out than myself.

I wish before I left England that I had met, either in your letters or discourse, any thing like what you hint in your last: I should have found great ease, and you some satisfaction; for had you passed these six months with me abroad, I could have made you sensible, that it were easy to have brought the character and influence of an English peer equal to that of a senator in old Rome. Methinks I could have brought it to that pass, to have seen a levee of suppliant kings and princes expecting their destinies from us, and submitting to our decrees; but if we come in politics to your necessity of leaving the town for want of money to live in it, Lord, how the case will alter!

You threaten me with law, and tell me I might be compelled to make my words good. Remember your own insinuations; what if I should leave England

land in a week's time, and summon you, in quality of chaplain and secretary, to be a witness to transactions, perhaps of the greatest importance, so great, that I should think you might deserve the bishoprick of Winchester at your return. Let me know in a letter directed to Parson's Green, the moment you receive this, whether you are ready and willing; but you must learn to live a month, now and then, without sleep. As to all other things, we should meet with no mortifications abroad, if we could escape them from home.

But, without raillery, if ever I can propose to myself to be of any great use, I foresee this will be the case. This is so much my opinion, that I conclude, if it falls out otherwise, I shall never concern myself in any public business in England; that I shall either leave it for a better climate, or marry in a rage, and become the hero of the October club. Your's,

PETERBOROW.

LETTER CI.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

DUBLIN, July 25, 1711.

YOU must not wonder, that I have been so ill a correspondent of late, being, as I find, in debt to you for your's of June 8th, and July the 12th. This did not proceed from any negligence, but from the circumstances of things here, that were such, that I could not return you any satisfactory answer.

We have now got over the preliminaries of our parliaments and convocation; that is to say, our addresses, &c. and as to the parliament, so far as appears to me, there will be an intire compliance with her majesty's occasions, and my lord duke of Ormond's desires; and that funds will be given for two years from Christmas next; by which we shall have

have the following summer free from parliamentary attendance, which proves a great obstruction both to church and country business. As to the convocation, we have no licence as yet to act. I have heard some whispers, as if a letter of licence had come over, and was sent back again to be mended, especially as to direction about a president. I may inform you, that that matter is in her majesty's choice; we have on record four licences; the first directed to the archbishop of Dublin in 1614; the other three, that are in 1634, 1662, and 1665, directed to the then lords primates. I have not at present the exact dates; but I have seen the writs, and find the convocations sat in these years.

His grace the duke of Ormond, in this speech to the parliament (which I doubt not but you have seen) mentioned the remittal of the twentieth parts, and the grant of the first-fruits, for buying impropriations; but did not assume to himself any merit in the procuring of them; nor, that I can find by any intimation so much as insinuated, that the grant was on his motion; notwithstanding, both in the house of lords and convocation, some laboured to ascribe the whole to his grace; and had it not been for the account I had from you, his grace must, next to her majesty, have had the entire thanks. You'll observe from the lords address and convocation, that his grace is brought in for a share in both. But if the case should be otherwise, yet his is no way to be blamed. The current runs that way; and perhaps neither you nor I have bettered our interest here at present, by endeavouring to stop it.

The conclusion was, that all the archbishops and bishops agreed to return thanks to my lord treasurer of Great Britain, by a letter, which all in town have signed, being convinced, that, next to her majesty's native bounty and zeal for the church, this favour is due to his lordship's mediation.

But they have employed no agent to solicit the passing the act through the offices, believing his lordship will take care of that of his own mere motion,

tion, as he did of the grant. This is meant as an instance of their great confidence of his lordship's concern for them, which makes it needless, that any should intermeddle in what he has undertaken.

If his lordship thinks fit to return any answer to the bishops, I wish he would take some occasion to mention you in it; for that would justify you, and convince the bishops, some of whom, perhaps, suspect the truth of what you said of the first-fruits and twentieth parts being granted before his grace the duke of Ormond was declared lord lieutenant of Ireland.

I can't at present write of several matters, that perhaps I may have opportunity to communicate to you. I have sent with this the lords and the convocation's address to my lord duke.

If it may be proper, I would have my most humble respects to be laid before my lord treasurer. You may be sure I am his most humble servant, and shall never forget the advantages he has been the author of to the church and state; and yet, I believe, if it please God to prolong his life, greater things may be expected from him; my prayers shall not be wanting.

As for your self, I will say more some other time: and for the present shall only assure you, that I am, Sir, your affectionate humble servant, and brother,

WILL. DUBLIN.

L E T T E R CII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

Liffenhall, July 28, 1711.

SINCE my lord duke of Ormond's arrival, I have been so continually hurried with company, that I retired here for two or three days. The preliminaries of our parliament are now over; that is to say, addresses, &c. and I find the usual funds will be

be granted; I think unanimously for two from Christmas next, which is all the duke of Ormond desires. I do not see much more will be done. You will observe several reflections are in the addresses on the late management here, in which the earl of Anglesey and I differed. If we could impeach, as you can in Great Britain, and bring the malefactors to account, I should be for it with all my endeavour; but to shew our ill-will, when we can do no more, seems to be no good policy in a dependant people, and that can have no other effect, than to provoke revenge, without the prospect of redress; of which we have two fatal instances. I reckon, that every chief governor, who is sent here, comes with a design to serve first those who sent him; and that our good only must be so far considered, as it is subservient to the main design. The only difference between governors, as to us, is to have a good-natured man, that has some interest in our prosperity, and will not oppress us unnecessarily; and such is his grace. But I doubt, whether even that will not be an objection against him on your side of the water: for I have found, that those governors, that gained most on the liberties of the kingdom, are reckoned the best; and therefore it concerns us to be on our guard against all governors, and to provoke as little as we can. For he, that cannot revenge himself, acts the wise part, when he dissembles, and passes over injuries.

In my opinion, the best that has happened to us, is, that the parliament grants the funds for two years; for by these means we shall have one summer to ourselves to do our church and country business. I have not been able to visit my diocese ecclesiastim, as I used to do, the last three years for want of such a recess. I hope the parliament of Great Britain will not resume the yarn bill whilst they continue the same. The lords have not sat above four or five days, and are adjourned till Monday next; so we have no heads of bills brought into our house as yet:

yet: but if any be relating to the church, I will do my endeavour to give you satisfaction.

Our letter is come over for the remittal of the twentieth parts, and granting the first-fruits for buying impropriations, and purchasing glebes, which will be a great ease to the clergy, and a benefit to the church. We want glebes more than the impropriations; and I am for buying them first, where wanting; for without them, residence is impossible: and, besides, I look upon it, as a security to tythes, that the laity have a share in them; and therefore I am not for purchasing them, but where they are absolutely necessary.

We shall, I believe have some considerations of methods to convert the natives; but I do not find, that it is desired by all, that they should be converted. There is a party amongst us, that have little sense of religion, and heartily hate the church: these would have the natives made Protestants; but such as themselves are deadly afraid they should come into the church, because, they say, this would strengthen the church too much. Others would have them come in, but can't approve of the methods proposed, which are to preach to them in their own language, and have the service in Irish, as our own canons require. So that between them I am afraid that little will be done. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

L E T T E R CIII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, SWORDS, September 1, 1711.

I HAVE before me your's of the 15th and 21st, for which I return you my hearty thanks. I perceive you have the votes of our commons here, and I suppose the address of the lords, that gave occasion to them. I must let you know, that I was very positive against the clause that provoked them, and

and kept the house in debate about it at least an hour, and spoke so often, that I was ashamed of myself; yet there were but three negatives to it. I used several arguments against the lords concurring with their committee, and foretold all that has happened upon it. Upon which I was much out of favour with the house for some time; and industry has been used, as I was informed, to persuade my lord duke, that what I did was in opposition to his interest; but when I had the opportunity to discourse his grace last, he was of another opinion. And, in truth, my regard to his grace's interest was the principal reason of opposing a clause, that I foresaw might embarrass his business here.

There happened another affair relating to one Langton, of whom I formerly gave you some account. The commons found him on the establishment for a small pension; and having an ill notion of him and his informations, they took this occasion to examine his merits. In order to which, they sent up a message to the lords, to desire leave for judge Coste, who had taken his examinations, and those of his witnesses, to come down, and inform the committee: and this seemed the more necessary, because the examinations taken by the council were burned: but the lords refused to let the judge go down as desired, and passed a vote to take the examination of the matter into their own hands. This, I foresaw, might prove another bone of contention, and did oppose it, but with the same success as the former. Langton pleaded privilege, as chaplain to the bishop of Ossory, and refused to appear before the commons; on which they passed the angry resolves you will find in their votes. The examination of this matter has employed much of the lords time to very little purpose. My opposing this was made an objection against me by some, that wish now my advice had been taken.

The business of the city of Dublin, of which I gave you an account formerly, embroils us very much. We have at the council rejected four mayors

ors and eight sheriffs, all regularly elected by the city, some of them the best citizens in the town, and much in the interest of the government. We begin to be sick of it, and I am afraid, that it may beget ill blood, and come into parliament here. we have rejected the elected magistrates in four other corporations, which adds to the noise. I own there were good reasons for rejecting some of them; but I can't say the same for Dublin. I wish this may not prove uneasy to us.

There was a motion made at the sessions for the county of Dublin at Kilmainham, for an address of thanks to her majesty for sending his grace the duke of Ormond to be our chief governor. Nine of the justices, that is, all that were then present, agreed to it, and an address was ordered to be drawn, which was brought next morning into court, and then there were above a score, that seemed to have come on purpose, and promised, that it should be rejected by a majority; for this reason only, that it would entail a necessity on them to address in favour of every new lord lieutenant, or disoblige him. For which reason it was rejected also in my lord Wharton's time. This no ways concerns his grace himself; but, in my opinion, ought to lessen the esteem of some persons management, that attempt things, which would be better let alone, where they cannot be carried without opposition.

The house of commons seemed to have received ill impressions of some. They reckon my lord duke's advisers, as if they were secretly his enemies, and designed to betray him. They generally seemed persuaded, that his grace is a sincere honest man and most in the interest of the kingdom of any chief governor they can ever expect; and that, therefore, they ought to support him to the utmost of their power, and declare, that the quarrels his enemies raise, shall not hinder them from doing whatever he shall reasonably desire from them, or her majesty's service require; and as an instance of their sincerity in this, they have granted funds for

two years from Christmas last ; whereas at first they intended only two years from the 24th of June last.

I have been preaching a doctrine that seems strange to some : 'tis, that her majesty, and the ministry, will be inclined to employ such as may be a help and support to their interest, and not a clog. I mean, that these subalterns should, by their prudence and dexterity, be able to remove any misunderstandings, that may be between the government and the people, and help to beget in them a good notion of the ministry ; and, by all means, avoid such things, as may embarrass or beget jealousies ; so that the burthen or odium may not fall on the ministry, where any harsh things happen to be done : that it seems to me to be the duty of those in posts, to avoid unnecessary disputes, and not to expect, that the ministry will interpose to extricate them, when they, without necessity, have involved themselves. But some are of a different opinion, and seem to think, that they have no more to do, when they meet with difficulties, perhaps of their own creating, than to call in the ministry, and desire them to decide the matter by power : a method, that I do not approve, nor has it succeeded well with former governors here : witness lord Sidney, and lord Wharton, in the case of the convocation.

There really needs but one thing to quiet the people of Ireland, and it is to convince them, that there is no eye to the pretender. Great industry has been, and still is, used to bugbear them with that fear. I believe it is over with you ; but it will require time and prudent methods to quiet the people here, that have been possessed for twenty-two years with a continual apprehension, that he is at the door, and that a certain kind of people designed to bring him in. The circumstances of this kingdom, from what they saw and felt under King James, make the dread of him much greater than it can be with you.

As to our convocation, a letter came from her majesty to give us licence to act ; but it no ways
pleased

pleased some people, and so it was sent back to be modelled to their mind, but returned again without alteration. It came not to us till the day the parliament adjourned. I was at that time obliged to attend the council, there being a hearing of the Quakers against a bill for recovering tythes. In my absence they adjourned till the meeting of the parliament, without so much as voting thanks, or appointing a committee. The things, that displeased some in the licence were, first, that my lord primate was not the sole president, so as to appoint whom he pleased to act in his absence. The second was, the consideration of proper methods to convert the natives, against which some have set themselves with all their might. The third is, what concerns pluralities, and residence, which some have not patience to hear of. The lower house seem to have the matter more at heart; for they have appointed committees during the recess, and are doing something.

I can't but admire, that you should be at a loss to find what is the matter with those, that would neither allow you, nor any one else, to get any thing for the service of the church, or the public. It is with submission the silliest query I ever found made by Dr. Swift. You know there are some, that would assume to themselves to be the only churchmen and managers, and can't endure that any thing should be done but by themselves, and in their own way; and had rather that all good things proposed should miscarry, than be thought to come from other hands than their own, whose business it is to lessen every body else, and obstruct whatever is attempted, tho' of the greatest advantage to church and state, if it be not from their own party. And yet, so far as I have hitherto observed, I do not remember any instance of their proposing much less prosecuting with success, any thing for the public good. They seem to have a much better hand at obstructing others, and embarrassing affairs, than at proposing or prosecuting any good design.

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These seem as uneasy that more alterations are not made here, as those you mention are with them. The reason is very plain, they would fain get into employments, which can't be without removes; but I have often observed, that none are more eager for posts, than such as are least fit for them. I do not see how a new parliament would much mend things here; for there is little choice of men; perhaps it might be for the worse, '*rebus sic stantibus*;' tho' I always thought the honest part, is to allow the people to speak their sense on the change of affairs by new representatives. I do not find, that those that have embarrassed the present, designed a new one; but they thought the commons so passive, that they might carry what they pleased, whatever their design might be. If they prosecute the present measures, I believe they will make new ones necessary, when there shall be occasion to have a new session.

I pray most heartily for her majesty, and her ministers; and am inclined to believe, that it is one of the most difficult parts of their present circumstances, to find proper instruments to execute their good intentions, notwithstanding the great crowds that offer themselves; particularly my lord treasurer's welfare is at heart with all good men: I am sure, with none more, than, reverend Sir, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN,

LETTER

L E T T E R C I V .

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, SWORDS, September 1, 1711.

I GOT a little retirement here, and made use of it, to write to you by the present packet. I promised to say something as to your own affairs; and the first thing is not to neglect yourself on this occasion, but to make use of the favour and interest you have at present, to procure you some preferment, that may be called a settlement. Years come on, and after a certain age, if a man be not in a station that may be a step to a better, he seldom goes higher. It is with men as with beauties, if they pass the flower, they grow stale, and lie for ever neglected. I know you are not ambitious; but it is prudence, not ambition, to get into a station, that may make a man easy, and prevent contempt when he grows in years. You certainly may now have an opportunity to provide for yourself, and I entreat you not to neglect it.

The second thing that I would desire you to consider, is, that God has 'given you parts and learning, and a happy turn of mind; and that you are answerable for those talents to God: and therefore I advise you, and believe it to be your duty, to set yourself to some serious and useful subject in your profession, and to manage it so, that it may be of use to the world. I am persuaded, that if you will apply yourself this way, you are well able to do it; and that your knowledge of the world, and reading, will enable you to furnish such a piece, with such uncommon remarks, as will render it both profitable and agreeable, above most things that pass the press. Say not, that most subjects in divinity are exhausted; for if you will look into Dr. Wilkins's Heads of Matters, which you will find in his
Gift

Gift of Preaching, you will be surprized to find so many necessary and useful heads, that no authors have meddled with. There are some common themes, that have employed multitudes of authors; but the most curious and difficult are in a manner untouched, and a good genius will not fail to produce something new and surprizing on the most trite, much more on those that others have avoided, merely because they were above their parts.

Assure yourself that your interest, as well as duty, requires this from you; and you will find, that it will answer some objections against you, if you thus shew the world, that you have patience and comprehension of thought, to go through with such a subject of weight and learning.

You'll pardon me this freedom, which I assure you proceeds from a sincere kindness, and true value that I have for you. I will add no more, but my hearty prayers for you. I am, Dr. Swift, your's,

WILL. DUBLIN.

L E T T E R CV.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

DUBLIN, Oct. 27, 1711.

I HAVE before me your's of the 1st instant, but have been so employed with attending parliament, convocation, and privy-council, that I could neither compose my thoughts to write nor find time. Besides, our business is all in a hurry; and I may say in fine, that things admit of no perfect account. On Wednesday the corn bill, which the commons seemed to value most, was thrown out; because it reserved a power to the lord lieutenant and council here, to prohibit or permit the transportation of grain at any time. There was a design to fall on the privy-council upon this occasion; but

but gentlemen would not come into it; which shewed they had some wit in their anger. And I am still of opinion, that, with tolerable good management, this would have been as quiet a session as has been in Ireland: but the Dublin business, the address of the lords, Langton's affair*, and now Higgins's†, have exasperated the commons to such a height, that will, as you observe, make this parliament to be impracticable any longer. It is true, the lords address might have been interpreted to aim at lord Wharton, and was partly so intended; but it was ill expressed to bear that sense; and, besides, what did it signify for us to shew our resentment, when it could only provoke a great man to revenge, and could not reach him?

As to the first-fruits, and twentieth parts, no body here dare say, that any body, besides the duke of Ormond, procureth them, but his grace himself; who, for ought I can learn, never assumed, either publicly or privately, any such merit to himself:
and

* 'Dominic Langton, clerk, formerly a fryar, had accused Lewis Meares, Esq; and other Protestant gentlemen of the county of Westmeath, of entering into an association against the queen and her ministry: upon which the house of commons in Ireland, on the 6th of August, 1711, voted several strong resolutions against the said Langton, declaring his charge against Mr. Meares, &c. to be false, groundless, and malicious; and resolved that an address should be presented to the lord lieutenant, the duke of Ormond, to desire, that her majesty would order the said Langton to be struck off the establishment of Ireland.'

† 'Francis Higgins, M. A. prebendary of Christ-church, in Dublin, and rector of Balruddery, in that county, mentioned in a former note, p. 53. He had been presented by the grand jury of the county of Dublin, on the 5th of October, 1711, as a sower of sedition, and groundless jealousies, amongst her Majesty's Protestant subjects. And on the 10th of the same month, Henry lord Santry presented a petition to the lord lieutenant and privy-council of Ireland, desiring, that Mr. Higgins might be turned out of the commission of peace. But, after several hearings of the case, before the lord lieutenant and council, he was on the 19th of November following cleared, though the archbishop of Dublin voted in the negative against him.'

and yet, I confess, it is not amiss, that it should be thought he did those things. For he could not think of governing the kingdom, if it be not believed, that he has great interest at court; and if that did not appear by some favours of moment obtained for the kingdom, none would suppose it. He is truly a modest, generous, and honest man; and assure yourself, that whatever disturbance he has met with, proceeds from his sticking too close to his friends. It is a pity such a fault should hurt a man. I send you enclosed, the papers that relate to Mr. Higgins. Lord Santry was heard against him, before the lord lieutenant and council, October 27: he was allowed only to prove the articles in his petition, that are marked with P, and he seemed to prove them pretty fully; but Mr. Higgins not having yet made his defence, I can give no judgment. By the testimony of the lower house of convocation in his favour, you will see how heartily they espouse him. And surely both pains and art have been used to screen him: with what effect you shall hear when the matter is concluded. I wish every good man may meet with as good and as fast friends as he hath done. I send you likewise the votes, that kept the commons in debate, from eleven in the morning till seven at night. The question was carried in the negative, by two accidents; the going out of one member, by chance, to speak to somebody at the putting the question; and the coming in of another, in his boots, at the very minute. If either had not happened, it had gone the other way. The personal affection to the duke of Ormond divided the house. If they could have separated him from some others, the majority had been great. You may easily, from this, see what way the bent of the kingdom goes; and that garb-ling corporations no way pleases them.

We have several printed accounts of preliminaries of the peace; but I believe them all amusements; for, I imagine, none of the common scribblers know any thing of them at all. I pray God, they
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may be such, as may secure us from a new war; though, I believe, the death of the emperor makes a lasting peace much more difficult than before. That depends on a balance, and to that three things seem so necessary, that any two may stop the third; but now all is reduced to two. I reckon, as soon as the peace is settled, the dauphin will be taken out of the way, and then France and Spain will fall into one hand: a surmise I have had in mind ever since Philip got Spain; and I was of Opinion, that if we could have been secured against this accident, there had been no need of a war at all.

As to the convocation, I told you formerly, how we lost all the time of the recess, by a precipitate adjournment made by five bishops, when the archbishop of Tuam, and as many of us as were of the privy-council, were absent, attending at the board, upon hearing of the Quakers against the bill for recovery of tythes. Since the meeting of the parliament, after the recess, we have attended pretty closely, have drawn up and agreed to fix or seven canons, and have drawn up a representation of the state of religion, as to infidelity, heresy, impiety, and popery. We have gone through likewise, and agreed to a great part of this: but I doubt we shall not be able to finish it. We have also before us the consideration of residence, and the means of converting papists. This last sent up from the lower house. But I reckon it not possible to finish these things this session. I need not tell you, that my lord primate's indisposition is a great clog to dispatch! but he is resolved, none else shall have the chair. So we dispense with many things, that otherwise I believe we should not. We had only two church-bills this time; one for unions, which was thrown out in our house; and another for recovery of tythes, which I understand will be thrown out by the commons. Our session draws near an end, and every body is tired of it.

WILL. DUBLIN.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R CVI.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

October 31, 1711.

TO-DAY we had another hearing at council, concerning Mr. Higgins's business. Some of his witnesses were examined. So far as we have yet heard, it doth not appear to me, that they have cleared him of tampering with witnesses, shifting recognizances, or compounding felonies; but it is said, these things are common in the country; and perhaps, that will save him. And I know not how far his other witnesses, that are yet to be examined, may clear him. The hearing lasted above three hours. I was unwilling to make this packet too large, so I have enclosed the other prints in another. I want some affidavits of gentlemen, in which they depose Mr. Higgins's case to contain many falsehoods. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

L E T T E R CVII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

DUBLIN, Nov. 1, 1711.

IHAVE considered that part of your letter, that relates to your own concerns. I find you, in earnest, very indifferent as to making your fortune; but you ought not to be so, for a weighty reason you insinuate yourself, that you cannot, without a settlement, be master of your time in such manner, as to apply yourself to do something, that may be useful to the church. I know it is not in your power to do it when you please; but yet something may be done towards it. Get but a letter to the govern-
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ment, from my lord treasurer, for the first good preferment; and you will at the same time fill it with a good man, and perhaps prevent a bad one from getting into it. Sure there is no immodesty in getting such a recommendation. Consider, that years grow upon you; and after fifty, both body and mind decay. I have several things on the anvil, and near finished, that perhaps might be useful, if published: but the continual avocation by business, the impositions on me by impertinent visits, and the uneasiness of writing, which grows more intolerable to me every day, I doubt, will prevent my going any farther. Therefore lose no time. *Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.* I am sure, you are able to do good service; and give me leave to be importunate with you to go about it. Cæsar wrote his commentaries under the hurry and fatigues of a general; and, perhaps a man's spirit is never more awakened, nor his thoughts better than in the intervals of a hurry of business. Read Erasmus's life, and you'll find it was almost a continual journey. You see how malicious some are towards you, in printing a parcel of trifles, falsely, as your works. This makes it necessary, that you should shame those varlets, by something that may enlighten the world, which, I am sure, your genius will reach if you set yourself to it. If I had the honour to have any correspondence with my lord treasurer, I would certainly complain of you to him, and get his lordship to join in this request, which, I persuade myself he would readily do, if put in mind. I do not in the least fear, that you will be angry with me for this, since you cannot suspect my sincerity and kindness in it: and though I shall be angry with you if you neglect yourself and interest, yet it shall go no farther, than to be a trouble to myself, but no abatement of the real friendship of your's, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER CVIII.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR,

DUBLIN, Nov. 10, 1711.

PERHAPS it will not be ungrateful to you, to know our session of parliament ended on Friday last. We threw out, in the house of lords, two bills; that against fines in the city of Dublin, and about quit-rents; and voted an address, in opposition to the commons address about revolution principles. We likewise burned Mr. Stoughton's Sermon, preached at Christ-church on the 30th of January, some years ago. The house were pleased to vote me thanks for prosecuting him, which, you may remember, I did in a difficult time, notwithstanding the opposition I had from the government, and his protection by lord Ikerin, which he pleaded in court: and yet I followed him so close, that I forced him out of his living. After this we burned Mr. Boyse's book of A Scriptural Bishop*; and some observator's †. Our address was brought in yesterday; in which, sure, we are even with the commons

* "It was printed in 4to. at Dublin, under the title of, "The Office of a Christian Bishop described, and recommended from 1 Tim. ch. iii. ver. 1. An ordination-sermon. With an appendix to it, and a postscript, containing an apology for the publication of it." The appendix and postscript were added to the second edition of the sermon. The author was an eminent dissenting minister, at Dublin."

† "Papers published under that title, by John Tutchin, Esq; who had been severely sentenced by lord chief justice Jeffereys, in king James the second's reign. He was, at last, attacked in the night, for some offence, which he had given by his writings, and died in consequence of the violence used towards him. Dr. Swift, in his Examiner, No. 15, for November 16, 1710, speaks of this writer and of Daniel de Foe, author of, "The Review of the State of the British Nation, as two stupid illiterate scriblers, both of them fanatics by profession," p. 300.

commons. I forgot to tell you, we agreed to another address against dissenting ministers, and their twelve hundred pounds † per annum. The commons made an address to my lord lieutenant, in which they bring him in for revolution principles. The memorial of the church of England || was reprinted here, and dedicated to my lord lieutenant. This was brought into the house of commons, and, I doubt, would not have escaped, if the usher of the black rod had not called them up to the prorogation. Langton's business came likewise into the house of lords, and when the house was full of ladies, an offer was made to receive the report of the committee, which contained many sheets of paper. A great debate happened upon it; but at last it was waived, and ordered to be laid before the lord lieutenant.

In short, we parted in very ill humour; and I apprehended, that the minds of the generality are not easy. My lord duke of Ormond, so far as I could take it, made a very modest and healing speech; and his grace seemed, in it, to be altogether disinterested in parties. All these you have in public; and, if you think it worth while, I will take care to send them as they are printed.

As to our convocation, those who had loitered and done nothing before last week, pressed on the representation of the state of religion, as to infidelity, heresy, impiety, and popery: it will, in some time, be printed. I had many reasons, but insisted only on two; first, its imputing all vices to us,

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† 'This address was agreed upon, Nov. 9, 1711. The twelve hundred pounds per annum, was originally a bounty to those ministers from king Charles the second, confirmed by king William, and continued by queen Anne.'

|| 'Published at first in 1705, in quarto, under this title, "The memorial of the church of England, humbly offered to the Consideration of all true Lovers of our Church and Constitution." This libel, upon its first publication, having been presented as such by the grand Jury of London and Middlesex, on the 31st of August, 1705, was burnt by the common hangman.'

as if we were the worst of people in the world ; not allowing any good amongst us. Secondly, not assigning it as a cause of the natives continuing Papists, that no care was ever taken to preach to them in their own language, or translating the service into Irish. You will find the matter in Heylin's Reformation, 2d Eliz. 1560, p. 128. I was forced to use art to procure this protest to be admitted, without which they would not have allowed me to offer reasons, as I had cause to believe.

Both the parliament and convocation have been so ordered, as to make us appear the worst people in the world, disloyal to her majesty and enemies to the church ; and, I suspect, with a design to make us appear unworthy to have any countenance or preferment in our native country. When the representation is printed, I will, if you think it worth your while, send you my protest. We agreed likewise in some canons of no great moment, and some forms of prayer, and forms of receiving Papists, and sectaries ; which I think, are too strait. I brought in a paper about residence, but here was no time to consider it, nor that which related to the means of converting Papists. I did not perceive any zeal that way. A great part of our representation relates to sectaries ; and many things, in the whole, seem to me not defensible. I told you before, how we lost six weeks, during the adjournment of the parliament ; and since it sat, we could only meet in the afternoon, and I was frequently in council ; so that I was neither present when it was brought into the house, when it passed for the most part, or was sent down in parcels, in foul rased papers, that I could not well read, if I had an opportunity ; and never heard it read through before it past.

I believe most are agreed, that if my advice had been taken, this would have been the peaceablest session ever was in Ireland ; whereas it has been one of the most boisterous. I believe it was his grace the duke of Ormond's interest to have it quiet ; but then
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the managers conduct has shewed themselves to be necessary. I have wearied myself with this scroll, and perhaps you will be so likewise. I am, &c.

WILL. DUBLIN.

LETTER CIX.

MR. SECRETARY ST. JOHN TO DR. SWIFT.

HAMPTON-COURT, Nov. 16, 1711.

I RETURN you the sheet*, which is, I think, very correct. Sunday morning I hope to see you. I am sincerely your hearty friend, and obedient servant.

H. ST. JOHN.

I have a vile story to tell you of the moral philosopher Steele.

LETTER CX.

DR. SWIFT TO DR. STERNE †.

THE reason I have not troubled you this long time with my letters, was because I would not disturb the quiet you live in, and which the greatest and wisest men here would envy, if they knew; and which it is one part of your happiness that they do not. I have often sent the archbishop ‡ political letters, of which I suppose you have had part. I have some weeks ago received a letter from his grace, which I design to acknowledge in a short time (as I desire you will please to tell him) when things

* 'Probably of the conduct of the allies, which was published on the twenty-seventh of November, 1711.'

† 'Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.'

‡ 'Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. King.'

things here come to some issue; and so we expect they will do in a little time. You know what an unexpected thing fell out the first day of this session in the house of lords *, by the caprice, discontent, or some worse motive of the earl of Nottingham.

In above twenty years, that I have known something of courts, I never observed so many odd, dark, unaccountable circumstances in any public affair. A majority against the court, carried by five or six depending lords, who owed the best part of their bread to pensions from the court, and who were told by the public enemy, that what they did would be pleasing to the queen, though it was openly levelled against the first minister's head: again, those whose purse-strings and heart-strings were the same, all on a sudden scattering their money to bribe votes: a lord †, who had been so far always a tory, as often to be thought in the pretender's interest, giving his vote for the ruin of all his old friends, carested by those whigs, who hated and abhorred him: the whigs all chiming in ‡ with a bill against occasional conformity; and the very dissenting ministers agreeing to it, for reasons, that

no

* ' The Earl of Nottingham proposed, in the house of lords, a clause to be inserted in the address of thanks to the queen for her speech, to represent to her majesty, as the humble opinion and advice of the house, that no peace could be made safe or honourable to Great Britain or Europe, if Spain or the West-Indies were to be allowed to any branch of the house of Bourbon. Which motion was carried by a majority of sixty-one votes to fifty-five.

† ' Earl of Nottingham.'

‡ ' One of the conditions, upon which the earl of Nottingham was said to have entered into strict engagements with the lords of the moderate party, was their concurrence with him in a bill to prevent occasional conformity, which he had formerly urged, and now designed to bring into the house of lords, though under another title, and with such clauses, as would, in some measure, enlarge the toleration of dissenters, and be a farther security to the Protestant succession, in the house of commons. Accordingly, on Saturday, December 25, 1711, his lordship brought into the house of lords ' a bill for

no body alive can tell ||; a resolution of breaking the treaty of peace, without any possible scheme for continuing the war: and all this owing to a doubtfulness, or inconstancy, in one certain quarter, which at this distance, I dare not describe. Neither do I find any one person, though deepest in affairs, who can tell what steps to take. On January the second, the house of lords is to meet, and, it is expected they will go on in their votes and addresses against a peace.

On the other side, we are endeavouring to get a majority, and have called up two earls sons to the house of peers; and I thought six more would have been called, and, perhaps, they may before Wednesday. We expect the duke of Somerset, and lord Cholmondly, will lose their places; but it is not yet done, and we wish for one more change at court, which you might guess. To know upon what small circumstances, and by what degrees, this change has been brought about, would require a great deal more than I can or dare write.

There is not one, which I did not give warning of to those chiefly concerned, many months ago; and so did some others, for they were visible enough. This must infallibly end either in an entire change of measures and ministry, or in a firm establish-

for preserving the Protestant religion, by better securing the church of England, as by law established: and for confirming toleration granted to the Protestant dissenters, by an act, intitled, "An Act for exempting their Majesties Protestant Subjects, dissenting from the church of England, from the penalties of certain Laws; and for the supplying the defects thereof; and for the farther securing the Protestant succession, by requiring the practisers of the law, in North Britain, to take the oaths, and subscribe the declaration therein mentioned." His lordship was supported by the earls of Scarborough and Wharton, and several other lords; so that the bill was received, and read the first time without any opposition; and, on the 18th of December, it passed the house of lords, as it did that of the commons on the 20th of that month.

|| It is said the Dissenters consented to be kept out, that the Papists might not be let in.

establishment of our side. Delay, and tenderness to an inveterate party, have been very instrumental to this ill state of affairs. They tell me, you in Ireland are furious against a peace; and it is a great jest to see people in Ireland furious for or against any thing.

I hope to see you in spring, when travelling weather comes on. But I have a mind to see the issue of this session. I reckon your hands are now out of mortar, and that your garden is finished: and I suppose you have now one or two fifty pounds ready for books, which I will lay out for you, if you will give me directions.

I have increased my own little library very considerably; I mean as far as one fifty pounds, which is very considerable for me. I have just had a letter from the St. Mary ladies, &c. * I thought they were both dead; but I find they sometimes drink your claret still, and win your money. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

You know *who*.

I had sealed my letter, but have broke it open to tell you, and all that love the church and crown, that all things are now well. The queen has turned out the duke of Somerset, and has created twelve new lords, of which three are peers eldest sons, the rest new created; so that a majority is past dispute. We are all in the greatest joy imaginable to find her majesty declare herself so seasonably.

Note. Dr. Sterne made a large collection of books, and placed them in the upper part of the deanry-house (then built by him) which he fitted up for this purpose, in one great room, with a fire-place at each end. He enlarged this collection very much in the subsequent part of his life, and when he died bishop of Clogher, in June 1745, he bequeathed such

* Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley.

such books out of it, to the trustees of the public library in Dublin, founded by primate Marsh, as they wanted. The remainder he directed to be sold, and the money to be divided amongst the curates of his diocese: but as those gentlemen chose, rather to have the books divided amongst them, their request was complied with by the bishop's executors; and all the books, being a great number, were divided into lots, as nearly equal as possible in value, and nailed up in boxes, that were numbered. Duplicates of these numbers were written on pieces of paper, and the curates drew for them.

L E T T E R CXI.

MR. SECRETARY ST. JOHN TO DR. SWIFT, IN 1772,
WHEN HE WAS WRITING THE HISTORY †.

DEAR Doctor, I ask your pardon for my mistake; and I send you the right paper. I am, in sickness and in health, ever your faithful friend, and obedient servant,

H. ST. JOHN.

L E T T E R CXII.

THE SAME, AFTER HE WAS CREATED LORD BOLINGBROKE, TO DR. SWIFT.

Jan. 5, 1712, Thursday morning, two o'Clock.
THOU' I have not seen you, I did not fail to write to lord treasurer. 'Non tua res agitur,' dear Jonathan. It is the treasurer's cause *, it is my
I 5 cause,

† Of the four last years of queen Anne.

* This seems to relate to the promotion of Dr. Swift, in which lord Bolingbroke, in one of his letters, charges the lord treasurer with being extremely backward. Dr. Swift was made dean of St. Patrick's about May following.

cause, 'tis every man's cause who is embarked on our bottom. Depend upon it, that I never will neglect any opportunity of shewing that true esteem, that sincere affection, and honest friendship for you, which fills the breast of your faithful servant,

BOLINGBROKE.

LETTER CXIII.

MRS. LONG * TO DR. SWIFT.

Nov. 18, 1711.

IF you will again allow me the pleasure of hearing from you, without murmuring, I will let you enjoy that of laughing at me for any foolish word I misapply; for I know you are too reasonable to expect me to be nicely right in the matter; but then, when you take a fancy to be angry, pray let me know it quietly, that I may clear my meanings, which are always far from offending my friends, however unhappy I may be in my expressions. Could I expect you to remember any part of my letters so long ago, I would ask you, that you should know where to find me when you had a mind to it; but I suppose you were in a romantick strain, and designed to have surprized me talking to myself in a wood, or by the sea. Forgive the dulness of my apprehension, and if telling you that I am at Linn will not do, I will print it, however inconvenient it may yet be to me; for I am not the better for the old lady's death, but am put in hopes of being easy at Christmas; however, I shall still continue to be Mrs. Smyth, near St. Nicholas's church in the town aforesaid; so much for my affairs.—Now as to my health, that was much out of order last Summer; my distemper was a dropfy or asthma (you know what I mean, but I cannot spell it right) or both, lazy distempers, which I was too lazy to molest whilst they would let me sit in quiet; but when they grew so unreasonable as not to let me do that,

* Thus indorsed by the Doctor; Poor Mrs. Long's last letter, written five weeks before she died.

that, I applied myself to doctor Inglis, by whose advice I am now well enough. To give you the best account I can of this place, the ladies will make any returns, if one may believe what they say of one another; the men I know little of, for I am here what you have often upbraided me with, a Prude in every thing but censuring my neighbours; a couple of divines, two aldermen, and a custom-house officer, are all my men acquaintance; the gay part of the town I know nothing of, and although for the honour of the place I will suppose there are good poets, yet that I never enquired after. I have a shelf pretty well filled at home, but want a Miscellany Mr. Steele put out last year; miss Hefsy promised it me, but has forgot it: I fancy you have interest enough with him to get it for me. I wish too at your leisure you would make a pedigree for me; the people here want sadly to know what I am; I pretend to no more than being of George Smyth's family of Nitly, but do not talk much of it, for fear of betraying myself; so they fancy some mystery to be in the matter, and would give their rivals place to be satisfied. At first they thought I came hither to make my fortune, by catching up some of their young fellows; but having avoided that sort of company, I am still a riddle they know not what to make of. Many of them seem to love me well enough; for I hear all they say of one another without making mischief among them, and give them tea and coffee when I have it, which are the greatest charms I can boast of: the fine lady I have left to Moll (who I suppose was at the Bath) or any other that will take it up; for I am grown a good housewife; I can pot and pickle, fir, and handle a needle very prettily; see miss Hefsy's scarf, I think that is improving mightily. If miss Hefsy keeps company with the eldest Hatton, and is still a politician, she is not the girl I took her for; but to me she seems melancholy. Sure Mr. St. John is not so altered but he will make returns; but how can I pretend to judge of any thing, when my poor cousin is taken for an hermaphrodite; a thing I as little suspected her for as railing at any body; I know so little cause for it, that I must be silent.

I hear

I hear but little of what is done in the world, but should be glad the ministry did themselves the justice to distinguish men of merit: may I wish you joy of any preferment? I shall do it heartily: but if you have got nothing, I am busy to as much purpose as you, although my employments are next to picking straws. Oh, but you are acquainted with my lord Fitzharding, for which I rejoice with you, and am your most obedient servant,

ANNE LONG.

L E T T E R CXIV.

MR. SHOWER, TO THE LORD HIGH-TREASURER
OXFORD.

MY LORD, LONDON, Dec. 20, 1711.
THOUGH there be little reason to expect your Lordship should interpose in favour of the Dissenters, who have been so shamefully abandoned, sold, and sacrificed by their professed friends; the attempt is however so glorious, in all its views, tendencies, and prospects, that, if it be not too late, I would most humbly beg your lordship not to be immoveable as to that matter. The fatal consequences of that bill cannot be expressed: I dread to think of some of them; and shall as much rejoice with many thousands, if you may be instrumental to prevent it. May Heaven direct you in this, and in all your great affairs for the public good of your country. I am,

My honoured LORD,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN SHOWER.

L E T-

LETTER CXV.

ANSWER TO MR. SHOWER.*

REV. SIR.

Dec. 21, 1711.

HAD not a very painful distemper confined me, I had desired the favour of seeing you some time since; and I should have spoken very plainly to you, as I shall whenever I see you. I have long foretold that the Dissenters must be saved whether they will or no: They resist even restraining grace; and would almost convince me, that the notion of man's being a mechanism is true in every part. To see men moved as puppets, with rage for their interest, with envy acting against their own interest, 'having men's persons in admiration:' Not only those of their own body, who certainly are the first who pretend to consummate wisdom and deep policy; yet have shewn that they knew not the common affairs of this nation, but are 'dwellers in thick clay.' They are Epicureans in act, Puritans in profession, Politicians in conceit, and a prey and laughing-stock to the Deists and synagogue of the libertines, in whom they have trusted, and to whose infallibility they have sold themselves and their congregations. All they have done, or can do, shall never make me their enemy. I pity poor deluded creatures, that have for seventeen years been acting against all their principles, and the liberty of this nation, without leaving so much salt as to keep the body of them sweet. For, there has not been one good bill during that term of years, which they have not opposed in the House of Commons; contrary to the practice of those very few Dissenters, which were in the parliament in King Charles the Second's time, who thereby united themselves to the country-gentlemen, the advantage of which they found for many years after. But now they have listed themselves with those

* The Answer was written by Dr. Swift, as appears not only from his hand-writing, but particularly from a correction in the original draught.

those, who had first denied our Saviour, and now have sold them.

I have written this only to shew you, that I am ready to do every thing that is practicable, to save people who are bargained for by their leaders, and given up by their ministers; I say their ministers; because it is averred and represented, that the Dissenting ministers have been consulted, and are consenting to this bill. By what lies, and arts, they are brought to this, I do not care to mention; but, as to myself, the engineers of this bill thought they had obtained a great advantage against me: Finding I had stopt it in the House of Commons, they thought to bring me to a fatal dilemma, whether it did or did not pass. This would have no influence with me; for I will act what I think to be right, let there be the worst enemies in the world of one side or other. I guess by your letter that you do not know that the bill, yesterday, passed both Houses, the Lords having agreed to the amendments made by the Commons; so that there is no room to do any thing upon that head.

What remains is to desire, that the Dissenters may seriously think from whence they are fallen, and do their first works,—and recover their reputation of sobriety, integrity, and love of their country, which is the sincere and hearty prayer of,

REVEREND SIR,

Your most faithful, and

most humble servant,

OXFORD.

L E T.

LETTER CXVI.

DR. SACHEVERELL * TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, SOUTHWARK, Jan. 31, 1711-12.

SINCE you have been pleased to undertake the generous office of soliciting my good lord treasurer's favour in my behalf, I should be very ungrateful, if I did not return you my most hearty thanks for it, and my humblest acknowledgments to his lordship for the success it has met with.

I received last Monday a message by my pupil Mr. Lloyd, representative of Shropshire, from Mr. Harley, by his lordship's order, to enquire what my brother was qualified for. I told him, having failed in his trade, he had been out of business for some years, during which time I had entirely maintained him and his family: that his education had not qualified him for any considerable or nice post; but that if his lordship thought him an object of his favour, I entirely submitted him to his disposal, and should be very thankful to his goodness to ease me of part of that heavy burthen of my family, which required more than my poor circumstances could allow of.

I am informed also, that I am very much indebted to my great countryman, Mr. secretary St. John, for his generous recommendation of this matter to his lordship. I should be proud of an opportunity of expressing my gratitude to that eminent patriot, for whom no one, that wishes the welfare or honour of his church or country, can have so great a veneration.

But

* This gentleman's trial upon an impeachment, is well known. Swift says, it arose from a foolish passionate pique of the earl of Godolphin, whom he was supposed in a sermon to have reflected on, under the name of Volpone. See Memoirs relating to the Change in the Queen's Ministry, in the volumes just published by Mr. Dean Swift.

But for yourself, good Doctor, who was the first spring to move it, I can never sufficiently acknowledge the obligation. I should be glad, if you will command me, in any time or place to do it, which will be a farther favour conferred on, Reverend Sir, your most faithful servant.

H. SACHEVERELL.

I am told there is a place in the custom-house void, called the searchers ; which, if proper to ask, I would not presume ; but rather leave it to his lordship's disposal.

LETTER CXVII.

TO MRS. JOHNSON.

LONDON, April 24, 1712.

I Had your's two or three days ago. I can hardly answer it now. Since my last I have been extremely ill. 'Tis this day just a month since I felt the pain on the tip of my left shoulder. Where my pain was, a cruel itching seized me beyond whatever I could imagine, and kept me awake several nights. I rubbed it vehemently, but did not scratch it ; then it grew into three or four great sores like blisters, and run ; at last I advised the doctor to use it like a blister, so I did with melilot plaisters, which still run ; and I am now in pain enough, but am daily mending. I kept my chamber a fortnight, then went out a day or two, but confined myself two days ago. I went to a neighbour to dine, but yesterday again kept at home. To-day I will venture abroad, and hope to be well in a week or ten days. I never suffered so much in my life. I will go and try to walk a little. Farewel.

LET-

L E T T E R CXVIII.

T O M R S. H I L L.

MADAM,

May, 1712.

I WAS commanded some days ago to do what I had long a mind to, but avoided because I would not offend your prudence, or strain your eyes. But my Lord Masham assures me there is no danger of either; and that you have courage enough to read a letter, though it comes from a man, provided it be one of no consequence, which his lordship would insinuate to be my case; but I hope you will not affront me so highly as to understand it so. There is not a grain of news in this town, or five miles about it, worth sending you; and what we receive from Windsor is full as insignificant, except the accounts of the Queen's health and your house-keeping. We are assured that you keep a constant table, and that your guests leave you with full stomachs and full pockets: That Dr. Arbuthnot sometimes leaves his beloved green cloth, to come and receive your chidings, and pick up your money. We intend shortly to represent your case to my Lord Treasurer, as what deserves commiseration; but we hope the matter is already settled between his Lordship and you, and that you are instructed to be thus magnificent, in order to carry on the cause. We reckon his Lordship's life is now secure, since a continuation of band-boxes, and ink-horns, the engines of late times, were employed in vain to destroy him. He will do me the justice to tell you, that I never fail of toasting you under the name of the Governess of Dunkirk, and that you have the honour to be very particularly in my good graces. My lady Masham still continues in a doubtful state of neither up nor down; and one of her servants told mine, that they did not expect she would cry out this fortnight. I saw, yesterday, our Brother Hill, who promises to be more thrifty of his health, and seems to have a pretty good stock of it. I hope you receive no visits from the headache

ache and the spleen : and one who knows your constitution very well, advises you, by all means, against sitting in the dusk at your window, or on the ground, leaning on your hand, or at see-saw in your chair. I am,

MADAM, &c.

L E T T E R CXIX.

TO MRS. DINGLEY.

LONDON, May 10, 1712.

I HAVE not yet ease or humour enough to go on in my journal method, though I have left my chamber these ten days. A journal, while I was sick, would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and physic, visits and messages; the two last were almost as troublesome as the two first. One good circumstance is, that I am grown much leaner. In answer to your good opinion of my disease, the doctors say they never saw any thing so odd of the kind; they were not properly shingles, but herpes miliaris, and twenty other hard names. I can never be sick like other people, but always something out of the common way; and as for your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came nor stayed, nor went without pain, and the most pain I ever bore in my life. It is not a sign of health, but a sign, that if it had not come out, some terrible fit of sickness would have followed. I was at our society last Thursday, to receive a new member, the chancellor of the exchequer; but I drink nothing above wine and water. We shall have a peace soon, I hope, or at least entirely broke; but I believe the first. My letter to lord treasurer, about the English tongue is now printing; and I suffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life. The appendix to the third part of John Bull was published yesterday; it is equal to the rest. I hope you read John Bull. It was a Scotch gentleman a friend of mine, that writ it;

it; but they put it upon me. The parliament will hardly be up till June. We were like to be undone some days ago with a tack*; but we carried it bravely, and the whigs came in to help us. Poor lady Masham, I am afraid, will lose her only son, about a twelve-month old, with the king's evil. Bernage has been twice to see me of late. His regiment will be broke, and he only upon half-pay; so perhaps he thinks he will want me again. I have been returning the visits of those, that sent how do you in my sickness? particularly the duchess of Hamilton, who came and sat with me two hours. I make bargains with all people that I dine with, to let me scrub my back against a chair; and the duchess of Ormond was forced to bear it the other day. Many of my friends are gone to Kensington, where the queen has been removed for some time. This is a long letter for a sick body. I will begin the next in the journal way, though my journals will be sorry ones. My left hand is very weak, and trembles; but my right side has not been touched. This is a pitiful letter for want of a better, but plagued with a tetter, my fancy does fetter. Ah! my poor willows and quicksets. Well, but you must read John Bull: do you understand it all; Farewel.

L E T T E R CXX.

TO MRS. DINGLEY.

LONDON, May 31, 1712.

I CANNOT yet arrive to my journal letters, my pains continuing still, though with less violence; but I don't love to write journals while I am in pain. But however, I am so much mended, that
I in-

* A tack is a bill tacked to a money bill, that as both must be passed or rejected together, the tacked bill may pass, because the money bill must.

I intend my next shall be in the old way ; and yet I shall perhaps break my resolution when I feel pain. I believe I have lost credit with you, in relation to my coming over ; but I protest it is impossible for one, who has any thing to do with this ministry, to be certain when he fixes any time. There is a business, which, till it take some turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honour. And I never inclined so much as now, that I had stayed in Ireland ; but the dye is cast, and is now a spinning, and till it settles, I cannot tell whether it be an ace or a six. The moment I am used ill I will leave them ; but know not how to do it while things are in suspense. The session will soon be over, (I believe in a fortnight) and the peace, we hope, will be made in a short time ; and then there will be no further occasion for me ; nor have I any thing to trust to but court gratitude ; so that I expect to see my willows a month after the parliament is up. Have you seen my letter to lord treasurer ? There are two answers come out to it already ; though it is no politics, but a harmless proposal about the improvement of the English tongue. I believe if I writ an essay upon a straw, some fool would answer it. I am just now thinking to lodge at Kensington for the air. Lady Masham has teased me to do it, but business has hindered me ; but now lord treasurer has removed thither. Fifteen of our society dined together under a canopy in an arbour at Parson's Green last Thursday ; I never saw any thing so fine and romantic. We got a great victory last Wednesday in the house of lords by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight ; and the whigs had desired their friends to bespeak places to see lord treasurer carried to the Tower. I met your Higgins here yesterday ; he roars at the insolence of the whigs in Ireland, talks much of his own sufferings and expences in asserting the cause of the church ; and I find he would fain plead merit enough to desire that his fortune should be mended. I believe he designs to make as much noise as
he

he can, in order to preferment. I am printing a threepenny pamphlet, and shall print another in a fortnight, and then I have done, unless some new occasion starts. I believe the news of the duke of Ormond producing letters in the council of war, with orders not to fight, will surprize you in Ireland. Lord treasurer said in the house of lords, that in a few days the treaty of peace should be laid before them; and our court thought it wrong to hazard a battle, and sacrifice many lives in such a juncture. If the peace holds, all will do well, otherwise I know not how we shall weather it. And it was reckoned as a wrong step in politics, for lord treasurer to open himself so much. The secretary would not go far to satisfy the whigs in the house of commons; but there all went swimmingly. I dined the other day with lord Rivers, who is sick at his country-house, and he shewed me all his cherries blasted. Farewel.

L E T T E R CXXI.

TO MRS. DINGLEY.

KENSINGTON, June 17, 1712.

I HAVE lodged here near a fortnight, partly for the air and exercise, partly to be near the court, where dinners are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the evening I walk back. On Saturday I dined with the duchess of Ormond, at her lodge near Sheen, and thought to get a boat as usual. I walked by the bank to Kew, but no boat; then to Mortlake, but no boat; and it was nine o'clock. At last a little sculler called, full of nasty people. I made him set me down at Hammer-smith, so walked two miles to this place, and got here by eleven. Last night I had another such difficulty. I was in the city till past ten at night; it rained hard, but no coach to be had. It was over
a little,

a little, and I walked all the way here, and got home by twelve. I love these shabby difficulties when they are over; but I hate them because they arise from not having a thousand pounds a year. I had your's about three days ago, which I will now answer. And first I did not relapse, but I came out before I ought. The first going abroad made people think I was quite recovered, and I had no more messages afterwards. Well, but John Bull is not wrote by the person you imagine. It is too good for another to own. Had it been Grubstreet, I would have let people think as they please; and I think that's right: is it not? I am against Dr. Smith. I drink little water with my wine, yet I believe he is right. Dr. Cockburn told me a little wine would not hurt me; but it is hot and dry, and water is dangerous. The worst thing there is my evenings at lord Masham's, where lord treasurer comes, and we sat till after twelve. But it is convenient I should be among them for a while as much as possible. I need not tell you why. But I hope that will be at an end in a month or two, one way or other, and I am resolved it shall; but I can't go to Tunbridge, or any where else out of the way, in this juncture. Higgins is here, roaring that all is wrong in Ireland, and would have me get him an audience of lord treasurer to tell him so; but I will have nothing to do in it, no not I. We have had no thunder till last night, and till then we were dead for want of rain; but there fell a great deal: no field looked green. I reckon the queen will go to Windsor in three or four weeks; and if the secretary takes a house there, I shall be sometimes with him. I heard somebody coming up stairs, and forgot I was in the country. I was afraid of a visitor; that is one advantage of being here, that I am not teased with solicitors. Moulst the chymist is my acquaintance, I sent the question to him about Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial, and the answer he returned is in these words; "my service to Dr. Smith; it is directly after "Mr. Boyle's receipt." That commission is performed;

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formed ; if he wants any of it, Moulst shall use him fairly. I suppose Smith is one of your physicians. Well, but now for the peace ; why, we expect it daily ; but the French have the staff in their own hands, and we trust to their honesty. I wish it were otherwise. Things are now in the way of being soon in the extremities of well or ill. I hope and believe the first. Lord Wharton is gone out of town in a rage, and curses himself and friends for ruining themselves in defending lord Marlborough and Godolphin, and taking Nottingham into their favour. He swears he will meddle no more during this reign ; a pretty speech at sixty-six, and the queen is near twenty years younger, and now in very good health ; for you must know her health is fixed by a certain reason, that she has done with braces (I must use the expression) and nothing ill has happened to her since ; so she has a new lease of her life. Read ' The Letter to the Whig Lord *.' Farewell.

L E T T E R CXXII.

TO MRS. DINGLEY.

KENSINGTON, July 1, 1712.

I NEVER was in a worse station for writing letters, than this ; for I go to town early ; and when I come home at night I generally go to lord Masham's, where lord treasurer comes, and we stay till past twelve ; but I am now resolved to write journals again, tho' my shoulder is not yet well. It is now high cherry-time with us ; take notice. Is it so soon with you ? And we have early apricots ; and gooseberries are ripe. On Sunday arch-
deacon

* * It was published under ' The Title of a Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord,' dated at Germaines, July 8, 1712. The design of this fictitious letter was to throw off the odium of an intention to bring in the pretender, from the high church party, on their antagonists the whigs.'

deacon Parnel came here to see me. It seems he has been ill for grief of his wife's death, and has been two months at the Bath. He has a mind to go to Dunkirk with Jack Hill, and I persuade him to it, and have spoke to Hill to receive him; but I doubt he won't have spirit to go. I have made Ford * Gazetteer, and got two hundred pounds a year settled on the employment, by the secretaries of state, beside the perquisites. It is the prettiest employment in England of its bigness; yet the puppy does not seem satisfied with it. I think people keep some follies to themselves, till they have occasion to produce them. He thinks it not genteel enough, and makes twenty difficulties. It is impossible to make any man easy. His salary is paid him every week, if he pleases, without taxes or abatements. He has little to do for it. He has a pretty office, with coals, candles, papers, &c. can frank what letters he will; and his perquisites, if he takes care, may be worth one hundred pounds more. I hear the bishop of Clogher is landing, or landed, in England; and I hope to see him in a few days. I was to see Mrs. Bradley on Sunday night. Her youngest son is to marry somebody worth nothing, and her daughter was forced to leave lady Giffard †, because she was striking up an intrigue with a footman, who played well on the flute. This is the mother's account of it. Yesterday the old bishop of Worcester ‡, who pretends to be a prophet, went to the queen, by appointment, to prove to her majesty, out of Daniel and the Revelations, that four years hence there would be a war of religion; that the king of France would be a Protestant, and fight on their side; and the popedom would be destroyed, &c. And declared, that he would be content to give up his bishopric, if it were not true. Lord

treasurer,

* Charles Ford, Esq; several of whose letters are in this collection.

† 'Martha, sister to Sir William Temple. She died in 1722, aged 84.'

‡ 'Dr. William Lloyd,'

treasurer, who told it me, was by, and some others ; and I am told lord treasurer confounded him sadly in his own hearing, which made the old fool very quarrelsome. He is near ninety years old. Have you seen Toland's Invitation to Dismal † ? How do you like it ? but it is an imitation of Horace, and perhaps you do not understand Horace. Here has been a great sweep of employments, and we expect still more removals. The court seems resolved to make thorough work. Mr. Hill intended to set out to-morrow for Dunkirk, of which he is appointed governor ; but he tells me to-day, he cannot go till Thursday or Friday. I wish it were over. Mr. secretary tells me, he is in no fear at all, that France will play tricks with us. If we have Dunkirk once, all is safe. We rail now all against the Dutch, who indeed have acted like knaves, fools, and madmen. Mr. secretary is soon to be made a viscount. He desired I would draw the preamble of his patent ; but I excused myself from a work, that might lose me a great deal of reputation, and get me very little. We would fain have the court make him an earl, but it will not be ; and therefore he will not take the title of Bolingbroke, which is lately extinct in the elder branch of his family. I have advised him to be called lord Pomfret ; but he thinks that title is already in some other family ; and, besides, he objects, that it is in Yorkshire, where he has no estate : but there is nothing in that, and I love Pomfret. Why ? 'Tis in all our histories ; they are full of Pomfret-castle. Steele was arrested the other day for making a lottery, directly against an act of parliament. He is now under prosecution ; but they think it will be dropped out of pity. I believe he will very soon lose his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late in his Spectators ; and I will never offer a word in his behalf.

VOL. XI.

K

Raymond

† The earl of Nottingham. See the poem among the posthumous pieces published by Mr. Deane Swift.

Raymond writes me word, that the bishop of Meath * was going to summon me, in order to suspension for absence, if the provost had not prevented him. I am prettily rewarded for getting them their first-fruits. We have had very little hot weather during the whole month of June; and, for a week past, we have had a great deal of rain, tho' not every day. I am just now told, that the governor of Dunkirk has not orders yet to deliver up the town to Jack Hill and his forces, but expects them daily. This must put off Hill's journey a while, and I don't like these stoppings in such an affair. Farewel.

L E T T E R CXXIII.

TO MRS. DINGLEY.

KENSINGTON, July 17, 1712.

I AM weary of living in this place, and glad to leave it soon. The queen goes on Tuesday to Windsor, and I shall follow in three or four days after. I can do nothing here, going early to London, and coming late from it, and supping at lady Masham's. I dined to-day with the duke of Argyle at Kew, and would not go to the court to-night, because of writing to you. Since Dunkirk has been in our hands, Grubstreet has been very fruitful. I have wrote five or six Grubstreet papers this last week.

Have you seen Toland's invitation to Dismal, or a hue and cry after Dismal, or a ballad on Dunkirk, or an agreement that Dunkirk is not in our hands? Poh! You have seen nothing. I am dead here with the hot weather; yet I walk every night home, and believe it does me good; but my shoulder is not yet right; itchings and scratchings, and small
akings.

* Dr. William Moreton, translated to that see from Kildare in 1705. He died the twenty-first of November, 1715.

akings. I have heard of the bishop's * making me uneasy, but I did not think it was because I never wrote to him. A little would make me write to him. I find I am obliged to the provost, for keeping the bishop from being impertinent. I never talked to Higgins but once in the street, and I believe he and I shall hardly meet but by chance. What care I, whether my letter to lord treasurer be commended there or no? Why does not somebody among you answer it, as three or four have done here? You hear secretary St. John is made viscount Bolingbroke. I could hardly persuade him to take that title, because the eldest branch of his family had it in an earldom, and it was last year extinct. Jack Hill sent his sister a pattern of a head-dress from Dunkirk; it was like a fashion twenty years ago, only not quite so high, and looks very ugly. I have made Trap chaplain to lord Bolingbroke, and he is mighty happy and thankful for it. Mr. Addison returned me my visit this morning. He lives in our town. I shall be mighty retired, and mighty busy for a while at Windsor. Pray why don't you go to Trim, and see Laracor, and give me an account of the garden, and the river, and the hollies, and the cherry-trees on the river-walk?

19th, I could not send this letter last post, being called away before I could finish it. I dined yesterday with lord treasurer; sat with him till ten at night; yet could not find a minute for some business I had with him. He brought me to Kensington, and lord Bolingbroke would not let me go away till two. To-day there will be another Grub, 'A letter from the Pretender to a whig lord. Grubstreet has but ten days to live; then an act of parliament takes place, that ruins it, by taxing every half-sheet at a half-penny. We have news just come, but not the particulars, that the earl of Albemarle, at the head of

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eight

* * Of Meath.

eight thousand Dutch, is beaten, lost the greatest part of his men, and himself made a prisoner. This perhaps may cool their courage, and make them think of a peace. The duke of Ormond has got abundance of credit by his good conduct of affairs in Flanders. Farewel.

L E T T E R CXXIV.

TO MRS. DINGLEY.

LONDON, Aug. 7, 1712.

I LEFT Windsor on Monday last, upon lord Bolingbroke's being gone to France; and somebody's being here, that I ought often to consult with in an affair I am upon: but that person talks of returning to Windsor again, and I believe I shall follow him. I am now in a hedge lodging very busy, as I am every day till noon; so that this letter is like to be short, and you are not to blame me these two months: for I protest, if I study ever so hard, I believe I cannot in that time compass what I am upon. We have a fever both here and at Windsor, which hardly any body misses; but it lasts not above three or four days, and kills nobody. The queen had forty servants down in it at once. I dined yesterday with lord treasurer, but could do no business, though he sent for me, I thought, on purpose; but he desires I will dine with him again to-day. Windsor is a most delightful place, and at this time abounds in dinners. My lodgings look upon Eaton and the Thames. I wish I was owner of them; they belong to a prebend. Do you know, that Grubstreet is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at least seven penny papers of my own, besides some of other people's; but now every single half sheet pays a half-penny to the queen. The Observer

is

is fallen ; the Medleys are jumbled together with the Flying Post ; the Examiner is deadly sick ; the Spectator keeps up, and doubles its price ; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with ? Methinks the stamping is worth a half-penny. Lord Bolingbroke and Prior set out for France last Saturday. My lord's business is to hasten the peace before the Dutch are too much mauled ; and to hinder France from carrying the jest of beating them too far. Have you seen the fourth part of John Bull ? It is equal to the rest, and extremely good. The bishop of Clogher's son has been ill of St. Anthony's fire, but is now quite well. I was afraid his face would be spoiled, but it is not. Dilly is just as he used to be, and puns as plentifully and as bad. Raymond wrote to me, that he intended to invite you to Trim. Are you, have you, will you be there ? If you have not your letters in due time for two months hence, impute it to my being tossed between this and Windsor. Poor lord Winchelsea * is dead to my great grief. He was a worthy honest gentleman, and a particular friend of mine : and, what is yet worse, my old acquaintance, Mrs. Finch †, is now countess of Winchelsea, the title being fallen to her husband, but without much estate. I have been poring my eyes all this morning, and it is now past two afternoon, so I shall take a little walk in the park. Do you play at ombre still ? Or is that off by Mrs. Stoyte's absence, and Mrs. Manley's grief ? Farewel.

L E T.

* Charles, earl of Winchelsea, first lord commissioner of trade and plantations. He died August 14, 1712.

† Ann, daughter of Sir William Kingmill, of Silmington, in Hampshire, wife of Heneage Finch, earl of Winchelsea. She was author of 'The Spleen,' and other poems. She died August 5, 1720.

LETTER CXXV.

TO GENERAL HILL.*

S I R, WINDSOR-CASTLE, Aug. 12, 1712.
WITH great difficulty I recovered your present of the finest box in France, out of the hands of Mrs. Hill: She allowed her own to be the prettiest, but then mine was the handsomest; and, in short, she would part with neither. I pleaded my brotherhood, and got my lord and lady Masham to intercede: And, at last, she threw it me with a heavy sigh: But, now it is in my possession, I wish you had sent a paper of directions how I shall keep it. You that sit at your ease, and have nothing to do but to keep Dunkirk, never consider the difficulties you have brought upon me: Twenty ladies have threatened to seize or surprize my box; and what are twenty thousand French or Dutch in comparison of those: Mrs. Hill says, it was a very idle thing in you to send such a present, to a man who can neither punish nor reward you, since Grubstreet is no more: For the parliament has killed all the muses of Grub-street, who yet, in their last moments cried out nothing but Dunkirk. My Lord Treasurer, who is the most malicious person in the world, says you ordered a goose to be drawn at the bottom of my box as a reflection upon the clergy; and that I ought to resent it: But I am not angry at all, and his lordship observes by halves: For the goose is there drawn pecking at a snail, just as I do at him, to make him mend his pace in relation to the public, although it be hitherto in vain. And besides Dr. Arbuthnot, who is a scholar, says you meant it a compliment for us both: That I am the goose, who saved the Capitol by my cackling, and that his Lordship is represented by the snail, because he preserves his country by delays. But my lord Masham is not to be endured: He observed that, in the picture of the inside, which represents a great company dancing, there

* Brother to Lady Masham.

there stands a fool with a cap and bells, and he would needs understand that figure as applied to me. And the worst of it was, that I happened, last night, to be at my Lady Duchess of Shrewsbury's ball; where, looking a little singular among so many fine ladies and gentlemen, his lordship came and whispered me to look at my box; which I resented so highly, that I went away in a rage, without staying for supper. However, considering of it better, after a night's sleep, I find all this is nothing but envy, and a design to make a quarrel between you and me: But it shall not do so; for I hope your intentions were good, however malice may misrepresent them. And though I am used ill by all your family, who win my money and laugh at me, yet to vex them more, I will forgive them for your sake; and, as soon as I can break loose, will come to Dunkirk for a fortnight, to get a little ease from my many persecutions, by the Harleys, the Mashams, and the Hills: Only I intend to change my habit, for fear Colonel Killigrew should mistake me for a chimney sweeper. In the mean time, I wish you all success in your government, loyal French subjects, virtuous ladies, little champaign, and much health: And am with the truest respect and esteem,

S I R,

Your most obedient

Humble servant, and brother.

L E T T E R CXXVI.

TO MRS. DINGLEY.

WINDSOR, Sept. 15, 1712.

I HAVE been much out of order of late, with the old giddiness in my head. I took a vomit for it two days ago, and will take another about a day or two hence. I have eat mighty little fruit; yet I impute my disorder to that little, and shall henceforth wholly forbear it. I am engaged in a long work, and have done all I can of it, and wait for some papers

pers from the ministry for materials for the rest; and they delay me, as if it were a favour I asked them; so that I have been idle here this good while, and it happened in a right time, when I was too much out of order to study. One is kept constantly out of humour by a thousand unaccountable things in public proceedings; and when I reason with some friends, we cannot conceive how affairs can last as they are. God only knows, but it is a very melancholy subject for those, who have any near concern in it. I am again endeavouring, as I was last year, to keep people from breaking to pieces upon a hundred misunderstandings. One cannot withhold them from drawing different ways, while the enemy is watching to destroy both. See how my stile is altered, by living and thinking, and talking among these people. Instead of my canal and river, walk and willows, I lose all my money here among the ladies; so that I never play when I can help it, being sure to lose. I have lost five pounds the five weeks I have been here. I hope you are luckier at picquet with the dean and Mrs. Walls. I wait here but to see what they will do for me; and whenever preferments are given from me, I will go over.

18th. I have taken a vomit to-day, and hope I shall be better. I have been very giddy, since I wrote what is before, yet not as I used to be; more frequent, but not so violent. Yesterday we were alarmed with the queen's being ill; she had an aguish and feverish fit; and you never saw such countenances as we all had, such dismal melancholy. Her physicians from town were sent for; but towards night she grew better, to day she is on her feet and was up: we are not now in any fear; it will be at worst but an ague, and we hope even that will not return. Lord treasurer would not come here from London, because it would make a noise, if he came before his usual time, which is Saturday, and he goes away on Mondays. The whigs have lost a great support in the earl of Godolphin*. It is
a good

* He died September 15, 1712.

a good jest to hear the ministers talk of him now with humanity and pity, because he is dead, and can do them no more hurt. Lady Orkney, the late king's mistress, who lives at a fine place five miles from hence (called Cliffden) and I, are grown mighty acquaintance. She is the wisest woman I ever saw; and lord treasurer made great use of her advice in the late change of affairs. I hear lord Marlborough is growing ill of his diabetes; which, if it be true, may soon carry him off; and then the ministry will be something more at ease. The doctor tells me I must go into a course of steel, though I have not the spleen; for that they can never give me, though I have as much provocation to it as any man alive. Bernage's regiment is broke; but he is upon half-pay. I have not seen him this long time; but I suppose he is over-run with melancholy. My lord Shrewsbury is certainly designed to be governor of Ireland; and, I believe, the duchess will please the people there mightily. I hear there are five or six people putting strongly in for my livings, God help them. But if ever the court should give me any thing, I would recommend Raymond to the duke of Ormond; not for any particular friendship to him, but because it would be proper for the minister of Trim to have Laracor. You may keep the gold studded snuff-box now; for my brother * Hill, governor of Dunkirk, has sent me the finest that ever you saw. It is allowed at court, that none in England comes near it, though it did not cost above twenty pounds †. And the duchess of Hamilton has made me a pocket for it, like a woman's, with a belt and buckle, (for I wear no waistcoat in summer) and there are several divisions, and one on purpose for

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my

* One of the society.

† This is the box, on the bottom of which the goose and snail were painted, that gave occasion to the jest and repartee between Swift and lord Oxford. See Swift's life, and a particular description of the box, in the former Letter.

my box. We have had most delightful weather this whole week ; but the illness and vomiting have hindered me from sharing in a great part of it. Lady Masham made the queen send to Kensington for some of her preserved ginger for me, which I take in the morning, and hope it will do me good. The queen will stay here about a month longer, I suppose ; but lady Masham will go in ten days to lie in at Kensington. Poor creature, she fell down in the court here the other day. She would needs walk across it upon some displeasure with her chairmen, and was like to be spoiled, so near her time ; but we hope all is over for a black eye and a sore side ; though I shall not be at ease till she is brought to-bed. I find I can fill up a letter, some way or other, without a journal. If I had not a spirit naturally cheerful *, I should be very much discontented at a thousand things. Pray God preserve your health, and that I may live free from the envy and discontent, that attends those, who are thought to have more favour at court than they really possess. Farewel.

L E T T E R CXXVII.

TO MRS. DINGLEY.

LONDON, Oct. 9, 1712.

I HAVE left Windsor these ten days, and am deep in pills, with *assa foetida*, and a steel bitter drink ; and I find my head much better than it was. I was very much discouraged ; for I used to be ill for three or four days together, ready to totter as I walked. I take eight pills a day, and have taken, I believe, one hundred and fifty already. The queen, lord treasurer, lady Masham, and I, were all ill together,

* His life is a mournful and striking instance of the power of disappointment, totally to subvert natural cheerfulness, to take away the value of every good, and aggravate real by imaginary evil.

ther, but are now all better ; only lady Masham expects every day to lie in at Kensington. There was never such a lump of lies spread about the town together as now. I doubt not but you will have them in Dublin before this comes to you, and all without the least ground of truth. I have been mightily put back in something I am writing by my illness, but hope to fetch it up, so as to be ready when the parliament meets. Lord treasurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatism, but is now near quite well. I was playing at one and thirty with him, and his family, the other night. He gave us all twelve-pence a-piece to begin with. It put me in mind of Sir William Temple *. I asked both him and lady Masham seriously, whether the queen were at all inclined to a dropsy ? and they positively assured me she was not : so did her physician Arbuthnot, who always attends her. Yet these devils have spread, that she has holes in her legs, and runs at her navel, and I know not what. Arbuthnot has sent me from Windsor a pretty discourse upon lying, and I have ordered the printer to come for it. It is a proposal for publishing a curious piece, called, ' The Art of Political Lying, in two volumes, &c. and then there is an abstract of the first volume, just like these pamphlets called ' The Works of the Learned. Pray get it when it comes out †. The queen has a little of the gout in one of her hands. I believe she will stay a month still at Windsor. Lord treasurer shewed me the kindest letter from her in the world, by which I picked out one secret, that there will be soon made some knights of the garter. You know another is fallen by lord Godolphin's death : he will be buried in a day or two at Westminster-Abby. I saw Tom Leigh in town once. The bishop of
Clogher

* Sir William treated Swift with so little liberality, after encouraging him to hope he would provide for him, that it was like giving him a shilling to begin the world with.

† This is published among the Dean's works, and is part of the Miscellany which he printed in conjunction with Mr. Pope.

Clogher has taken his lodging for the winter; they are all well. I hear there are in town abundance of people from Ireland; half a dozen bishops at least. The poor old bishop of London †, at past fourscore, fell down backwards going up stairs, and I hear broke or craked his skull; yet is now recovering. The town is as empty as at Midsummer; and if I had not occasion for physic, I would be at Windsor still. Did I tell you of lord Rivers's ‡ will; he has left a legacy to about twenty paultry old whores by name, and not a farthing to any friend, dependent, or relation: he has left from his only child, lady Barrymore, her mother's estate, and given the whole to his heir male, a popish priest, a second cousin, who is now earl Rivers, and whom he used in his life like a footman. After him, it goes to his chief wench and bastard §. Lord treasurer and lord chamberlain are executors of this hopeful will. I loved the man, and detest his memory. We hear nothing of peace yet: I believe verily the Dutch are so wilful, because they are told the queen cannot live. I believe I escaped the fever,

† 'Dr. Henry Compton, translated to that see from the bishopric of Oxford, in 1675.'

‡ 'Richard Savage, earl of Rivers, who died 18th Aug. 1712.'

§ Among other natural children of this nobleman was Richard Savage, a man celebrated for his genius and misfortunes. His mother was Anne countess of Macclesfield, to whom Savage addressed a poem called 'The Bastard, and who afterwards married colonel Bret. Lord Rivers, having committed the child to her care, she placed him with a poor woman in an obscure village; and when he enquired after him on his death-bed, that he might provide for him among other natural children, she told him he was dead; and by this diabolical and unprovoked cruelty, she deprived her son of a legacy of six thousand pounds which his father had bequeathed to him in his will, and which, not suspecting that there could exist, in a human form a mother, that would ruin her son without enriching herself, he bestowed upon some other person. See the life of Savage, by Johnson.

ver, because I am not well; some physicians here talk very melancholy, and think it foreruns the plague, which is actually at Hamburgh. I think we both have the faculty never to part with a disorder for ever; we are very constant. I have had my giddiness twenty-three years by fits.

October 11th, Lord treasurer sent for me yesterday and the day before to sit with him, because he is not yet quite well enough to go abroad; and I could not finish my letter. How the duce come I to be so exact in your money? just seventeen shillings and eight-pence more than due; I believe you cheat me. Ppt.* makes a petition with many apologies. John Danvers, you know, is lady Giffard's friend. I tell you what, as things are at present, I cannot possibly speak to lord treasurer for any body. I need tell you no more. Something or nothing will be done in my own affairs; if the former, I will be a solicitor for your sister; if the latter, I have done with courts for ever. Opportunities will often fall in my way, if I am used well, and I will then make it my business. It is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deserve it, and a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of Ppt. whose affairs Ppt. has so at heart. I have taken down his name and his case, (not her case) and whenever a proper time comes, I will do all I can: that is enough to say, when I can do no more; and I beg your pardon a thousand times, that I cannot do better. I hope the dean of St. Patrick's † is well of his fever; he has never wrote to me: I am glad of it; pray don't desire him to write. I have dated your bill late, because it must not commence till the first of November next. Are you good housewives and

* Ppt. is Mrs. Johnson. Mrs. Dingley, the lady, to whom this letter is addressed, though a relation of Sir William Temple's, had no more than an annuity of 27l. for a subsistence; this the dean used to receive for her; and it was known by an accident, after his memory failed, that he allowed her an annuity of fifty.

† Dr. Sterne.

and readers? Are you walkers? I know you are gamesters. Are you drinkers? Are you — hold, I must go no farther, for fear of abusing fine ladies. Parvisol has not sent me one word how he set this year's tythes. Pray ask whether tythes set well or ill this year. Bishop of Killaloe * tells me wool bears a good rate in Ireland; but how is corn; I dined yesterday with lady Orkney, and we sat alone from two till eleven at night. You have heard of her, I suppose. I have twenty letters upon my hands, and am so lazy and so busy, I cannot answer them, and they grow upon me for several months. Have I any apples at Laracor? It is strange every year should blast them, when I took so much care for shelter. Lord Bolingbroke has been idle at his country-house this fortnight, which puts me backwards in business I have. I am got into an ordinary room two pair of stairs, and see nobody, if I can help it; yet some puppies have found me out, and my man is not such an artist as Patrick at denying me. Patrick has been soliciting to come to me again, but in vain. The printer has been here with some of the new whims printed, and has taken up my time. I am just going out, and can only bid you farewell.

LETTER CXXVIII.

TO MRS. JOHNSON.

LONDON, Oct. 28, 1712.

I HAVE been in physic this month, and have been better these three weeks. I stop my physic, by the doctor's orders, till he sends me farther directions. D. D.* grows politician, and longs to hear the peace is proclaimed. I hope we shall have it soon; for the Dutch are fully humbled; and Prior is just come over from France for a few days; I suppose,

* Dr. William Lloyd, who died in December 1716.

* Perhaps Mrs. Dingley.

pose, upon some important affair. I saw him last night, but had no private talk with him. Stocks rise upon his coming. As for my stay in England, it cannot be long now, and so tell my friends. The parliament will not meet till after Christmas, and by that time the work I am doing will be over, and then nothing shall keep me. I am very much discontented at Parvifol, about neglecting to sell my horses, &c.

Lady Masham is not yet brought to-bed, but we expect it daily. I dined with her to-day. Lord Bolingbroke returned about two months ago, and Prior about a week; and goes back (Prior I mean) in a few days. Who told you of my snuff-box and pocket? Did I? I had a letter to-day from Dr. Coghill, desiring me to get Raphoe for dean Sterne, and the deanery for myself. I shall indeed; I have such obligations to Sterne. But, however, if I am asked, who will make a good bishop, I shall name him before any body. Then comes another letter, desiring I would recommend a provost, supposing that Pratt † (who has been here about a week) will certainly be promoted; but, I believe, he will not. I presented Pratt to lord treasurer, and truly young Molyneux † would have had me present him too; but I directly answered him I would not, unless he had business with him. He is the son of one Mr. Molyneux, of Ireland. His father wrote a book*; I suppose you know it. Here is the duke of Marlborough going out of England, (Lord knows why) which causes many speculations. Some say he is conscious of guilt, and dare not stand it.

Others

† 'Dr. Benjamin Pratt, provost of Trinity-College, at Dublin.'

† 'Samuel, son of William Molyneux, Esq; the friend and correspondent of Mr. Locke. Mr. Samuel Molyneux was afterwards secretary to the late king George II. when prince of Wales. He married lady Elizabeth Capell, daughter of Algernon, earl of Essex. He died in April, 1728.'

* 'The Case of Ireland's being bound by acts of parliament in England stated, published in 1698, in Octavo.'

Others think he has a mind to fling an odium on the government, as who should say, that one, who has done such great services to his country, cannot live quietly in it, by reason of the malice of his enemies. I have helped to patch up these people together once more. God knows how long it may last. I was to-day at a trial between lord Lansdown and lord Carteret, two friends of mine. It was in the Queen's-Bench, for about six thousand pounds a year, (or nine I think) I sat under lord chief justice Parker, and his pen falling down, I reached it up. He made me a low bow; and I was going to whisper him, that 'I had done good for evil; for he would have taken mine from me.' I told it lord treasurer and Bolingbroke. Parker would not have known me, if several lords on the bench, and in the court, bowing, had not turned every body's eyes, and set them a whispering. I owe the dog a spite, and will pay him in two months at farthest, if I can. So much for that. But you must have chat, and I must say every sorry thing, that comes into my head. They say the queen will stay a month longer at Windsor. These devils of Grub-street rogues, that write the Flying-Post and Medley, in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling lord treasurer, lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath. They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail; and so it goes round. They say some learned Dutchman has wrote a book, proving, by civil law, that we do them wrong by this peace; but I shall shew, by plain reason, that we have suffered the wrong, and not they. I toil like a horse, and have hundreds of letters still to read; and squeeze a line perhaps out of each, or at least the seeds of a line. Strafford goes back to Holland in a day or two, and I hope our peace is very near. I have about thirty pages more to write (this is to be extracted) which will be sixty in print. It is the
most

most troublesome part of all, and I cannot keep myself private, tho' I stole into a room up two pair of stairs, when I came from Windsor; but my present man has not yet learned his lesson of denying me discreetly.

30th. The duchess of Ormond found me out to-day, and made me dine with her. Lady Masham is still expecting. She has had a cruel cold. I could not finish my letter last post for the soul of me. Lord Bolingbroke has had my papers these six weeks, and done nothing to them. Is Tisdall yet in the world? I suppose writing controversies, to get a name with posterity. The duke of Ormond will not be over these three or four days. I design to make him join with me in settling all right among our people. I have ordered the duchess to let me have an hour with the duke at his first coming, to give him a true state of persons and things. I believe the duke of Shrewsbury will hardly be declared your governor yet; at least, I think so now: but resolutions alter very soon. Duke Hamilton gave me a pound of snuff to-day, admirable good. I wish D. D. had it; and Ppt. too, if she likes it. It cost me a quarter of an hour of his politics, which I was forced to hear. Lady Orkney is making me a writing-table of her own contrivance, and a bed night-gown: She is perfectly kind, like a mother. I think the d— was in it the other day, that I should talk to her of an ugly squinting cousin of her's; and the poor lady herself, you know, squints like a dragon. The other day we had a long discourse with her about love; and she told us a saying of her sister Fitsharding, which I thought excellent, that, 'in men desire begets love, and in women love begets desire.' We have abundance of our old criers still hereabouts. I hear every morning your women with the old satin and taffata, &c. the fellow with old coats, fffuits or cloaks. Our weather is abominable of late. We have not two tolerable days in twenty. I have lost money again at ombre, with lord Orkney and others; yet, after all, this year I have

have lost but three and twenty shillings; so that, considering card-money, I am no loser.

Our society hath not yet renewed their meetings. I hope we shall continue to do some good this winter; and lord treasurer promises the academy for reforming our language shall soon go forward. I must now go hunt those dry letters for materials. You will see something very notable I hope. So much for that. God Almighty blefs you.

L E T T E R CXXIX.

TO MRS. DINGLEY.

LONDON, Nov. 15, 1712.

BEFORE this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the most terrible accident, that hath almost ever happened. This morning, at eight, my man brought me word, that duke Hamilton had fought with lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the duke's house, in St. James's-square; but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning. The dog Mohun was killed on the spot; but while the duke was over him, Mohun, shortening his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The duke was helped towards the cake-house, by the ring, in Hyde-park, (where they fought) and died on the grass, before he could reach the house; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor duchess was asleep. Maccartney and one Hamilton were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told, that a footman of lord Mohun's stabbed duke Hamilton; and some say Maccartney did so too. Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greatest mind in the world to have
me

me go with him to France, but durst not tell it me ; and those he did tell, said, I could not be spared, which was true. They have removed the poor duchess to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene ; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her ; nor is it possible for any one to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another ; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backwards, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grubstreet screamers ringing her husband's murder in her ears.

I believe you have heard the story of my escape, in opening the bandbox sent to the lord treasurer. The prints have told a thousand lies of it ; but at last we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in the Evening-Post ; only I would not suffer them to name me, having been so often named before, and teased to death with questions. I wonder how I came to have so much presence of mind, which is not usually my talent ; but so it pleased God, and I saved myself and him ; for there was a bullet-piece. A gentleman told me, that if I had been killed, the whigs would have called it a judgment, because the barrels were of ink-horns, with which I had done them so much mischief. There was a pure Grub-street of it, full of lies and inconsistencies. I do not like these things at all, and I wish myself more and more among my willows. There is a devilish spirit among people, and the ministry must exert themselves, or sink.

16th, I thought to have finished this yesterday, but was too much disturbed. I sent a letter early this morning to lady Masham, to beg her to write some comforting words to the poor duchess. I dined to-day with lady Masham, at Kensington, where she is expecting these two months to lie-in. She has promised me to get the queen to write to the duchess kindly on this occasion ; and to-morrow I will

will beg lord treasurer to visit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her worse. Her violencies not so frequent, but her melancholy more formal and settled. She has abundance of wit and spirit; about thirty-three years old; handsome and airy, and seldom spared any body, that gave her the least provocation; by which she had many enemies and few friends. Lady Orkney, her sister-in-law, is come to town on this occasion, and has been to see her, and behaved herself with great humanity. They have been always very ill together; and the poor duchess could not have patience, when people told her I went often to lady Orkney's. But I am resolved to make them friends; for the duchess is now no more the object of envy, and must learn humility from the severest master, affliction. I design to make the ministry put out a proclamation (if it can be found proper) against that villain Maccartney. What shall we do with these murderers? I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occasion; for I cannot send it till Tuesday, and the coroner's inquest on the duke's body is to be to-morrow. Then I shall know more. This is a very surprising event. 'Tis late, and I'll go to bed. This looks like journals.

17th, I was to-day at noon with the duchess of Hamilton again, after I had been with lady Orkney, and charged her to be kind to her sister in her affliction. The duchess told me lady Orkney had been with her, and that she did not treat her as gently as she ought. They hate one another; but I will try to patch it up. I have been drawing up a paragraph for the Post-boy, to be out to-morrow, and as malicious as possible, and very proper for Abel Roper, the printer of it. I dined at lord treasurer's at six in the evening, which is his usual hour of returning from Windsor: he promises to visit the duchess to-morrow, and says he has a message to her from the queen. 'Tis late; I have stayed till past one with him.

18th. The

18th, The committee of council is to sit this afternoon upon the affair of the duke of Hamilton's murder, and, I hope, a proclamation will be out against Maccartney. I was just now ('tis now noon) with the duchess, to let her know lord treasurer will see her. She is mightily out of order. The jury have not yet brought in their verdict upon the coroner's inquest. We suspect Maccartney stabbed the duke while he was fighting. The queen and lord treasurer are in great concern at this event. I dine to-day again with lord treasurer; but must send this to the post office before, because else I shall not have time; he usually keeps me too late. Ben Tooke bid me write to D. D. * to send her certificate, for it is high time it should be sent, he says. Pray make Parvisol write to me, and send me a general account of my affairs; and to let him know I shall be over in spring, and that by all means he sells the horses. Prior has kissed the queen's hand, and will return to France in a few days, and lord Strafford to Holland. Now the king of Spain has renounced his pretensions to France, the peace must follow very soon unavoidably. You must no more call Philip duke of Anjou, for we now acknowledge him king of Spain. Dr. Pratt tells me, you are all mad in Ireland with your playhouse frolicks and prologues, and I know not what. Mr. Verdoen was with me yesterday and enquired after you. He was a lieutenant and is now broke, and upon half-pay. He asked me nothing for himself; but wanted an employment for a friend, 'who would give a handsome pair of gloves.' One Hales sent me up a letter the other day, which said you lodged in his house, and therefore desired I would get him a civil employment. I would not be within, and have directed my man to give him an answer, that I never open letters brought me by the writers, &c. I was complaining to a lady, that I wanted to mend an employment from forty to sixty pounds a year in the salt-office, and thought it hard I could not do it.

She

She told me, Mr. Griffin should do it. And afterwards I met Griffin at her lodgings; and he was, as I found, one I had been acquainted with. I named Filly to him, and his abode somewhere near Nantwich. He said frankly, he had formerly examined the man, and found he understood very little of his business; but if he heard he mended, he would do what I desired. I will let it rest a while, and then resume it; and if Ppt. writes to Filly, she may advise him to diligence, &c. I told Griffin positively I would have it done, if the man mended. This is an account of Ppt's commission to her most humble servant. I have a world of writing to finish, and little time; these toads of ministers are so 'slow in their helps.'

L E T T E R CXXX.

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY TO DR. SWIFT, WITH A
PRESENT OF A WRITING-TABLE, SEAL, PAPER,
WAX, &c.

LONDON, Nov. 21, 1712.

THIS key will open treasures; but vain in me to know them. Your conveniency is my satisfaction. If I can or may read what will be in this table, it ought and shall be my happiness. You must discern this comes from the most interested joiner, that ever made a thing of this nature. Peruse narrowly, and what faults you find, they shall be mended, in every particular, to the utmost capacity of, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

E. ORKNEY.

L E T T E R

LETTER CXXXI.

TO LADY ORKNEY.

MADAM,

Nov. 21, 1712.

WHEN, upon parting with your Ladyship, you were pleased to tell me I should find your present at home, natural justice prompted me to resolve, that the first use I made of it should be in paying acknowledgments to my benefactor. But, when I opened the writing-table, which I must now call mine, I found you had sent neither pens, ink, nor paper, sufficient for such an undertaking. But I ought to tell your Ladyship in order, that I first got there a much more valuable thing: And I cannot do greater honour to my scrutoire, than to assure your Ladyship that your letter is the first thing I have put in it, and shall be the last I will ever take out. I must tell your ladyship, that I am this moment under a very great concern. I was fully convinced that I should write with a new spirit, by the influence of the materials you sent me; but it is quite otherwise; I have not a grain of invention, whether out of the confusion which attends us when we strive too much to acquit ourselves, or whether your pens or ink are fullen, and think themselves disgraced since they have changed their owner. I heartily thank your Ladyship, for making me a present that looks like a sort of establishment. I plainly see by the contrivance, that, if you were first minister, it would have been a cathedral. As it is, you have more contributed towards fixing me than all the ministry together; for it is difficult to travel with this equipage, and it will be impossible to travel, or live without it. You have an undoubted title to whatever papers this table shall ever contain, (except your letter) and I desire you will please to have another key made for it; that, when the Court shall think fit to give me a room worth putting it into, your Ladyship may come and search it whenever you please.

I beg

I beg your Ladyship to join in laughing with me, at my unreasonable vanity, when I wished that the motto written about the wax was a description of yourself. But, if I am disappointed in that, your Ladyship will be so in all the rest; even this ink will never be able to convey your Ladyship's note as it ought. The paper will contain no wonders, but when it mentions you; neither is the seal any otherwise an emblem of my life, than by the deep impression your Ladyship has made, which nothing but my death can wear out. By the inscription about the pens, I fear there is some mistake; and that your Ladyship did not design them for me. However, I will keep them until you can find the person you intended should have them, and who will be able to dispose of them according to your predictions. I cannot find that the workman you employed, and directed, has made the least mistake: But there are four implements wanting. The two first I shall not name, because an odd superstition forbids us to accept them from our friends; the third is a sponge, which the people long have given so ill a reputation to, that I vow it shall be no gift of your Ladyship: The last is a flat ivory instrument, used in folding up of letters, which I insist you must provide.

See, Madam, the first fruits this unlucky present of yours has produced. It is but giving a fiddle to a scraper, or a pestle and mortar to an apothecary, or a Tory-pamphlet to Mrs. Ramsay. Nothing is so great a discouragement to generous persons as the fear of being worried by acknowledgments. Besides your Ladyship is an unsufferable kind of giver, making every present fifty times the value, by the circumstances and manner. And I know people in the world, who would not oblige me so much, at the cost of 1000 l. as you have done at that of 20 l. which, I must needs tell you, is an unconscionable way of dealing, and whereof, I believe nobody alive is so guilty as yourself. In short, you deceive my eyes and corrupt my judgment; nor am I now sure of any thing, but that of being, &c.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXII.

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY TO DR. SWIFT.

Nov. 22, 1712.

YOU are extremely obliging to write how well you take my whim, in telling my true thoughts of your mind : for I was ashamed, when I reflected, and hoped I should see you soon, after expressing the value I have of you in an uncommon way. But this I write with assurance, that I am very sincerely, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

E. ORKNEY.

LETTER CXXXIII.

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY TO DR. SWIFT, IN THE SAME YEAR.

Monday morning.

IAM sure you are very ill natured [I would not have been so cross to you] to have known Mr. Lewis and me so long, and not to have made us acquainted sooner : when you know too, that I have been in search of a reasonable conversation. I have no way to excuse you, but doubting his to be so agreeable at a second meeting, which I desire you will make, when it is most convenient to both. It is not from custom I say, I am extremely, Sir, your humble servant,

E. ORKNEY.

When you read this, I fancy you will think, Why does she write to me ? I hate a letter as much as my lord treasurer does a petition.



L E T T E R CXXXIV.

COUNTESS OF ORKNEY, AND MRS. RAMSAY,
TO DR. SWIFT. 1712.

I HAVE had great satisfaction in the favour of your letter tho' disappointed, since not occasioned by yourself. When one is too quick, misjudging commonly follows. At first I feared Mr. Collier was taken with a fit of apoplexy. The next line I read, I wished he had one. If I did not apprehend, by your knowing me but a little, that I might grow troublesome, where I distinguished, you should not want any conveniency to bring you hither to Mrs. Ramsay and me, we are both, without compliment, truly mortified, intending ever to be, Sir, your sincere humble servants,

E. ORKNEY.
E. RAMSAY.

We design to be at Windsor
on Wednesday, where I
hope you will meet me
in the drawing-room, to
tell me when you will
dine with us.

L E T T E R CXXXV.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. DINGLEY.

LONDON, Dec. 12, 1712.

I PROTEST solemnly I am not able to write to you for other business, but I will renew my journal method to you next time. I find it is easier, tho' it contains nothing but where I dine, and the occurrences of the day. I will write now but once in three weeks, till this business is off my hands,
which

which must be in in fix I think, at farthest. Oh! I remember your reprimanding me for meddling in other people's affairs: I have enough of it now with a worrier. Two women have been here six times apiece; I never saw them yet. The first I have dispatched with a letter; the other I must see, and tell her I can do nothing for her; she is wife of one Mr. Connor, an old college acquaintance, and comes on a foolish errand, for some old pretensions, that will succeed, when I am lord treasurer. I am got up two pair of stairs in a private lodging, and have ordered all my friends not to discover where I am; yet every morning two or three sets are plaguing me, and my present servant has not yet his lesson perfect of denying me. I have written one hundred and thirty pages in folio, to be printed, and must write thirty more, which will make a large book of four shillings*. I wish I had an opportunity of sending you some snuff. I will watch who goes to Ireland, and do it if possible. I had a letter from Parvisol, and find he has set my livings very low. Colonel Hamilton, who was second to duke Hamilton, is tried to-day. I suppose he is come off, but have not heard. I dined with lord treasurer, but left him by nine, and visited some people. Lady Betty, his daughter, will be married on Monday next (as I suppose) to the marquis of Caermarthen. I did not know your country place had been Portrain, till you told me so in your last. Has Swanton taken it of Wallis? That Wallis was a grave wise coxcomb. God be thanked that Ppt. is better of her disorders. God keep her so. The pamphlet of political lying is written by Dr. Arbuthnot, the author of John Bull; 'tis very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood. Higgins, first chaplain to duke Hamilton? Why, duke Hamilton never dreamed of a chaplain, nor I believe ever heard of Higgins. You are glorious newsmongers

L 2

* 'This seems to be his 'History of the peace of Utrecht,' not published till after his death.'

mongers in Ireland; dean Francis, Sir Richard Levinge, stuff, stuff, and Pratt, more stuff. We have lost our fine frost here; and Abel Roper tells me you have had floods in Dublin. So, you read one of the Grubstreets about the bandbox. The whig papers have abused me about the bandbox. God help me, what could I do? I fairly ventured my life. There is a particular account of it in the Post Boy, and Evening Post of that day. Lord treasurer has had the seal sent him, that sealed the box, and directions where to find the other pistol in a tree in St. James's Park, which lord Bolingbroke's messengers found accordingly; but who sent the present is not yet known. Duke Hamilton avoided the quarrel as much as possible, according to the foppish rules of honour in practice. What signified your writing angry to Filly? I hope you said nothing of having any thing from me. The queen is in town, and lady Masham's month of lying-in within two days of being out. I was at the christening on Monday. I could not get the child named Robin, after lord treasurer; it is Samuel, after the father. My brother Ormond sent me some chocolate to-day. I wish you had share of it: they say it is good for me; and I design to drink some in the morning. Our society meets next Thursday, now the queen is in town; and lord treasurer assures me, that the society for reforming the language shall soon be established. I have given away ten shillings this day to servants. What a stir about company? I kept no company at all, nor have I any desire to keep any. I never go to a coffee-house nor a tavern, nor have touched a card since I left Windsor. I make few visits, nor go to levees; my only debauching is sitting late where I dine, if I like the company. I have almost dropped the duchesses of Shrewsbury and Hamilton, and several others. Lord treasurer, the duke of Ormond, and lady Orkney, are all that I see very often. O yes, lady Masham and lord Bolingbroke, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from
a lord

a lord to the meanest of my acquaintance, and I love to go there on Sundays to see the world ; but, to say the truth, I am growing weary of it. I dislike a million of things in the course of public affairs ; and if I were to stay here much longer, I am sure I should ruin myself with endeavouring to mend them. I am every day invited into schemes of doing this, but I cannot find any, that will probably succeed. It is impossible to save people against their own will ; and I have been too much engaged in patch-work already. Do you understand all this stuff ? No. Well, then, you are now returned to ombre and the dean, and Christmas ; I wish you a very good merry one. It is late, I'll go to sleep, I don't sleep well, and therefore never dare to drink coffee or tea after dinner.

13th, Morning. I am so very sleepy in the mornings, that my man wakens me above ten times ; and now I can tell you no news of this day. Here is a restless dog, crying cabbages and favoys, plagues me every morning about this time ; he is now at it. I wish his largest cabbage were sticking in his throat. I lodge over against the house in Little Rider-street, where D. D. lodged. To-night I must see the Abbé Gautier, to get some particulars for my history *. It was he, who was first employed by France in the overtures of peace, and I have not had time this month to see him ; he is but a puppy too. Lady Orkney has just sent to invite me to dinner ; she has not yet given me the bed-night gown ; besides, I am come very much off from writing in bed, though I am doing it this minute ; but I stay till my fire is burned up. Lord Abercorn is come to London, and will plague me, and I can do him no service. The duke of Shrewsbury goes in a day or two for France, perhaps to-day. We shall have a peace very soon ; the Dutch are almost entirely agreed, and if they stop, we shall make it without them. That has been resolved. This is
a fine

* Probably that of the peace of Utrecht.

a fine day. I am ruined with coaches and chairs this twelve-penny weather. I must see my brother Ormond at eleven, and then the duchess of Hamilton, with whom I doubt I am in disgrace, not having seen her these ten days. Abbé Gautier sends me word I cannot see him to night. I don't value any thing but one letter he has of P. shewing the roguery of the Dutch. Did not the 'Conduct of the Allies' make you great politicians? Here is somebody coming, that I must see, that wants a little place; the son of cousin Rooke's eldest daughter, that died many years ago. Farewel.

L E T T E R CXXXVI.

THOMAS HARRISON, ESQ.* SECRETARY OF THE
EMBASSY AT UTRECHT, TO DR. SWIFT.

UTRECHT, Dec. 16, 1712.

YOUR thanks of the 25th of November, Sir, come before their time; the condition of the obligation being, that you should receive twelve shirts, which

* This gentleman, who owed his post of secretary to the British embassy at Utrecht to the recommendation of Dr. Swift, and was eminent for his genius and learning, was educated at Queen's College in Oxford, where he took the degree of master of arts, December 15, 1705. Mr. Tickell, who was of the same college, in his 'poem to his excellency the lord privy seal, on the prospect of peace,' pays a compliment to his friend Mr. Harrison, in these lines.

"That much lov'd youth, whom Utrecht's walls confine,
"To Bristol's praises shall his Strafford's join."

The reader will find some circumstances relating to him and his last sickness in Dr. Swift's letter or journal, written to Mrs. Dingley, beginning January 25, 1712-13, by which it appears, that Mr. Harrison coming over to England from Utrecht with the barrier treaty, died on February 14, 1712-13. Mr. Jacob, in his 'lives and characters of all the English poets, Vol. I. p. 70, has committed two mistakes, in calling him William instead of Thomas, and in saying, that he died in Holland in 1713. He mentions among Mr. Harrison's Works, Woodstock Park, inscribed to the lord chancellor Cowper.'

which number shall be compleated by the first proper occasion. Your kind letter, however, is extremely seasonable ; and, (next to a note from the treasury) has proved the most vivifying cordial in the world. If you please to send me new and then as much of the same, as will lie upon the top of your pen, I shall be contented to take sheets for shirts to the end of the chapter.

Since you are so good as to enter into my affairs, I shall trouble you with a detail of them, as well as of my conduct since I left England ; which, in my opinion, you have a right to inspect, and approve or condemn, as you think fit. During my state of probation with the earl of Strafford, it was my endeavour to recommend myself to his excellency by fidelity, silence, and an entire submission, more than by an affectation to shine in his service : And whatever difficulties, whatever discouragements fell in my way, I think it appears that they were surmounted in the end ; and my advancement followed upon it sooner than I expected ; another would say, much sooner than I deserved, which I should easily agree to, were it not, that I flatter myself there is some merit in the behaviour I kept, when the hopes and temptation of being preferred glittered in my eyes. All the world knows upon what footing Mr. Watkins* thought himself with my lord Strafford† ; and though all the world does not know what I am going to tell you, yet Mr. Watkins does on one hand, and my S—— on the other, that all the credit I had with either, was heartily, and without reserve, employed to make matters easy ; and to cultivate in my humble station that good understanding, which our court desired should be between them. I had my reasons for this, and such perhaps as flowed from an inclination to promote my own interest. I knew as well as any man living

* Henry Watkins, Esq; late secretary.

† Thomas, earl of Strafford, ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the states general.

ing almost, how much Mr. Watkins was valued by my lord Bolingbroke and others. I foresaw the danger of standing in competition with him, if that case should happen: and, to tell you the truth, I did not think myself ripe in regard to interest at home, or of any service I could pretend to have done abroad, to succeed Mr. Watkins in so good an employment. Above all, I protest to you, Sir, that, if I know my own heart, I am capable of suffering the utmost extremities rather than violate the infinite duty and gratitude I owe my lord Bolingbroke, by doing an ill office to a person honoured with such particular marks of his lordship's esteem. I might add to this, that I really loved Mr. Watkins; and I beg you, Sir, to urge him to the proof, whether my whole behaviour was not such, as might justify the warmest professions I can make of that kind. After all this, how comes it, that he, either in raillery or good earnest, accuses me of having any resentment against him? By word of mouth when he left us, by letters, so long as he allowed me to correspond with him, and by all the people that ever went from Utrecht to Flanders, have I importuned him for the continuance of his friendship; and, perhaps, even in his absence (if he pleases to reflect) giving him a very essential proof of mine. If any body has thought it worth their while to sow a division between us, I wish he thought it worth his to let me into the secret; and nothing, he may be sure, shall be wanting on my side to defeat a stratagem, which, for ought I know, may end in the starving of his humble servant.

Which leads me naturally to the second thing proposed to be spoken to in my text; namely, my circumstances. For, between you and me, Sir, I apprehend the treasury will issue out no money on my account, till they know what is due on that of Mr. Watkins. And if he has any pretensions, I have none that I know of, but what are as precarious to me, as a stiver I gave away but now to a beggar was to him. Is it possible, that Mr. Wat-

kins

kins can demand the pay of a commission, which is by the queen herself actually superseded, during his absence from his post? Or is it not as plainly said in mine, that I am her majesty's secretary during such his absence, as in his that he was so, whilst he resided here? If I must be crushed, Sir, for God's sake let some reason be alledged for it; or else an ingenious confession made, that 'stat pro ratione voluntas.' If you can fix Mr. Watkins to any final determination on this subject, you will do me a singular service, and I shall take my measures accordingly. Though I know your power, I cannot help distrusting it on this occasion. Before I conclude, give me leave to put you in mind of beating my thanks into lord Bolingbroke's ears, for his late generosity, to the end that his lordship may be wearied out of the evil habit he has got, of heaping more obligations and goodness on those he is pleased to favour, than their shoulders are able to bear. For my own part, I have so often thanked his lordship, that I have now no more ways left to turn my thoughts; and beg, if you have any right good compliments neat and fine by you, that you will advance the necessary, and place them, with the other helps you have given me, to my account; which I question not, but I shall be able to acknowledge at one and the same time, viz. 'ad Gracas calendas.

In the mean time, I shall do my best to give you just such hints as you desire by the next post. Though I cannot but think there are some letters in the office, which would serve your turn a good deal better than any thing I can tell you about the people at the Hague. Your access there abundantly prevents my attempting to write you any news from hence. And I assure you, Sir, you can write me none from England (however uneasy my circumstances are) which will be so agreeable, as that of your long expected advancement. It grieves me to the soul, that a person, who has been so instrumental to the raising of me from obscurity and di-

strefs, should not be yet set above the power of fortune, and the malice of those enemies your real merit has created. I beg, dear Sir, the continuance of your kind care and inspection over me; and that you would in all respects command, reprove, or instruct me as a father. For I protest to you, Sir, I do, and ever shall honour and regard you with the affection of a son. I am, &c.

L E T T E R CXXXVII.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. DINGLEY.

LONDON, Dec. 18, 1712.

OUR society was to meet to-day, but lord Harley, who was president this week, could not attend, being gone to Wimbleton with his new brother-in-law, the young marquis of Caermarthen, who married lady Betty Harley on Monday last; and lord treasurer is at Wimbleton too. However, half a dozen of us met, and I proposed our meetings should be only once a fortnight; for betwixt you and me, we do no good. It cost me nineteen shillings to-day for my club dinner; I don't like it. We have terrible slobbery weather. Lord Abercorn is come to town, and will see me whether I will or not. You know he has a pretence to a dukedom* in France, which duke Hamilton was soliciting for; but Abercorn resolves to spoil their title, if they will not allow him a fourth part; and I have advised the duchess to compound with him, and have made the ministry of my opinion.

19th, Lord treasurer is returned from Wimbleton. 'Tis not above eight miles off, and he sent for me to dine with him at five; but I had the grace to be abroad, and dined with another, with honest Ben. Tooke, by invitation. The duchess of Ormond
promised

* Of Chastelerauld.

promised me her picture, and coming home to-night, I found her's and the duke's, both in my chamber. Was not that a pretty civil surprize? They are in fine gilded frames too. I am writing a letter to thank her. I will tell her she is such a prude, that she will not let so much as her picture be alone in a room with a man, unless the duke's be with it; and so forth. We are full of snow and dabbling. Lady Masham has come abroad these three days, and seen the queen. I dined with her the other day at her sister Hill's. I hope she will remove in a few days to her new lodgings at St. James's from Kensington.

20th, I deny myself to every body almost, yet I cannot be quiet; and all my mornings are lost with people who will not take answers below stairs; such as Dilly, and the bishop, and the provost, &c. Lady Orkney invited me to dinner to-day, which hindered me from dining with lord treasurer. This is his day, that his chief friends in the ministry dine with him. However, I went there about six, and sat with him till past nine, when they all went off; but he kept me back, and told me the circumstances of lady Betty's match. The young fellow has 60,000*l.* ready money, three great houses furnished, 7,000*l.* a year at present, and about five more after his father and mother die. I think lady Betty's portion is not above 8000*l.* Pray tell Mr. Wall, that lord Anglesea thanked me for recommending Clements to him; that he says he is 20,000*l.* the better for knowing him. But pray don't let Clements go and write a letter of thanks, and tell my lord, that he hears so and so, &c. Sad weather; two shillings in coaches to-day, and yet I am dirty. I am now going to read over something and correct it.

21st, Puppies have got a new way of plaguing me. I find letters directed for me at lord treasurer's, sometimes with inclosed ones to him, and sometimes with projects, and sometimes with libels. I usually keep them three or four days with-

out

out opening. I was at court to-day, as I always am on Sundays, instead of a coffee-house, to see my acquaintance. This day se'nnight, after I had been talking at court with Sir William Wyndham, the Spanish ambassador came to him, and said, he heard that was Dr. Swift, and desired him to tell me, that his master, and the king of France, and the queen were obliged to me more than to any man in Europe; so we bowed and shook hands, &c. I took it very well of him †. I dined with lord treasurer, and must again to-morrow, though I had rather not; but now the queen is in town, he does not keep me so late. Our peace now will soon be determined; for lord Bolingbroke tells me this morning, that four provinces of Holland have complied with the queen, and we expect the rest will do so immediately.

22d, Lord keeper promised me yesterday the first convenient living to poor Grey † who is married, and wants some addition to what he had. He is a very worthy creature. I had a letter some weeks ago from Elnick, who married Betty Grey. It seems the poor woman died some time last summer. Elnick grows rich, and purchases lands. I dined with lord treasurer to-day, who has engaged me to come again to-morrow. I gave lord Bolingbroke a poem of Parnell's *. I made Parnell insert some compliments in it to his lordship. He is extremely pleased with it, and read some parts of it to-day to lord treasurer, who liked it as much. And indeed he out-
does

† It may, perhaps, be thought strange, that Swift should be gratified, by being told he was the best friend of the enemies of his country.

† 'Mr. Gery, rector of Letcombe, in Berks, to whose house Dr. Swift retired about ten weeks before queen Ann's death, upon occasion of the incurable breach between the earl of Oxford and lord viscount Bolingbroke.'

* 'It is not in the collection published by Mr. Pope in 1726; but it is printed in Dr. Parnell's Posthumous Works, p. 248, published at Dublin in 1758, and entitled, 'On Queen Ann's Peace,' 1713.'

does all our poets here at bar's-length. Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Christmas-day, and I made lord treasurer promise to see him. It may one day do Parnell a kindness. You know Parnell. I believe I have told you of that.

23d, This morning I presented one Diaper †, a poet, to lord Bolingbroke, with a new poem ‡, which is a very good one; and I am to give him a sum of money from my lord. I have contrived to make a parson of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and serves a small cure in the country; but has a sword at his tail here in town, 'Tis a poor, little, short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we will make lord keeper give him a living. Lord Bolingbroke writ to lord treasurer to-day, to excuse me; so I dined with the former and Monteleon, the Spanish ambassador, who made me many compliments. I stayed till nine, and now it is past ten, and my man has locked me up, and I have just called to mind, that I shall be in disgrace with Tom Leigh. That coxcomb had got into acquaintance with one Eckerfall, clerk of the kitchen to the queen, who was civil to him at Windsor on my account; for I had done some service to Eckerfall. Leigh teazes me to pass an evening at his lodgings with Eckerfall. I put it off several times, but was forced at last to promise I would come to-night; and it never was in my head till I was locked up, and I have called and called, but my man is gone to-bed; so I will write an excuse to-morrow. I detest that Tom Leigh, and am as formal to him as I can, when I happen to meet him in the Park. The rogue frets me, if he knew it. He asked me, why I did not wait on the bishop of Dromore *? I answered, I had not the

† Author of the Sea Eclogues mentioned before.

‡ 'Intituled, 'Dryades, or the Nymphs Prophecy,' printed in 1713. in folio.'

* 'Dr. Tobias Pullen, translated to that see from Cloyne, May 7, 1695. He died in 1713, and was succeeded in May that

the honour to be acquainted with him, and would not presume, &c. He takes me seriously, and says, the bishop is no proud man, &c. He tells me of a judge in Ireland, that has done ill things. I ask, Why he is not out? Says he, I think the bishops, and you, and I, and the rest of the clergy, should meet and consult about it. I beg his pardon, and say, I cannot be serviceable that way, he answers, Yes, every body may help something. Don't you see how curiously he continues to vex me? for the dog knows, that with half a word I could do more than all of them together. But he only does it from the pride and envy of his own heart, and not out of a humourous design of teasing. He is one of those, that would rather a service should not be done, than done by a private man, and of his own country. You take all this; don't you.

24th, I dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer †, in order to look over some of my papers; but nothing was done.

I have been also mediating between the Hamilton family and lord Abercorn, to have them compound with him; and I believe they will do it. Lord Selkirk, the late duke's brother, is to be in town, in order to go to France, to make the demands; and the ministry are of opinion, they will get some satisfaction, and they empowered me to advise the Hamilton side to agree with Abercorn, who asks a fourth part, and will go to France and spoil all, if they don't yield it.

25th, I carried Parnell to dine at lord Bolingbroke's, and he behaved himself very well; and lord Bolingbroke is mightily pleased with him, I was at St. James's Chapel by eight this morning; and church and sacrament were done by ten. The queen has the gout in her hand, and did not come to church to-day; and I stayed so long in my Chamber,

that year by Dr. John Sterne, dean of St. Patrick's, to which deanry Dr. Swift was then promoted.

† Robert Benson, Esq;

chamber, that I missed going to court. Did I tell you that the queen designs to have a drawing-room and company every day?

26th, I was to wish the duke of Ormond a happy Christmas, and gave half a crown to his porter. It will cost me a dozen half crowns among such fellows. I dined with lord treasurer, who chid me for being absent three days. We hear Maccartney is gone over to Ireland. Was it not comical for a gentleman to be set upon by highwaymen, and to tell them he was Maccartney*? upon which they brought him to a justice of peace, in hopes of a reward, and the rogues were sent to gaol. Was it not great presence of mind; But may be you heard of this already; for there was a Grubstreet of it. Lord Bolingbroke told me I must walk away to-day after dinner, because lord treasurer and he and another were to enter upon business; but I said, it was as fit I should know their business as any body, for I was to justify. So the rest went and I stayed, and it was so important, I was like to sleep over it. I left them at nine, and it is now twelve.

27th, I dined to-day with general Hill, governor of Dunkirk. Lady Masham and Mrs. Hill, his two sisters, were of the company, and there have I been sitting this evening till eleven, looking over others at play; for I have left off loving play myself. I have a great cold on me, not quite at its height. I have them seldom, and therefore ought to be patient. I met Mr. Addison and pastoral Phillips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them, but they both looked terribly dry and cold. A curse of party! And do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the whig wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers, than any other people? Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured. Rowe
I have

* Maccartney was lord Mohun's second in the duel between him and duke Hamilton; and fled on that occasion.

I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I should certainly have provided for, if he had not run party-mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations. I set Addison so right at first, that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has *; yet I am worse used by that faction than any man. Well, go to cards, and dress the wine and orange.

28th, My cold is so bad, that I could not go to church to-day, nor to court; but I was engaged to lord Orkney's, with the duke of Ormond, at dinner; and ventured, because I could cough and spit there as I pleased. The duke and lord Arran left us, and I have been sitting ever since with lord and lady Orkney till past eleven; and my cold is worse, and makes me giddy. I hope it is only my cold, and no more; but I'll go to bed, for the fellow has bawled past twelve.

29th, I got out early to-day, and escaped all my duns. I went to see lord Bolingbroke about some business, and truly he was gone out too. I dined in the city, upon the broiled leg of a goose and a bit of bacon with my printer. Did I tell you, that I forbear printing what I have in hand, till the court decides something about me? I will contract no more enemies, at least I will not imbitter worse those I have already, till I have got under shelter; and the ministers know my resolution, so that you may be disappointed in seeing this thing as soon as you expected. I hear lord treasurer is out of order. My cold is very bad. Every body has one.

30th, I suppose this will be full by Saturday. Duke of Ormond, lord Arran, and I, dined privately to-day at an old servant's house of his. The council made us part at six. One Mrs. Ramsay dined with us; an old lady of about fifty-five, that we are all very fond of. I called this evening at lord treasurer's,

* It was a usual subject of raillery towards him among the ministers, that he never came to them without a whip in his sleeve. See his life prefixed to Bathurst's edition.

treasurer's, and sat with him two hours, He has been cupped for a cold, and has been very ill. He cannot dine with Parnell and me at lord Bolingbroke's to-morrow; but says he will see Parnell some other time. I hoist up Parnell partly to spite the envious Irish folks here, particularly Tom Leigh. I saw the bishop of Clogher's family to-day. Miss is mighty ill of a cold, and coughs incessantly

31st, To-day Parnell and I dined with lord Bolingbroke, to correct Parnell's poem. I made him shew all the places he disliked; and when Parnell has corrected it fully, he shall print it. I went this evening to sit with lord treasurer. He is better, and will be out in a day or two. I sat with him while the young folks went to supper, and then went down where they were all merry together, having turned lady Oxford up to my lord, and I stayed with them till twelve. There was the young couple, lord and lady Caermarthen, lord and lady Dupplin, and lord Harley and I; and the old folks were together above. It looked like what I have formerly done so often; stealing together from the old folks, tho' indeed it was not from poor lord treasurer, who is as young a fellow as any of us: but lady Oxford is a mere old woman. My cold is still so bad, that I have not the least smelling. I am just got home, and 'tis past twelve; and I'll go to bed, and settle my head, heavy as lead.

Jan. 1st, I forgot to tell you, that yesterday lord Abercorn was here, teasing me about his French duchy, and suspecting my partiality to the Hamilton family, in such a whimsical manner, that Dr. Pratt, who was by, thought he was mad. He was no sooner gone, but lord Orkney sent to know, whether he might come and sit with me half an hour upon some business. I returned answer, that I would wait on him; which I did. We discoursed a while, and he left me with lady Orkney; and in came lord Selkirk, whom I had never seen before. He is another brother of duke Hamilton's, and is going to France,

France, by a power from his mother the old duchess, to negotiate their pretensions to this duchy of Chastleherauld. He teased me for two hours in spite of my teeth, and held my hand when I offered to stir; would have had me engage the ministry to favour him against lord Abercorn, and to convince them, that lord Abercorn had no pretensions; and desired I would also convince lord Abercorn himself so; and concluded, he was sorry I was a greater friend to Abercorn than Hamilton. I had no patience, and used him with some plainness. Am not I purely handled between a couple of puppies? Aye, says Ppt. you must be meddling in other people's affairs. I appeal to the bishop of Clogher, whether Abercorn did not complain, that I would not let him see me last year, and that he swore he would take no denial from my servant when he came again. The ministers gave me leave to tell the Hamilton family, it was their opinion, that they ought to agree with Abercorn. Lord Anglesea was then by, and told Abercorn; upon which he gravely tells me, I was commissioned by the ministers, and ought to perform my commission, &c. But I'll have done with them. I have warned lord treasurer, and lord Bolingbroke, to beware of Selkirk's teasing; yet Abercorn vexes me more. He owes me all the kind receptions he has had from the ministry. I dined to day at lord treasurer's, with the young folks, and sat with lord treasurer till nine, and then was forced to go to lady Masham's, and sat there till twelve talking of affairs, till I am out of humour as every one must, that knows them inwardly. A thousand things wrong, most of them easy to mend; yet our schemes availing at best but little, and sometimes nothing at all. One evil, which I patched up twice, with the hazard of all the credit I had, is now spread more than ever. But burn politics, and send me from courts and ministers!

2d, I sauntered about this morning, and went with Dr. Pratt to a picture auction, where I had
like

like to be drawn in to buy a picture, that I was fond of; but, it seems, was good for nothing. Pratt was there to buy some pictures for the bishop of Clogher, who resolves to lay out ten pounds to furnish his house with curious pictures. We dined with the bishop, I being by chance disengaged. And this evening I sat with the bishop of Ossory*, who is laid up with the gout. The French ambassador, duke D'Aumont, came to town to-night; and the rabble conducted him home with shouts. I cannot smell yet, though my cold begins to break. It continues cruel hard frosty weather.

3d, Lord Dupplin and I went with lord and lady Orkney this morning at ten to Wimbleton, six miles off, to see lord and lady Caermarthen. It is much the finest place about this town. Did you never see it? I was once there before, about five years ago. I came back just by night-fall, and felt cruel cold weather. I am just now told, that poor lady Ashburnham, the duke of Ormond's daughter, died yesterday at her country-house. The poor creature was with-child. She was my greatest favourite, and I am in excessive concern for her death. I hardly knew a more valuable person on all accounts. You must have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to see the duke and duchess. She was naturally very healthy, and I fear has been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving †. I hate life, when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches burthening the earth, while such as she dies, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing. Farewel.

* Dr. John Hartstrong, translated from that see to Derry, March 3, 1713-14.

† From these expressions, and those he uses in the account of the duchess of Hamilton's affliction on the death of her husband, Swift appears to have had a strong sympathy in the distress of others; which he has generally, even by his advocates, been supposed to want. See his letter to Mrs. Dingley, dated November 15, 1712.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. DINGLEY.

LONDON, Jan. 4, 1712-13.

I ENDED my last with the melancholy news of poor lady Ashburnham's death. The bishop of Clogher and Dr. Pratt made me dine with them to-day at lord Mountjoy's, pursuant to an engagement, which I had forgot. Lady Mountjoy told me, that Maccartney was got safe out of our clutches, for she had spoke with one, who had a letter from him from Holland. Others say the same thing. As I left lord Mountjoy's, I saw the duke d'Aumont, the French ambassador, going from lord Bolingbroke's, where he dined, to have a private audience of the queen. I followed, and went up to court, where there was a great crowd. I was talking with the duke of Argyle, by the fire-side in the bed-chamber, when the ambassador came out from the queen. Argyle presented me to him, and lord Bolingbroke and we talked together a while. He is a fine gentleman, something like the duke of Ormond and just such an expensive man. After church to-day, I shewed the bishop of Clogher, at court, who was who.

5th, Our frost is broke, but it is very cold. Lord treasurer is recovered, and went out this evening to the queen. I dined with lady Oxford. Lord treasurer gave me a letter from an unknown hand, relating to Dr. Brown, bishop of Cork, recommending him to a better bishopric, as a person, who opposed lord Wharton, and was made a bishop on that account, celebrating him for a great politician, &c. In short, all directly contrary to his character, which I made bold to explain. What dogs there are in the world? I was to see the poor duke and duchess of Ormond this morning. The duke was in his public room, with Mr. Southwell and

two more gentlemen. When Southwell and I were alone with him, we talked something of lord Ashburnham, that he was afraid the whigs would get him again. He bore up as well as he could, but something falling accidentally in discourse, the tears were just falling out of his eyes, and I looked off to give him an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his handkerchief. I never saw any thing so moving, nor such a mixture of greatness of mind, and tenderness and discretion.

6th, Lord Bolingbroke, and Parnell, and I dined, by invitation with my friend Dartineuf*, whom you have heard me talk of. Lord Bolingbroke likes Parnell mightily, and it is pleasant to see, that one, who hardly passed for any thing in Ireland, makes his way here with a little friendly forwarding. It is scurvy rainy weather, and I have hardly been abroad to-day nor know any thing that passes. Lord treasurer is quite recovered, and I hope will take care to keep himself well. The duchess of Marlborough is leaving England, to go to her duke, and makes presents of rings to several friends, they say worth two hundred pounds a-piece. I am sure she ought to give me one, tho' the duke pretended to think me his greatest enemy, and got people to tell me so, and very mildly to let me know how gladly he would have me softened towards him. I bid a lady of his acquaintance and mine let him know, that I had hindered many a bitter thing against him; not for his own sake, but because I thought it looked base; and I desired every thing should be left him, except power.

7th, I dined with lord and lady Masham to-day, and this evening played at ombre with Mrs. Van-homrigh, merely for amusement. The ministers have

* ' This gentleman, whose name was spelt Dartiquenave, is mentioned, on account of his taste for good eating, by Mr. Pope, in his imitation of the second Epistle of the second book of Horace, ver. 87.'

" When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests."

have got my papers, and will neither read them, nor give them to me; I can hardly do any thing. Very warm flabby weather, but I made a shift to get a walk; yet I lost half of it, by shaking off lord Rochester *, who is a good civil simple man. The bishop of Ossory will not be bishop of Hereford, to the great grief of himself and his wife. I think it is not certain yet that Maccartney is escaped. I am plagued with bad authors in verse and prose, who send me their books and poems, the vilest trash I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them see me.

8th, You must understand, that I am in my geers, and have got a chocolate pot, a present from Mrs. Ash of Clogher, and some chocolate from my brother Ormond, and I treat folks sometimes. I dined with lord treasurer at five o'clock to-day, and was by while he and lord Bolingbroke were at business; for it is fit I should know all that passes now, because, &c. The duke of Ormond employed me to speak to lord treasurer to-day about an affair, and I did so; and the duke had spoke himself two hours before, which vexed me, and I will chide the duke about it. I tell you a good thing; there is not one of the ministry but what will employ me, as gravely, to speak for them to lord treasurer, as if I were their brother or his; and I do it as gravely, tho' I know they do it only because they will not make themselves uneasy, or had rather I should be denied than they. I believe our peace will not be finished these two months; for I think we must have a return from Spain by a messenger, who will not go till Sunday next. Lord treasurer has invited me to dine with him again to-morrow. Your commissioner, Knightly, is to be there.

9th, Dr.

* ' Henry Hyde, son of Laurence earl of Rochester, younger son of the lord chancellor Clarendon. This Henry succeeded to the title of earl of Clarendon, March 31, 1723, on the death of Edward, the third earl of Clarendon.'

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9th, Dr. Pratt drank chocolate with me this morning, and then we walked. I was yesterday with him to see lady Betty Butler, grieving for her sister Ashburnham. The jade was in bed in form, and she did so cant she made me sick. I meet Tom Leigh every day in the Park to preserve his health. He is as ruddy as a rose, and tells me his bishop of Dromore recovers very much. That bishop has been very near dying. This day's Examiner talks of the play of *What is it like?* and you will think it to be mine, and be bit; for I have no hand in these papers at all. I dined with lord treasurer, and shall again to-morrow, which is his day when all the ministers dine with him. He calls it whipping-day. It is always on Saturday, and we do indeed equally railly him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor lord Rivers, lord keeper, and lord Bolingbroke came; but now Ormond, Anglesey, lord steward, Dartmouth and others intrude, and I scold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and indeed many Saturdays I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it.

10th, At seven this evening, as we sat after dinner at lord treasurer's, a servant said, lord Peterborough was at the door. Lord treasurer and lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was just returned from abroad, where he has been above a year. As soon as he saw me he left the duke of Ormond and other lords, and ran and kissed me before he spoke to them*; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this last time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places so often, it was impossible a letter should overtake him. He left England with a plurify, by his coach overturning, that made him spit blood, and was so ill we expected every post to hear of his death; but he out-roded it,

* The dean had addressed some verses to him in the year 1706. See Vol. VII. Bathurst's edition, 8vo.

it, out-drunk it, or something; and he is come home lustier than ever. He is at least sixty, and has more spirits than any young fellow I know in England. He has got the old lord Oxford's regiment of horse, and I believe will have a garter. I love the hang-dog dearly.

11th, The court was crammed to day, to see the French ambassador; but he did not come. Did I never tell you, that I go to court on Sundays as to a coffee-house, to see acquaintance, whom I should not otherwise see twice a year? The provost and I dine with Ned Southwell, by appointment, in order to settle your kingdom, if my scheme can be followed; but I doubt our ministry will be too tedious. You must certainly have a new parliament; but they would have that a secret yet. Our parliament here will be prorogued for three weeks. Those puppies will not yet come in, tho' they pretend to submit to the queen in every thing; but they would fain try first how our session begins, in hopes to embroil us in the house of lords; and if my advice had been taken, the session should have begun, and we would have trusted the parliament to approve the steps already made towards the peace, and had an address perhaps from them to conclude without the Dutch, if they would not agree. Others are of my mind, but it is not reckoned so safe, it seems: yet I doubt whether the peace will be ready so soon as three weeks, but that is a secret.

12th, Pratt and I walked into the city to one Bateman's, a famous bookseller for old books. There I layed out four pounds like a fool, and we dined at a hedge alehouse, for two shillings and two-pence, like emperors. Let me see, I bought Plutarch, two volumes, for thirty shillings, &c. We have no news, and I have nothing more to say to-day, and I can't finish my work. These ministers will not find time to do what I would have them.

13th, I was to have dined to-day with lord-keeper, but would not, because that brute Sir John Walter was to be one of the company. You may

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may remember he railed at me last summer was twelve months at Windsor, and has never begged my pardon, tho' he promised to do it; and lord Mansel, who was one of the company would certainly have set us together by the ears, out of pure roguish mischief. So I dined with lord treasurer, where there was none but lord Bolingbroke. I stayed till eight, and then went to lady Orkney's, who has been sick, and sat with her till twelve. The parliament was prorogued to-day, as I told you, for three weeks. Our weather is very bad, and slobbery, and I shall spoil my new hat, or empty my pockets. Lord Abercorn plagues me to death. I have now not above six people to provide for, and about as many to do good offices to; and thrice as many, that I will do nothing for.

14th, To-day I took the circle of morning visits. I went to the duchess of Ormond, and there was she, and lady Betty, and lord Ashburnham together. That was the first time the mother and daughter saw each other since lady Ashburnham's death. They were both in tears; and I chid them for being together, and made lady Betty go to her own chamber; then sat a while with the duchess, and went after lady Betty, and all was well. There is something of farce in all these mournings, let them be ever so serious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the duchess of Hamilton, who never grieved *, but raged, and stormed, and railed. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper. Lord keeper and his son, and their two ladies, and I, dined to-day with Mr. Caesar, treasurer of the navy at his house in the city, where he keeps his office. We happened to talk of Brutus, and I said something in his praise; when it struck me immediately, that I had made a blunder in doing

Vol. XI. M ing

* The dean expresses different sentiments of this lady, in his letter to Mrs. Dingley, dated November 15, 1772; but it is probable he had then very little acquaintance with her.

ing so ; and therefore recollected myself, and said, Mr. Cæsar, I beg your pardon. So we laughed, &c.

15th, I forgot to tell you, that last night I had a present sent me (I found it when I came home in my chamber) of the finest wild fowl I ever saw, with the vilest letter, and from the vilest poet in the world, who sent it me as a bribe to get him an employment. I know not where the scoundrel lived, so I could not send them back ; and therefore I gave them away as freely as I got them, and have ordered my man never to let up the poet when he comes. The rogue should have kept the wings at least for his muse. One of his fowls was a large capon pheasant, as fat as a pullet. I ate share of it to-day with a friend. We have now a drawing-room every Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at one o'clock. The queen does not come out ; but all her ministers, foreigners, and persons of quality are at it. I was there to-day ; and lord treasurer came towards me, I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I affected never to take notice of him at church, or court. He knows it, for I have told him so ; and to-night, at lord Masham's, he gave an account of it to the company ; but my reasons are, that people seeing me speak to him, causes a great deal of teasing. I tell you what comes into my head, that I never knew whether you were whigs or tories, and I value our conversation the more, that it never turned on that subject. I have a fancy that Ppt. is a tory, and a rigid one. I don't know why ; but methinks she looks like one, and D. D. a sort of a trimmer. Am I right ? I gave the Examiner a hint about this prorogation, and to praise the queen for her tenderness to the Dutch, in giving them still more time to submit. It fitted the occasions at present.

16th, I was busy to-day at the secretary's office, and stayed till past three. The duke of Ormond and I were to dine at lord Orkney's. The duke was at the committee, so I thought all was safe. When I went there, they had almost dined ; for the duke

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had sent to excuse himself, which I never knew. I came home at seven, and began a little whim, which just came into my head, and will make a three-penny pamphlet. It shall be finished and out in a week; and if it succeeds, you shall know what it is; otherwise not. I cannot send this to-morrow, and will put it off till next Saturday because I have much business. So my journals shall be short, and Ppt. must have patience.

17th, This rogue Parnell has not yet corrected his poem, and I would fain have it out. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, and his Saturday's company; nine of us in all. They went away at seven, and lord treasurer and I sat talking an hour after. After dinner, he was talking to the lords, about the speech the queen must make when the parliament meets. He asked me, how I would make it. I was going to be serious, because it was seriously put; but I turned it to a jest. And because they had been speaking of the duchess of Marlborough going to Flanders after the duke, I said, the speech should begin thus: My lords and gentlemen, in order to my own quiet, and that of my subjects, I have thought fit to send the duchess of Marlborough abroad after the duke. This took well, and turned off the discourse. I must tell you, I do not at all like the present situation of affairs, and remember I tell you so. Things must be on another foot, or we are all undone. I hate this driving always to an inch.

18th, We had a mighty full court to-day. Dilly was with me at the French church, and edified mightily. Duke of Ormond and I dined at lord Orkney's; but I left them at seven, and came home to my whim. I have made a great progress. My large treatise † stands stock-still. Some think it too dangerous to publish, and would have me print only what relates to the peace. I cannot tell what I shall do. The bishop of Dromore is dying. They

M 2

thought

† ' His History of the Peace of Utrecht.

thought yesterday he could not live two hours; yet he is still alive, but is utterly past all hopes.

19th, I was this morning to see the duke and duchess of Ormond. The duke d'Aumont came in while I was with the duke of Ormond, and we complimented each other like dragons. A poor fellow called at the door where I lodge, with a parcel of oranges for a present for me. I bid my man learn what his name was, and whence he came. He sent word his name was Bun, and that I knew him very well. I bid my man tell him I was busy, and he could not speak to me; and not to let him leave his oranges. I know no more of it, but I am sure I never heard the name, and I shall take no such presents from strangers. Perhaps he might be only some beggar, who wanted a little money. Perhaps it might be something worse. Let them keep their poison for their rats: I don't love it.

20th, A committee of our society dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer. Our society does not meet now as usual, for which I am blamed; but till lord treasurer will agree to give us money and employments to bestow, I am against it; and he gives us nothing but promises. Bishop of Dromore is still alive, and that is all. We expect every day he will die, and then Tom Leigh must go back, which is one good thing to the town. I believe Pratt will drive at one of these bishoprics. Our English bishopric* is not yet disposed of. I believe the peace will not be ready by the session.

21st, I was to-day with my printer, to give him a little pamphlet I have written, but not politics. It will be out by Monday. If it succeeds, I will tell you of it; otherwise not. We had a prodigious thaw to-day, as bad as rain; yet I walked, like a good boy, all the way. The bishop of Dromore still draws breath, but cannot live two days longer.

My

* Probably that of Hereford, vacant by the death of Dr. Humphry Humphreys, on the twentieth of November, 1712, who was succeeded by Dr. Philip Bisse, translated from the see of St. David's.

My large book lies flat. Some people think a great part of it ought not to be now printed. I believe I told you so before. This letter shall not go till Saturday, which makes up the three weeks exactly, and I allow six weeks.

22d, This is one of our court days, and I was there. I told you there is a drawing-room Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The Hamiltons, and Abercorns have done teasing me. The latter, I hear, is actually going to France. Lord treasurer quarrelled with me at court, for being four days without dining with him; so I dined there to-day, and he has at last fallen in with my project (as he calls it) of coining half-pence and farthings with devices, like medals, in honour of the queen, every year changing the device. I wish it may be done.

23d, Duke of Ormond and I appointed to dine with Ned Southwell to-day, to talk of settling your affairs of parliament in Ireland; but there was a mixture of company, and the duke of Ormond was in haste, and nothing was done. If your parliament meets this summer, it must be a new one; but I find some are of opinion there should be none at all these two years. I will trouble myself no more about it. My design was to serve the duke of Ormond. Dr. Pratt and I sat this evening with the bishop of Clogher and played at ombre for three pence. That I suppose is but low with you. I found at coming home, a letter from M. No. 37. I shall not answer it this bout, but will the next. I have got a terrible new cold, before my old was quite gone, and don't know how. I shall have D. D's money soon from the exchequer. The bishop of Dromore is dead now at last.

24th, I was at court to-day, and it was comical to see lord Abercorn bowing to me but not speaking, and lord Selkirk the same. I dined with lord treasurer, and his Saturday club, and sat with him two hours after the rest were gone, and spoke freer to him of affairs than I am afraid others do, who might do more good. All his friends repine,
and

and shrug their shoulders; but will not deal with him so freely as they ought. It is an odd business; the parliament just going to sit, and no employments given. They say they will give them in a few days. There is a new bishop made of Hereford; so Ossory is disappointed. I hinted so to his friends two months ago, to make him leave off deluding himself and being indiscreet, as he was.

L E T T E R CXXXIX.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. DINGLEY.

LONDON, Jan. 25, 1712-13.

WE had such a terrible storm to-day, that going to lord Bolingbroke's, I saw a hundred tiles fallen down; and one swinger fell about forty yards before me, that would have killed a horse: so after church and court, I walked through the Park, and took a chair to lord treasurer's. Next door to his house a tin chimney top had fallen down with a hundred bricks. It is grown calm this evening. I wonder had you such a wind to day? I hate it as much as any hog does. Lord treasurer has engaged me to dine again with him to-morrow. He has those tricks sometimes of inviting me from day to day, which I am forced to break through. My little pamphlet is out; 'tis not politics.

26th, This morning I felt a little touch of giddyness, which has disordered and weakened me with its ugly remains all this day. After dinner at lord treasurer's, the French ambassador, duke d'Aumont, sent lord treasurer word, that his house was burned down to the ground. It took fire in the upper rooms, while he was at dinner with Monteleon, the Spanish ambassador, and other persons; and soon after lord Bolingbroke came to us with the same story. We are full of speculation upon it, but I believe it was the carelessness of his French rascally servants. 'Tis odd, that this very day lord Sommers, Wharton, Sunderland, Hallifax, and the whole club of whig lords
dined

dined at Pontac's in the city, as I received private notice they have some damned design. I tell you another odd thing; I was observing it to lord treasurer, that he was stabbed on the day king William died, and the day I saved his life, by opening the band-box, was king William's birth-day. My friend Mr. Lewis * has had a lye spread on him by the mistake of a man who went to another of his name, to give him thanks for passing his privy seal to come from France. That other Lewis spread about, that the man brought him thanks from lord Perth and lord Melfort (now lords with the Pretender) for his great services, &c. The lords will examine that other Lewis to-morrow in council; and I believe you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make Abel Roper give a relation of it.

27th, I dined to-day with lord treasurer: this makes four days together; and he has invited me again to-morrow, but I absolutely refused him. I was this evening at a christening with him of lord Dupplin's daughter. He went away at ten; but they kept me and some others till past twelve; so you may be sure 'tis late, as they say. We have now stronger suspicions, that the duke d'Aumont's house was set on fire by malice. I was to-day to see lord keeper, who has quite lost his voice with a cold. There Dr. Ratcliffe told me, that it was the ambassador's confectioner set the house on fire by boiling sugar, and going down and letting it boil over. Yet others still think differently; so I know not what to judge.

28th, I was to-day at court, where the Spanish ambassador talked to me, as if he did not suspect any design in burning d'Aumont's house, but the abbe
Gautier,

* Erasmus Lewis, secretary to the earl of Dartmouth, one of the secretaries of state, and afterwards to the earl of Oxford, lord high treasurer. He was member for Lestwithiel, in Cornwall, in the parliament, which began April 9, 1713. A particular account of this affair may be seen in the Examiner, Vol. III. No. 21, for February 2, 1712-13, and in Boyer's Political State, Vol. V. p. 25, & seq.

Gautier, secretary for France here, said quite otherwise; and that d'Aumont had a letter the very same day, to let him know his house should be burned, and tells several other circumstances too tedious to write. One is, that a fellow mending the tiles just when the fire broke out, saw a pot with wild-fire in the room. I dined with lord Orkney. Neither lord Abercorn nor Selkirk will now speak with me. I have disoblged both sides.

29th, Our society met to-day, fourteen of us, and at the tavern. We now resolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a committee every other week of six or seven to consult about doing some good. I proposed another message to lord treasurer by three principal members, to give one hundred guineas to a certain person, and they are to urge it as well as they can. We also raised sixty guineas upon our own society; but I made them do it by assessors, and I was one of them, and we fitted our tax to the several estates. The duke of Ormond pays ten Guineas, and I the third part of a guinea; at that rate they may tax as often as they please.

30th, I have drank Spa waters these two or three days; but they do not pass, and make me very giddy. I am not well; I will take them no more.

I fauntered after church to-day with the provost, to see a library to be sold, and dined at five with lord Orkney. We still think there was malice in burning d'Aumont's house. I hear little Harrison is come over; it was he I sent to Utrecht. He is now queen's secretary to the embassy, and has brought with him the barrier treaty, as it is now corrected by us, and yielded to by the Duch, which was the greatest difficulty to retard the peace. I hope he will bring over the peace a month hence, for we will send him back as soon as possible. I long to see the little brat my own creature. His pay is in all a thousand pounds a year, and they have never paid him a groat, though I have teased their hearts

out.

out. He must be three or four hundred pounds in debt at least.

31st, Harrison was with me this morning ; we talked three hours, and then I carried him to court. When we went down to the door of my lodging, I found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it ; but he whispered me, it was impossible to do otherwise ; and in the coach he told me, he had not one farthing in his pocket to pay it ; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money some where or other. So there was the queen's minister intrusted in affairs of the greatest importance, without a shilling in his pocket to pay a coach. I paid him while he was with me seven guineas, in part of a dozen of shirts he bought me in Holland. I presented him to the duke of Ormond, and several lords at court ; and I contrived it so, that lord treasurer came to me, and asked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr. Parnell, and came up and spoke to him with great kindness, and invited him to his house. I value myself upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry. His poem is almost fully corrected, and shall be soon out. Here is enough for to-day ; only to tell you, that I was in the city with my printer to alter an Examiner*, about my friend Lewis's story, which will be told with remarks.

February 1st, I could do nothing till to-day about the Examiner, but the printer came this morning, and I dictated to him what was fit to be said, and then Mr. Lewis came and corrected it as he would have it ; so I was neither at church nor court. The duke of Ormond and I dined at lord Orkney's. I left them at seven, and sat with Sir Andrew Fountain, who has a very bad sore leg, for which he designs to go to France. The parliament is to sit on the third, but will adjourn for three or four days ; for the queen is laid up with the gout, and both speakers

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* See Examiner, Vol. III. No. 21.

out of order, though one of them, lord keeper, is almost well. I spoke to the duke of Ormond a good deal about Ireland. We do not altogether agree, nor am I judge enough of Irish affairs; but I will speak to lord treasurer to-morrow, that we three may settle them some way or other.

2d, It rained all this day, and Dilly came to me, and was coaching it into the city; so I went with him for a shaking, because it would not cost me a farthing. There I met my friend Stratford, the merchant, who is going abroad to gather up his debts, and be clear in the world. He begged me I would dine with some merchant friends of ours there, because it was the last time I should see him: so I did, and thought to have seen lord treasurer in the evening, but he happened to go out at five; so I visited some friends, and came home. The parliament meets to-morrow, but will be prorogued for a fortnight; which disappointment will, I believe, vex abundance of them, though they are not whigs; for they are forced to be in town at expence for nothing: but we want an answer from Spain before we are sure of every thing being right for the peace; and God knows whether we can have that answer this month. It is a most ticklish juncture of affairs; we are always driving to an inch: I am weary of it.

3d, the parliament met and was prorogued, as I said, and I found some cloudy faces, and heard some grumbling. We have got over all our difficulties with France, I think. They have now settled all the articles of commerce between us and them, wherein they were very much disposed to play the rogue, if we had not held them to; and this business we wait for from Spain, is to prevent some other rogueries of the French, who are finding an evasion to trade to the Spanish West Indies; but I hope we shall prevent it. I dined with lord treasurer, and he was in good humour enough. I gave him that part of my book in manuscript to read, where his character was, and drawn pretty freely.

He

He was reading and correcting it with his pencil, when the bishop of St. David's* (now removing to Hereford) came and interrupted us. I left him at eight, and sat till twelve with the provost and bishop of Clogher.

4th, I was to-day at court, but kept out of lord treasurer's way, because I was engaged to the duke of Ormond, where I dined, and, I think, eat and drank too much. I sat this evening with lady Masham, and then with lord Masham and lord treasurer at lord Masham's. It was last year, you may remember, my constant evening place. I saw lady Jersey, with lady Masham, who has been laying out for my acquaintance, and has forced a promise from me to drink chocolate with her in a day or two, which I know not whether I shall perform, for I do not much like her character; but she is very malicious, and therefore I think I must keep fair with her. I did not write to Dr. Coghill, that I would have nothing in Ireland; but that I was soliciting nothing any where, and that is true. I have named Dr. Sterne † to lord treasurer, lord Bolingbroke, and the duke of Ormond, for a bishopric, and I did it heartily, I know not what will come of it; but I tell you as a great secret, that I have made the duke of Ormond promise me to recommend no-body till he tells me, and this for some reasons too long to mention. My head is still in no good order.

5th, I dined to-day with Sir Andrew Fountaine and the provost, and played at ombre with him all the afternoon. I won, yet Sir Andrew is an admirable player. Lord Pembroke came in, and I gave him three or four scurvy Dilly-puns, that begin with an if. I believe I shall write no more this good while, nor publish what I have done. Pray God mend Ppt's health; mine is but very indifferent. I have left off Spa water; it makes my legs swell.

6th, This

* 'Dr. Philip Bisse.'

† 'Dean of St. Patrick's.'

6th, This is the queen's birth-day, and I never saw it celebrated with so much luxury and fine cloaths. I went to court to see them, and I dined with lord keeper, where the ladies were fine to admiration. I passed the evening at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came home pretty early. Pray God keep the queen; she was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gout in her stomach. When I came from lord keeper's, I called at lord treasurer's, because I heard he was very fine, and that was a new thing, and it was true; for his coat and waistcoat were embroidered. All things grow dear in Ireland, but corn to the parson's; for my livings are fallen much this year by Parvisol's account.

7th, I was at court to-day, but saw no birth-day cloaths; the great folks never wear them above once or twice. I dined with lord Orkney, and sat the evening with Sir Andrew Fountaine, whose leg is in a very dubious condition. This, I believe, will hardly go till Saturday; for being not very well, I dare not study much: so I let company come in a morning, and pass the afternoon in dining and sitting somewhere. Lord treasurer is angry, if I don't dine with him every second day, and I cannot part with him till late. He kept me last night till near twelve. Our weather is constant rain above these two months, which hinders walking; so that our spring is not like your's. I have not seen Fanny Manly yet; I cannot find time. I am in rebellion with all my acquaintance, but I will mend with my health and the weather. Colds! why we are all dying with colds; but now they are a little over, and my second is almost over.

8th, It was terribly rainy to-day from morning till night. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer but went to see Sir Andrew Fountaine, and he kept me to dinner, which saved coach hire, and I staid with him all the afternoon, and lost thirteen shillings and sixpence at ombre. There was management! and lord treasurer will chide; but I'll dine with him to morrow. The bishop of Clogher's daughter

daughter has been ill some days, and it proves the small-pox. She is very full; but it comes out well, and they apprehend no danger. Lady Orkney has given me her picture; a very fine original of Sir Godfrey Kneller's; it is now a mending. He has favoured her squint admirably; and you know I love a cast in the eye. I was to see lady Worsley to-day, who is just come to town; she is full of rheumatic pains. All my acquaintance grow old and sickly.

9th, I thought to have dined with lord treasurer to-day, but he dined abroad at Tom Harley's; so I dined at lord Masham's, and so was winning all I had lost playing with lady Masham at crown picquet, when I went to Pool's, and I lost it again. Lord treasurer came to us, and chid me for not following him to Tom Harley's. I was this morning to see lady Jersey, and we have made twenty parties about dining together, and I shall hardly keep one of them. She is reduced after all her greatness to seven servants, and a small house, and no coach. I like her tolerably as yet.

10th, I made visits this morning to the duke and duchess of Ormond, and lady Betty, and the duchess of Hamilton. When I was writing this near twelve o'clock, the duchess of Hamilton sent to have me dine with her to-morrow. I am forced to give my answer through the door, for my man has got the key, and is gone to bed; but I cannot obey her, for our society meets to-morrow. I stole away from lord treasurer by eight, and intended to have passed the evening with Sir Thomas Clarges and his lady; but met them in another place, and have there sat till now. My head has not been ill to-day. I was at court, and made lord Mansel walk with me in the Park before we went to dinner. Yesterday and to-day have been fair, but yet it rained all last night. I saw Sterne staring at court to-day. He has been often to see me he says; but my man has not yet let him up. He is in deep mourning; I hope it is not for his wife. I did not ask him.

12th, I

12th, I have reckoned days wrong all this while; for this is the twelfth. I do not know when I lost it. I dined to-day with our society, the greatest dinner I have ever seen. It was at Jack Hill's, the governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow. And lord treasurer has promised me one hundred pounds to reward some others. I found a letter on my table last night, to tell me, that poor little Harrison, the queen's secretary, that came lately from Utrecht with the barrier treaty, was ill, and desired to see me at night; but it was late, and I could not go till to-day. I have often mentioned him in my letters, you may remember. I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from lord Bolingbroke, and an order for one hundred pounds from the treasury, to be paid him to-morrow; and I have got him removed to Knightsbridge for air. He has a fever and inflammation on his lungs; but I hope will do well.

13th, I was to see a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the one hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I sent to see how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. His mother and sister attend him, and he wants nothing. I dined in the city.

14th, I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the one hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I did knock, and his man in tears told his master he was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral with as little cost as possible, to-morrow
at

at ten at night. Lord treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with lord treasurer, nor any where else; but got a bit of meat towards evening. No loss ever grieved me so much: poor creature! Pray God almighty bless you. Adieu. I send this away to-night, and I am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief.

L E T T E R CXL.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. DINGLEY.

LONDON, Feb. 15, [1712-13.]

I DINED to-day with Mr. Rowe, and a projector, who has been teasing me with twenty schemes to get grants; and I don't like one of them; and, besides, I was out of humour for the loss of poor Harrison. At ten this night I was at his funeral, which I ordered to be as private as possible. We had but one coach, with four of us; and when it was carrying us home, after the funeral, the braces broke; and we were forced to sit in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs, at eleven at night, in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed.

16th, I dined to-day with lord Dupplin, and some company to divert me; but left them early, and have been reading a foolish book for amusement. I shall never have courage again to care for making any body's fortune. The parliament meets to-morrow, and will be prorogued another fortnight, at which several of both parties were angry; but it cannot be helped, though every thing about the peace is past all danger. I never saw such a continuance of rainy weather. We have not had two fair days together these ten weeks. I have not dined with lord treasurer these four days, nor can till Saturday; for I have several engagements till then,
and

and he will chide me to some purpose. I am perplexed with this one hundred pounds of poor Harrifon's, what to do with it. I cannot pay his relations till they administer, for he is much in debt; but I will have the staff in my own hands, and venture nothing.

17th, Lady Jersey and I dined, by appointment, to-day with lord Bolingbroke. He is sending his brother to succeed Mr. Harrifon. It is the prettiest post in Europe for a young gentleman. I lost my money sadly at ombre; I make a thousand blunders at it, and play but three-penny ombre; but it is what you call running ombre. Lady Clarges, and a drab I hate, won a dozen shillings of me last night. The parliament was prorogued to-day. People grumble; and the good of it is, the peace cannot be finished by the time they meet, there are so many sidling things to do. I reckon you have all your cards from France, for ours pay six-pence a pack taxes, which goes deep to the box. I have given away all my Spa water, and take some nasty steel drops, and my head has been better this week past. I send every day to see how miss Afhe does. She is very full, they say, but in no danger. I fear she will lose some of her beauty. The son lies out of the house. I wish he had them too, while he is so young.

18th, The earl of Abingdon has been teasing me, these three months to dine with him; and this day was appointed about a week ago, and I named my company; lord Stawell, colonel Disney, and Dr. Arbuthnot; but the two last slipped out their necks, and left Stawell and me to dine there. We did not dine till seven, because it is Ash-Wednesday. We had nothing but fish, which lord Stawell could not eat, and got a broiled leg of a turkey. Our wine was poison; yet the puppy has twelve thousand pounds a year. His carps were raw; and his candles tallow. He shall not catch me in haste again; and every body has laughed at me for dining with him.

him. I was to-day to let Harrison's mother know, I could not pay her till she administers; which she will do. There were more whigs to-day at court than tories. I believe they think the peace must be made, and so come to please the queen. She is still lame with the gout.

19th, I was at court to day, to speak to lord Bolingbroke, to look over Parnell's poem since it is corrected; and Parnell and I dined with him, and he has shewn him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell stared at her, as if she were a goddess. I thought she was like Parnell's wife, and he thought so too. Parnell is much pleased with lord Bolingbroke's favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to his advantage. His poem will be printed in a few days. Our weather continues raining as fresh as if it had not rained at all. I sat to-night at lady Masham's, where lord treasurer, came, and scolded me for not dining with him. I told him, I would not till Saturday. I have stayed there till past twelve; so good night.

20th, Lady Jersey, lady Catharine Hyde*, the Spanish ambassador, the duke d'Atree, another Spaniard, and I, dined to-day, by appointment, with lord Bolingbroke; but they fell a drinking so many Spanish healths in champagne, that I stole away to the ladies, and drank tea till eight; and then went and lost my money at ombre with Sir Andrew Fontaine, who has a very bad leg. Miss Ashe is past all danger; and her eye, which was lately bad (I suppose one effect of her distemper) is now better. I do not let the bishop see me, nor shall this good while. I will speak to Mr. Griffin to morrow, about Ppt's brother Filly, and desire, that his employment may be mended.

21st, I saw Griffin at court. He says he knows nothing of a salt-work at Recton, but that he will give Filly a better employment, and desires, Filly will

* The present duchess of Queensbury.

will write to him. If I knew where to write to Filly I would ; but pray do you. Bid him let Mr. Griffin know, that he has had the honour to be recommended by Dr. Swift, &c. that he will endeavour to deserve, &c. I think Mr. Griffin lives in Bury-street, near St. James's-street, hard by me ; but I suppose your brother may direct to him to the salt-office, and, as I remember, he knows his christian name, because you sent it to me in the list of the commissioners.

I dined with lord treasurer, and seven lords to-day. You know Saturday is his great day. I sat with them till eight, and then came home, and have been writing a letter to Mrs. Davis, at York. She took care to have a letter directed for me at lord treasurer's, for I would not own one she sent by post. She reproaches me for not writing to her these four years ; and I have honestly told her, it was my way never to write to those, whom I am never likely to see, unless I can serve them, which I cannot her, &c. Davis, the schoolmaster's widow.

22d, I dined to-day at lord Orkney's, with the duke of Ormond and Sir Thomas Hanmer. Have you ever heard of the latter ? He married the duchess of Grafton in his youth (she dined with us too.) He is the most considerable man in the house of commons. He went last spring to Flanders, with the duke of Ormond ; from thence to France, and was going to Italy ; but the ministry sent for him, and he has been come over about ten days. He is much out of humour with things. He thinks the peace is kept off too long, and is full of fears and doubts. It is thought he is designed for secretary of state, instead of lord Dartmouth. We have been acquainted these two years ; and I intend, in a day or two, to have an hour's talk with him on affairs. I saw the bishop of Clogher at court. Miss is recovering. I know not how much she will be marked. The queen is slowly mending of her gout, and intends to be brought in a chair to parliament, when it meets, which will be the third of March ; for I suppose

pose they will prorogue no more; yet the peace will not be signed then, and we apprehend the Tories themselves will many of them be discontented.

23d, It was ill weather to-day, and I dined with Sir Andrew Fountaine, and in the evening played at ombre with him and the provost, and won twenty-five shillings; so I recovered myself pretty well. Dilly has been dunning me to see Fanny Manly; but I have not yet been able to do it.

24th, I walked this morning to Chelsea, to see Dr. Atterbury, dean of Christ church. I had business with him about entering Mr. Fitz-Maurice, lord Kerry's son, into his college; and lady Kerry is a great favourite of mine. Lord Harley, lord Dupplin, young Bromley, the speaker's son, and I, dined with Dr. Stratford and some other clergymen; but I left them at seven, to go to lady Jersey, to see Monteleon the Spanish ambassador play at ombre. Lady Jersey was abroad, and I chid the servants, and made a rattle; but since I came home, she sent me a message, that I was mistaken, and that the meeting is to be to-morrow. I have a worse memory than when I left you, and every day forget appointments; but here my memory was by chance too good. But I'll go to-morrow; for lady Catharine Hyde, and lady Bolingbroke, are to be there by my appointment.

25th, Lord treasurer met me last night at lord Masham's, and thanked me for my company in a jeer, because I had not dined with him in three days. He chides me if I stay but two days away together. What will this come to? Nothing. My grandmother used to say, more of your lining, and less of your dining. However, I dined with him, and could hardly leave him at eight, to go to lady Jersey's, where five or six foreign ministers were, and as many ladies. Monteleon played like the English, and cried gacco, and knocked his knuckles for trump, and played at small games like Ppt. Lady Jersey whispered me to stay, and sup with the ladies when the fellows were gone; but they played
till

till eleven, and I would not stay. Lady Catharine Hyde had a mighty mind I should be acquainted with lady Dalkeith, her sister, the duke of Monmouth's eldest son's widow, who was of the company to-night; but I did not like her; she paints too much.

26th, This day our society met at the duke of Ormond's, but I had business, that called me another way; so I sent my excuse, and dined privately with a friend. Besides, Sir Thomas Hanmer whispered me last night, at lady Jersey's, that I must attend lord treasurer, and duke of Ormond, at supper, at his house to-night; which I did, at eleven, and stayed till one. There was the duchess of Grafton, and the duke her son; nine of us in all. Duke of Ormond chid me for not being at the society to-day, and said sixteen were there. I said, I never knew sixteen people good company in my life; no, nor eight neither. We have no news in this town at all. I wonder why I don't write you news. I know less of what passes than any body, because I go to no coffee-house, nor see any but ministers, and such people; and ministers never talk politics in Conversation. The whigs are forming great schemes against the meeting of parliament, which will be next Tuesday, I still think, without fail; and we hope to hear, by then, that the peace is ready to sign. The queen's gout mends daily.

27th, I passed a very insipid day, and dined privately with a friend in the neighbourhood. Did I tell you, that I have a very fine picture of lady Orkney, an original, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, three quarters length? I have it now at home, with a fine frame. Lord Bolingbroke, and lady Masham, have promised to sit for me; but I despair of lord treasurer only. I hope he will give me a copy, and then I shall have all the pictures of those I really love here; just half a dozen; only I'll make lord keeper give me his print in a frame. I have little to do now with my pen, for my grand business

ness* stops till they are more pressing, and till something or other happens; and I believe I shall, with disgust, return to finish it, it is so very laborious. Sir Thomas Hanmer has my papers now. You are now at ombre with the dean, always on Friday night. I stood by the other night, while the duke d'Atree lost six times with Manille, Basso, and three small trumps; and lady Jersey won above twenty pounds.

28th, I was at court to-day, when the abbé Gaudier whispered me, that a courtier was just come with an account, that the French King had consented to all the queen's demands, and his consent was carried to Utrecht, and the peace will be signed in a few days. I suppose the general peace cannot be so soon ready; but that is no matter. The news presently ran about the court. I saw the queen carried out in her chair, to take the air in the garden. I met Griffin at court; and he told me, that orders were sent to examine Filly; and, if he be fit, to make him, I don't know what, supervisor. It is some employment, a good deal better than his own. The parliament will have another short prorogation; though it is not known yet. I dined with lord treasurer, and his Saturday company, and left him at eight. Farewel.

L E T T E R CXLI.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. DINGLEY.

LONDON, March 1, 1712-13.

I SEE I answered a good deal of your last letter about your brother, &c. I dined with lady Orkney, and we talked politicks till eleven at night; and, as usual, found every thing wrong, and put ourselves out of humour. Yes, I have lady Giffard's picture sent me by your mother. It is bound up at a place where

* 'His History of the Peace of Utrecht.'

where my other things are. I have goods in two or three places; and when I leave a lodging, I box up the books I get (for I always get some) and come naked into a new lodging; and so on. Talk not to me of deaneries; I know less of that than ever by much.

2d, I went into the city to see P. at Rolt, who lodges with a city cousin, a daughter of cousin Clerk (you are much the wiser.) I had never been at her house before. My he-cousin Thompson is dead, or dying. I dined with my printer, and walked home, and went to sit with lady Clarges. I found four of them, of which lady Godolphin was one. I sat by her, and talked of her cards, &c. But she would not give one look, nor say a word to me. She refused some time ago to be acquainted with me. You know she is lord Marlborough's eldest daughter. She is a fool for her pains, and I'll pull her down. What can I do for Dr. Smith's daughter's husband? I have no personal credit with any of the commissioners. I will speak to Keightley; but I believe it will signify nothing. In the customs people must rise by degrees, and he must at first take what is very low, if he be qualified for that. Ppt. mistakes me, I am not angry at your recommending any one to me, provided you will take my answer. Some things are in my way, and then I serve those I can. But people will not distinguish, but take things ill, when I have no power; but Ppt. is wiser, and employments in general are very hard to get.

3d, I dined to-day with lord treasurer, who chid me for my absence, which was only from Saturday last. The parliament was again prorogued for a week, and I suppose the peace will be ready by then, and the queen will be able to be brought to the house and make her speech. I saw Dr. Griffith two or three months ago at a Latin play at Westminster, but did not speak to him. I hope he will not die; I should be sorry for Ppt's sake; he is very tender of her. I have long lost all my colds,
and

and the weather mends a little. I take some steel drops, and my head is pretty well. I walk when I can, but am grown very idle, and not finishing my thing, I ramble abroad, and play at ombre. I shall be more careful in my phyfic than Mrs. Price: 'tis not a farthing matter her death, I think; and so I say no more to-night, but will read a dull book, and go sleep.

4th, Mr. Ford has been this half year inviting me to dine at his lodgings; so I did to-day, and brought the provost and Dr. Parnell with me, and my friend Lewis was there. Parnell went away, and the other three played at ombre, and I looked on, which I love and would not play. Tisdall is a pretty fellow, as you say; and when I come back to Ireland with nothing, he will condole me with abundance of secret pleasure. I believe I told you what he wrote to me, 'That I have saved England, and he Ireland:' but I can bear that. I have learned to hear and see, and say nothing. I was to see the duchess of Hamilton to day, and met Bligh of Ireland just going out of her house into his coach. I asked her how she came to receive young fellows. It seems he had a ball in the duke of Hamilton's house when the duke died; and the duchess got an advertisement put in the Post-Boy, reflecting on the ball, because the Marlborough daughters were there; and Bligh came to beg the duchess's pardon, and clear himself.

5th, Lady Masham has miscarried, but is almost well again. I have paid many visits to-day. I met Bligh at the duke of Ormond's; and he begged me to carry him to the duchess of Hamilton to beg her pardon again. I did, on purpose to see how the blunderbuss behaved himself; but I begged the duchess to use him mercifully, for she is the devil of a teaser. The good of it is, she ought to beg his pardon, for he meant no harm; yet she would not allow him to put in an advertisement to clear himself from her's, though her's was all a lye. He appealed to me, and I gravely gave it against him.

I was

I was at court to-day, and the foreign ministers have got a trick of employing me to speak for them to lord treasurer and lord Bolingbroke; which I do when the case is reasonable. The college need not fear; I will not be their governor. I dined with Sir Thomas Hanmer and his duchess. The duke of Ormond was there, but we parted soon, and went to visit lord Pembroke for the first time; but it was to see some curious books. Lord Cholmondeley came in, but I would not talk to him, though he made many advances.

6th, I was to-day at an auction of pictures with Pratt, and laid out two pounds four shillings for a picture of Titian, and if it were a Titian, it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll part with it to lord Masham: if it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myself. *But I made Pratt buy several pictures for lord Masham. Pratt is a great virtuoso that way. I dined with lord treasurer, but made him go to court at eight. I always teaze him to be gone. I thought to have made Parnell dine with him, but he was ill; his head is out of order like mine, but more constant. Poor boy! I was at lord treasurer's levee with the provost, to ask a book of the college. I never go to his levee, unless it be to present somebody.

7th, Yes, I hope Leigh will soon be gone. A p— on him! I met him once, and he talked gravely to me of not seeing the Irish bishops here, and the Irish gentlemen; but I believe my answers fretted him enough. I would not dine with lord treasurer to-day, though it was Saturday, for he has engaged me for to-morrow; but went and dined with lord Masham, and played at sixpenny running ombre for three hours. There were three voles against me, and I was once a great loser, but came off for three shillings and six-pence. One may easily lose five guineas at it. Lady Orkney is gone out of town to-day, and I could not see her for laziness, but wrote to her. She has left me some physick. I never saw D. D's politics before, and I think it pretty extraordinary

dinary; and a great compliment to you, and I believe never three people conversed so much with so little politics. Parvisol has sent me a bill of fifty pounds, as I ordered him, which, I hope, will serve me, and bring me over. I was not at court to-day; a wonder!

8th, You must know, I give chocolate almost every day to two or three people, that I suffer to come to see me in the morning. My man begins to lye pretty well. 'Tis nothing for people to be denied ten times. My man knows all I will see, and denies me to every body else. This is the day of the queen's coming to the crown, and the day lord treasurer was stabbed by Guiscard. I was at court, where every body has their birth-day cloaths on, and I dined with lord treasurer who was very fine. He shewed me some of the queen's speech, which I corrected in several places, and penn'd the vote of address of thanks for the speech*; but I was of opinion, the house should not sit on Tuesday next, unless they hear the peace is signed; that is, provided they are sure it will be signed the week after, and so have one scolding for all.

9th, Lord treasurer would have had me dine with him to-day; he desired me last night, but I refused, because he would not keep the day of his stabbing with all the cabinet, as he intended; so I dined with my friend Lewis; and the provost, and Parnell, and Ford were with us. I lost sixteen shillings at ombre; I don't like it. At night Lewis brought us word, that the parliament does not sit to-morrow. I hope they are sure of a peace by next week, and then they are right, in my opinion: otherwise I think they have done wrong, and might have sat three weeks ago. People will grumble; but lord treasurer cares not a rush. Lord keeper is suddenly taken ill of a quincy; and some lords are in commission. I think lord treasurer is to pro-

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N

rogue

* See this address in the volumes just published by Mr. Deane Swift.

rogue the parliament in his stead. You never saw a town so full of ferment and expectation. Mr. Pope has published a fine poem, called, *Windfor Forest*. Read it.

10th, I was early this morning to see lord Bolingbroke. I find he was of opinion the parliament should sit, and says, they are not sure the peace will be signed next week. The prorogation is to this day se'nnight. I went to look on a library I am going to buy, if we can agree. I have offered one hundred and twenty pounds, and will give ten pounds more. Lord Bolingbroke will lend me the money. I was two hours poring over the books. I will sell some of them, and keep the rest; but I doubt they won't take the money. I dined in the city, and sat an hour in the evening with lord treasurer, who was in a very good humour; but reproached me for not dining with him yesterday, and to-day. What will all this come to? Lord keeper had a pretty good night and is better. I was in pain for him.

11. I was this morning to visit the duke and duchess of Ormond, and the duchess of Hamilton, and went with the provost to an auction of pictures, and laid out fourteen shillings. I am in for it, if I had money; but I doubt I shall be undone, for Sir Andrew Fountaine invited the provost and me to dine with him, and play at ombre, when I fairly lost fourteen shillings. I am come home; 'tis late, and my puppy let out my fire, and I am gone to bed, and writing there, and it is past twelve a good while. Went out four mattadores and a trump in black, and yet was basted.

12th, I was at another auction of pictures to-day, and a great auction it was. I made lord Masham lay out forty pounds. There were pictures sold of twice as much value a-piece. Our society met to-day at the duke of Beaufort's; a prodigious fine dinner, which I hate; but we did some business. Our printer was to attend us, as usual; and the chan-

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cellor of the exchequer * sent the author of the Examiner † twenty guineas. He is an ingenious fellow, but the most confounded coxcomb in the world, so that I dare not let him see me, nor am acquainted with him. I had much discourse with the duke of Ormond this morning, and am driving some points, to secure, &c.—I left the society at seven. I can't drink now at all with any pleasure. I love white Portugal wine better than claret, Champagne, or Burgundy. I have a sad vulgar appetite; I cannot endure above one dish, nor ever could, since I was a boy, and loved stuffing. It was a fair day, which is a rarity with us, I assure you. Never fair two days together.

13th, I had a rabble of Irish parsons this morning drinking my chocolate. I cannot remember appointments. I was to have supped last night with the Swedish envoy at his house, and some other company; but forgot it, and he rallied me to-day at lord Bolingbroke's, who excused me, saying, the envoy ought not to be angry, because I serve lord treasurer and him the same way. For that reason I very seldom promise to go any where. I dined with lord treasurer, who chid me for being absent so long, as he always does, if I miss a day. I sat three hours this evening with lady Jersey; but the first two hours she was at ombre with some company. I left lord treasurer at eight; I fancied he was a little thoughtful, for he was playing with an orange by fits, which I told him, among common men, looked like the spleen. I wish the peace may be ready; I mean, that we have notice it is signed, before Tuesday; otherwise the grumbling will increase.

* 'Robert Benson, Esq;'

† 'Mr. Oldisworth.'

L E T T E R CXLII.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. DINGLEY.

LONDON, March 14, 1712-13.

IT was a lovely day this, and I took the advantage of Walking a good deal in the Park before I went to court. Colonel Disney, one of our society, is ill of a fever, and, we fear, in great danger. We all love him mightily, and he would be a great loss. I doubt I shall not buy the library; for a roguish bookseller has offered sixty pounds more than I designed to give. So you see I meant to have a good bargain. I dined with lord treasurer, and his Saturday company; but there were but seven at table. Lord Peterborow is ill, and spits blood, with a bruise he got before he left England; but, I believe, an Italian lady he has brought over is the cause, that his illness returns. You know old lady Bellasis is dead at last? She has left lord Berkeley of Stratton one of her executors, and it will be of great advantage to him; they say above ten thousand pounds. I stayed with lord treasurer, upon business after the company was gone; but I dare not tell you upon what. My letters would be good memoirs, if I durst venture to say a thousand things that pass; but I hear so much of letters opening at your post-office, that I am fearful, &c.

15th, Lord treasurer engaged me to dine with him again to-day, and I had ready what he wanted; but he would not see it, but put me off till to-morrow. The queen goes to chapel now. She is carried in an open chair, and will be well enough to go to parliament on Tuesday, if the houses meet, which is not yet certain; neither, indeed, can the ministers themselves tell; for it depends on winds and weather, and circumstances of negotiation. However, we go on as if it was certainly to meet; and I
am

am to be at lord treasurer's to-morrow, upon that supposition, to settle some things relating that way. Ppt. may understand me. The doctor tells me, that if poor colonel Disney does not get some sleep to-night he must die. What care you? Ah! but I do care. He is one of our society; a fellow of abundance of humour; an old battered rake; but very honest. Not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that said of Jenny Kingdom, the maid of honour, who is a little old, that, since she could not get a husband, the queen should give her a brevet, to act as a married woman. You don't understand this. They give brevets to majors and captains to act as colonels in the army. Brevets are commissions. Ask soldiers.

16th, I was at lord treasurer's before he came; and as he entered, he told me, the parliament was prorogued till Thursday se'nnight. They have had some expresses, by which they count, that the peace will be signed by that time, at least that France, Holland, and we, will sign some articles, by which we shall engage to sign the peace when it is ready. But Spain has no minister there; for Monteleon, who is to be their ambassador at Utrecht, is not yet gone from hence; and till he is there, the Spaniards can sign no peace. And one thing take notice of, that a general peace can hardly be finished these two months, so as to be proclaimed here; for, after signing, it must be ratified; that is, confirmed by the several princes at their courts, which to Spain will cost a month; for we must have notice, that it is ratified in all courts, before we can proclaim it; so be not in too much haste.

17th, The Irish folks were disappointed, that the parliament did not meet to-day, because it was St. Patrick's-day; and the Mall was so full of crosses, that I thought all the world was Irish. Miss Ashe is almost quite well, and I see the bishop, but shall not yet go to his house*. I dined again with lord treasurer;

* This seems to indicate that Swift never had the small-pox.

surer; but the parliament being prorogued, I must keep what I have till next week; for I believe he will not see it till just the evening before the session. He has engaged me to dine with him again to-morrow, tho' I did all I could to put it off; but I don't care to disoblige him.

18th, I have now dined six days successively with lord treasurer; but at night I stole away, while he was talking with somebody else, and so am at liberty to-morrow. There was a flying report of a general cessation of arms; every body had it at court; but, I believe, there is nothing in it. I asked a certain French minister how things went? and he whispered me in French, Your plenipotentiaries and ours play the fool. None of us indeed approve of the conduct of either at this time, but lord treasurer was in full good humour for all that. He had invited a good many of his relations; and, of a dozen at table, they were all of the Harley family but myself. Disney is recovering, tho' you don't care a straw. Dilly murders us with his if-puns. You know them.

19th, The bishop of Clogher has made an if-pun, that he is mighty proud of, and designs to send it over to his brother Tom; but Sir Andrew Fountaine has wrote to Tom At the last post, and told him the pun, and desired him to send it over to the bishop as his own; and, if it succeeds, it will be a pure bite. The bishop will tell it us as a wonder, that he and his brother should jump so exactly. I'll tell you the pun. If there was a hackney coach at Mr. Pooley's door, what town in Egypt would it be? Why, it would be Hecatompolis; Hac at Tom Pooley's. Silly, says Ppt. I dined with a private friend to-day; for our society, I told you, meet but once a fortnight. I have not seen Fanny Manley yet; I can't help it. Lady Orkney is come to town: why, she was at her country-house; but what care you?

20th, Dilly read me a letter to-day from Ppt. She seems to have scratched her head when she wrote it

it. 'Tis a sad thing to write to people without taste. There you say, you hear I was going to Bath. No such thing; I am pretty well, thank God. The town is now sending me to Savoy; forty people have given me joy of it, yet there is not the least truth that I know in it. I was at an auction of pictures, but bought none. I was so glad of my liberty, that I would dine no where; but, the weather being fine, I sauntered into the city, and eat a bit about five, and then supped at Mr. Burke's, the accomptant-general, who had been engaging me this month. The bishop of Clogher was to have been there, but was hindered by lord Paget's funeral. The provost and I sat till one o'clock; and, if that be not late, I don't know what is late. Parnell's poem will be published on Monday, and tomorrow, I design, he shall present it to lord treasurer, and lord Bolingbroke at court. The poor lad is almost always out of order with his head. Burke's wife is his sister.

21st, Morning. I will now finish my letter; for company will come, and a stir and a clutter; and I'll keep the letter in my pocket, and give it in to the post. I must go to court, and you know on Saturday I dine with lord treasurer of course. Farewel.

L E T T E R CXLIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. DINGLEY.

LONDON, March 21, 1712-13.

I DINED with lord treasurer to-day, and find he has been at a meeting at lord Halifax's house with four principal whigs; but he is resolved to begin a speech against them, when the parliament sits; and I have begged, that the ministers may have a meeting on purpose to settle that matter, and let us be the attackers; and I believe it will come to something, for the whigs intend to attack the ministers: and

and, if instead of that, the ministers attack the whigs, it will be better. And further, I believe, we shall attack them on those very points they intend to attack us. The parliament will be again prorogued for a fortnight, because of passion week. I forgot to tell you, that Mr. Griffin has given Ppt's brother a new employment, better than his former; but more remote, and consequently cheaper. I wish I could have done better, and hope, that you will take what can be done in good part, and that Ppt's brother will not dislike it.

22d. I dined to-day with lord steward. There Frank Annesley (a parliament man) told me he had heard, that I had wrote to my friends in Ireland, to keep firm to the whig interest; for that lord treasurer would certainly declare for it after the peace. Annesley said twenty people had told him this. You must know this is what they endeavour to report of lord treasurer, that he designs to declare for the whigs; and a Scotch fellow has wrote the same to Scotland; and his meeting with those lords gives occasion to such reports. Let me henceforth call lord treasurer Eltee, because possibly my letters may be opened. Pray remember L. T. and Eltee are pronounced the same way. You see why I cannot come over the beginning of April. Whoever has to do with this ministry can fix no time.

23d, I dined to-day at Sir Thomas Hanmer's, by an old appointment: there was the duke of Ormond, and lord and lady Orkney. I left them at six; every body is as sour as vinegar. I endeavoured to keep a firm friendship between the duke of Ormond and Eltee. I have great designs, if I can compass them; but delay is rooted in Eltee's heart; yet the fault is not altogether there, that things are no better. Here is the cursedest libel in verse come out, called, *The Ambassadors**; it is very dull too; it has been
printed

* It was entitled, 'The British ambassadors's speech to the French King,' for publishing of which, Mr. William Hart, the
printer

printed in three or four different ways, and is handed about but not sold. It abuses the queen horribly. The Examiner † has cleared me to-day of being author of his paper, and done it with great civilities to me. I hope it will stop people's mouths; if not, they must go on and be hanged, I care not. 'Tis terrible rainy weather, I'll go sleep.

24th, It rained all this day, and ruined me in coach hire. I went to see colonel Disney, who is past danger. Then I visited lord keeper, who was at dinner. I would not dine with him, but drove to lord treasurer (Eltee I mean) paid the coachman, and went in; but he dined abroad: so I was forced to call the coachman again, and went to lord Bo-

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lingbroke's.

printer of the Flying Post was tried in the court of King's Bench, June 27, 1713, and sentenced to stand twice in the pillory, to pay a fine of 50*l.* to her majesty, to be imprisoned two years, and till he should pay the said fine; and to find sufficient sureties for his good behaviour during life.

† 'The paper is No. 35. Vol. III. and the passage as follows: "They have been a long time laying a load upon a gentleman of the first character for learning, good sense, wit and more virtues, than even they can set off and illustrate by all the opposition and extremes of vice, which are the compounds of their party. He is indeed fully accomplished to be mortally hated by them, and they needed not to charge him with writing the Examiner, as if that were a sufficient revenge; in which they shew as little judgment as truth. I here pronounce him clear of that imputation; and, out of pure regard to justice, strip myself of all the honour that lucky untruth did this paper, reserving to myself the entertaining reflection, that I was once taken for a man, who has a thousand other recommendations, besides the malice of the worst men, to make him loved and esteemed by the best. This is the second time I have humoured that party, by publicly declaring who is not the author of the Examiner. I will lend them no more light, because they do no love it. I could only wish, that their investives against that gentleman had been considerable enough to call forth his public resentments; and I stand amazed at their folly, in provoking so much ruin to their party. Their intellectuals must be as stupid as their consciences, not to dread the terrors of his pen, though they met him with all that spite to his person, which they ever expressed against his order."

lingbroke's. He dined abroad too ; and at lord Dupplin's I alighted, and by good luck got a dinner there, and then went to the Latin play at Westminster school, acted by the boys ; and lord treasurer, Eltee I mean again, honoured them with his presence. Lady Masham's eldest son, about two years old, is ill, and I am afraid will not live. She is full of grief, and I pity and am angry with her. Four shillings to-day in coach hire ; it won't do. Our peace will certainly be ready by Thursday fortnight ; but our plenipotentiaries were to blame, that it was not done already. They thought their powers were not full enough to sign the peace, unless every prince was ready, which cannot yet be ; for Spain has no minister yet at Utrecht ; but now curs have new orders.

25th, Weather worse than ever ; terrible rain all day, but I was resolved I would spend no more money. I went to an auction of pictures with Dr. Pratt, and there met the duke of Beaufort, who promised to come with me to court, but did not. So a coach I got, and went to court, and did some little business there, but was forced to go home ; for you must understand I take a little physic overnight, which works me next day. Lady Orkney is my physician. It is hierapicra two spoonfuls, devilish stuff ! I thought to have dined with Eltee, but would not, merely to save a shilling ; but I dined privately with a friend, and played at ombre, and won six shillings. Here are several people of quality lately dead of the small pox. I have not yet seen miss Ashe, but hear she is well. The bishop of Clogher has bought abundance of pictures ; and Dr. Pratt has got him very good penny-worths. I can get no walks, the weather is so bad.

26th, Though it was shaving day, head and beard, yet I was out early to see lord Bolingbroke, and talk over affairs with him ; and then I went to the duke of Ormond, and so to court, where the ministers did not come, because the parliament was prorogued till this day fortnight. We had terrible
rain

rain and hail to day. Our society met this day, but I left them before seven, and went to Sir Andrew Fountaine, and played at ombre with him and Sir Thomas Clarges till ten, and then went to Sir Thomas Hanmer. His wife, the dutchess of Grafton, left us after a little while, and I stayed with him about an hour upon some affairs, &c. Lord Bolingbroke left us at the society before I went, for there is an express from Utrecht, but I know not yet what it contains, only I know the ministers expect the peace will be signed in a week, which is a week before the session.

27th, Parnell's poem is mightily esteemed; but poetry sells ill. I am plagued with poor Harrison's mother: you would laugh to see how cautious I am of paying her the 100*l*. I received for her son from the treasury. I have asked every creature I know, whether I may do it safely? yet durst not venture, till my lord keeper assured me there was no danger. Yet I have not paid her, but will in a day or two; though I have a great mind to stay till Ppt. sends me her opinion, because Ppt. is a great lawyer. I dined to-day with a mixture of people at a Scotchman's, who made the invitation to Mr. Lewis and me, and has some design upon us, which we know very well. I went afterwards to see a famous moving picture, and I never saw any thing so pretty. You see a sea ten inches wide, a town at the other end, and ships sailing in the sea, and discharging their cannon. You see a great sky, with moon and stars, &c. I am a fool.

28th, I had a mighty levee to-day. I deny myself to every body, except about half a dozen, and they were all here; and Mr. Addison was one. I had chocolate twice, which I don't like. Our rainy weather continues. Coach-hire goes deep. I dined with Eltee, and his Saturday company as usual, and could not get away till nine. Lord Peterborow was making long harangues, and Eltee kept me in spite. Then I went to the bishop of Ossory, who had engaged me in the morning; he is going to Ireland.

The

The bishop of Killaloe and Tom Leigh were with us. The latter had wholly changed his stile by seeing how the bishops behaved themselves; and he seemed to think me one of more importance than I really am. I put the ill conduct of the bishops, about the first-fruits, with relation to Eltee and me, strongly upon Killaloe, and shewed how it had hindered me from getting a better thing for them, called, The Crown Rents, which the queen had promised. He had nothing to say, but was humble, and desired my interest in that and some other things.

29th, I have been employed in endeavouring to save one of your junior fellows,* who came over here for a dispensation from taking orders, and, in soliciting it, has run out his time, and now his fellowship is void, if the college pleases, unless the queen suspends the execution, and gives him time to take orders. I spoke to all the ministers yesterday about it; but they say the queen is angry, and thought it was a trick to deceive her; and she is positive, and so the man must be ruined, for I cannot help him. I never saw him in my life; but, the case was so hard, I could not forbear interposing. Your government recommended him to the duke of Ormond, and he thought they would grant it; and by the time it was refused, the fellowship by rigour is forfeited. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot (one of my brothers) at his lodgings in Chelsea, and was there at chapel; and the altar put me in mind of Tisdal's outlandish mould at your hospital for soldiers. I was not at court to-day, and I hear the queen was not at church. Perhaps the gout has seized her again. Terrible rain all day.

30th, Morning. I was naming some time ago to a certain person another certain person, that was very deserving, and poor and sickly; and the other, that first certain person, gave me 100l. to give the other, which I have not yet done. The person, who is to have it, never saw the giver, nor expects
one

* Mr. Charles Grattan.

one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it ; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprize ; for I think it a handsome present enough.

At night I dined in the city, at Pontac's, with lord Dupplin*, and some others. We were treated by one colonel Cleland, who has a mind to be governor of Barbadoes, and is laying these long traps for me and others, to engage our interest for him. He is a true Scotchman. I payed the 100l. this evening, and it was a great surprize to the receiver. We reckon the peace is now signed, and that we shall have it in three days. I believe it is pretty sure.

31st, I thought to-day on Ppt. when she told me she supposed I was acquainted with the steward, when I was giving myself airs of being at some lord's house. Sir Andrew Fountaine invited the bishop of Clogher and me, and some others, to dine where he did ; and he carried us to the duke of Kent's, who was gone out of town, but the steward treated us nobly, and shewed us the fine pictures, &c. This evening lady Masham, Dr. Arbuthnot and I were contriving a lye for to-morrow, that Mr. Noble†, who was hanged last Saturday, was recovered by his friends, and then seized again by the sheriff, and is now in the messenger's hands at the Black Swan in Holborn. We are all to send to our friends, to know whether they have heard any thing of it? and so we hope it will spread. However, we shall do our endeavours ; nothing shall be wanting on our parts, and leave the rest to fortune.

April 1. We had no success in our story, though I sent my man to several houses, to enquire among the footmen, without letting him into the secret ; but I doubt my colleagues did not contribute as they ought.

* Then one of the tellers of the exchequer.

† ' Richard Noble, an attorney at New Inn, executed at Kingston, for the murder of John Sayer, Esq; whose wife, the daughter of admiral Nevill, he had seduced from her husband.'

ought. Parnell and I dined with Dartineuf to-day. You have heard of Dartineuf; I have told you of him. After dinner, we all went to lord Bolingbroke's, who had desired me to dine with him; but I would not, because I heard it was to look over a dull poem of one parson Trap, upon the peace. The Swedish envoy told me to-day at court, that he was in great apprehensions about his master; and indeed we are afraid that prince * is dead among those Turkish dogs. I prevailed on lord Bolingbroke to invite Mr. Addison to dine with him on Good Friday. I suppose we shall be mighty mannerly. Addison is to have a play on Friday, in Easter week: 'tis a tragedy, called Cato: I saw it unfinished some years ago. Did I tell you that Steele has begun a new daily paper, called the Guardian †; they say good for nothing. I have not seen it.

2d, I was this morning with lord Bolingbroke, and he tells me a Spanish courier is just come, with the news, that the king of Spain has agreed to every thing that the queen desires? and the duke Ossuna has left Paris, in order to his journey to Utrecht. I was prevailed on to come home with Trap, and read his poem, and correct it; but it was good for nothing. While I was there employed, Sir Thomas Hanmer came up to my chamber, and baulked me of a journey he and I intended this week to lord Orkney's at Clifden; but he is not well, and his physician will not let him undertake such a journey. I intended to dine with lord treasurer, but going to see colonel Disney, who lives with general Withers, I liked the general's little dinner so well, that I stayed and took share of it, and did not go to lord treasurer till six, where I found Dr. Sacheverell, who told us, that the bookseller had given him

* Charles the XIIth.

† 'That paper began to be published on Thursday, March 12, 1712-13.'

him 100l. for his * sermon, preached last Sunday, and intended to print 30,000; but I believe he will be confoundedly bit, and will hardly sell above half. I have fire still, though April is begun, against my old maxim; but the weather is wet and cold. I never saw such a long run of ill weather in my life.

3d, I was at the queen's chapel to-day, but she was not there. Mr. St. John, lord Bolingbroke's brother, came this day at noon with an express from Utrecht, that the peace is signed by all the ministers there, but those of the emperor, who will likewise sign in a few days; so that now the great work is in effect done; and I believe will appear a most excellent peace for Europe, particularly for England. Addison and I, and some others, dined with lord Bolingbroke, and sat with him till twelve. We were very civil, but yet when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. Addison raised his objections, and lord Bolingbroke answered them with great complaisance. Addison began lord Somers's health, which went about; but I bid him not name lord Wharton's, for I would not pledge it; and I told lord Bolingbroke frankly, that Addison loved lord Wharton as little as I did: so we laughed, &c. Well, but you are glad of the peace, you Ppt. the trimmer, are not you? As for D. D. I don't doubt her.

4th, This passion week, people are so demure, especially this last day, that I told Dilly, who called here, that I would dine with him, and so I did;
and

* 'His (Sacheverell's) sermon, preached at St. Saviour's church, in Southwark, of which he was one of the chaplains, on Luke xxiii. 34, on occasion of the expiration of the three years silence imposed upon him by the house of lords, in consequence of his impeachment in 1709. The sermon was published under the title of 'The Christian triumph, or the duty of praying for our enemies. In April 1713, he was presented by the queen to the rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn, which had been held in commendam by Dr. Thomas Manningham, with the bishopric of Chichester.'

and had a small shoulder of mutton of my own bespeaking. It rained all this day. I came home at seven, and have never stirred out, but have been reading Sacheverell's long dull sermon, which he sent me. It is the first sermon since his suspension is expired; but not a word in it upon the occasion, except two or three remote hints. The bishop of Clogher has been sadly bit by Tom Ashe, who sent him a pun, which the bishop had made, and designed to send to him, but delayed it; and lord Pembroke and I made Sir Andrew Fountaine write it to Tom. I believe I told you of it in my last; it succeeded right, and the bishop was wondering to lord Pembroke how he and his brother could hit on the same thing. I'll go to bed soon, for I must be at church by eight to-morrow, Easter-day.

5th, Warburton wrote to me two letters about a living of one Foulkes, who is lately dead in the county of Meath. My answer is, that before I received the first letter, general George had recommended a friend of his to the duke of Ormond, which was the first time I heard of its vacancy, and it was the provost told me of it. I believe verily that Foulkes was not dead when George recommended the other. For Warburton's last letter said, that Foulkes was dead the day before the date. This has prevented me from serving Warburton, as I would have done, if I had received notice early enough. Pray say, or write this to Warburton, to justify me to him. I was at church at eight this morning, and shaved and dressed after. I came back, but was too late at court; and lord Abington had like to have snapped me for dinner; and, I believe, will fall out with me for refusing him: but I hate dining with him, and I dined with a private friend, and took two or three good walks; for it was a very fine day, the first we have had a great while. Remember was Easter-day a fine day with you? I have sat with lady Worsley till late.

6th, I was this morning, at ten, at the rehearsal of Mr. Addison's play, called Cato, which is to be
acted

acted on Friday. There were not above half a score of us to see it. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them; and the drab, that acts Cato's daughter *, out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out, what's next? The bishop of Clogher was there too, but he stood privately in a gallery. I went to dine with lord treasurer, but he was gone to Wimbledon, his daughter Caermarthen's country seat, seven miles off; so I went back, and dined privately with Mr. Addison, whom I had left to go to lord treasurer. I keep fire yet; I am very extravagant. I sat this evening with Sir Andrew Fountaine, and we amused ourselves with making if-puns for Dilly. It is rainy weather, never saw the like. Pray tell Swanton I had his letter, but cannot contrive how to serve him. If a governor were to go over, I would recommend him as far as lay in my power, but I can do no more; and you know all employments in Ireland, at least almost all, are engaged in reversions. If I were on the spot, and had credit with a lord lieutenant, I would very heartily recommend him; but employments here are no more in my power than the monarchy itself.

7th, Morning, I have had a visiter here, that has taken up my time. I writ by this post to the dean, but it is not above two lines, and one inclosed to you; but that inclosed to you is not above three lines; and then one inclosed to the dean, which he must not have, but upon condition of burning it immediately after reading, and that before your eyes; for there are some things in it I would not have liable to accident. You shall only know in general, that it is an account of what I have done to serve him in his pretensions on these vacancies, &c. But he must not know that you know so much.

L E T T E R

* Mrs. Oldfield.

LETTER CXLIV.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. DINGLEY.

LONDON, April 7, 1713.

I DINED with lord treasurer, and though the Business I had with him is something against Thursday, when the parliament is to meet, and this is Tuesday, yet he put it off till to-morrow. I dare not tell you what it is, lest this letter should miscarry, or be opened; but I never saw his fellow for delays. The parliament will now certainly sit, and every body's expectations are ready to burst. At a council to-night, the lord chief justice Parker*, a whig, spoke against the peace; so did lord Cholmondeley, another whig, who is treasurer of the household. My lord keeper was this night made lord chancellor. We hope there will soon be some removes.

8. Lord Cholmondeley is this day removed from his employment, for his last night's speech; and Sir Richard Temple, lieutenant-general, the greatest whig in the army, is turned out; and lieutenant-general Palmer will be obliged to sell his regiment. This is the first-fruits of a friendship I have established between two great men. I dined with lord treasurer, and did the business I had for him to his satisfaction. I won't tell you what it was. The parliament sits to-morrow for certain. Here is a letter printed in Maccartney's name, vindicating himself from the murder of duke Hamilton. I must give some hints to have it answered; 'tis full of lies, and will give an opportunity of exposing that party. To-morrow will be a very important day. All the world will be at Westminster. Lord treasurer is as easy as a lamb. They are mustering up the proxies of the absent lords, but they are not in any

* Afterwards earl of Macclesfield.

any fear of wanting a majority, which death and accidents have increased this year.

9th, I was this morning with lord treasurer, to present to him a young son of the late earl of Jersey, at the desire of the widow. There I saw the mace and great coach ready for lord treasurer, who was going to parliament. Our society met to-day, but I expected the houses would sit longer than I cared to fast; so I dined with a friend, and never enquired how matters went till eight this evening, when I went to lord Orkney's, where I found Sir Thomas Hanmer. The queen delivered her speech very well, but a little weaker in her voice. The crowd was vast. The order for an address was moved, and opposed by lords Nottingham, Halifax, and Cowper. Lord treasurer spoke with great spirit and resolution; lord Peterborow flirited against the duke of Marlborough, (who is in Germany, you know) but it was in answer to one of lord Hallifax's impertinencies. The order for an address passed by a majority of thirty-three, and the houses rose before six. This is the account I heard at lord Orkney's. The bishop of Chester*, a high tory, was against the court. The duchess of Marlborough sent for him some months ago to justify herself to him in relation to the queen; and shewed him letters, and told him stories, which the weak man believed, and was perverted.

10th, I dined with a cousin in the city, and poor Patty Rolt was there. I have got her rogue of a husband leave to come to England from Portmahon. The whigs are much down, but I reckon they have some scheme in agitation. This parliament-time hinders our court-meetings on Wednesday's, Thursday's, and Saturdays. I had a great deal of business to-night, which gave me a temptation to be idle, and I lost a dozen shillings at ombre with Dr. Pratt and another. It rains every day, and yet we are
all

* Dr. Francis Gastrell, consecrated to that see, April 4, 1713.

all over dust. Lady Masham's eldest boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live, and she stays at Kensington to nurse him, which vexes us all. She is so excessively fond, it makes me mad. She should never leave the queen, but leave every thing, to stick to what is so much the interest of the public, as well as her own. This I tell her; but talk to the winds.

11th, I dined at lord treasurer's with his Saturday company. We had ten at table, all lords, but myself, and the chancellor of the exchequer. Argyle went off at six, and was in very indifferent humour, as usual. Duke of Ormond and lord Bolingbroke were absent. I staid till near ten. Lord treasurer shewed us a small picture, enamelled work, and set in gold, worth about twenty pounds, a picture, I mean, of the queen, which she gave to the duchess of M——gh, set in diamonds. When the duchess was leaving England, she took off all the diamonds, and gave the picture to one Mrs. Higgins, (an old intriguing woman, whom every body knows) bidding her make the best of it she could. Lord treasurer sent to Mrs. Higgins for the picture, and gave her one hundred pounds for it. Was ever such an ungrateful beast as that duchess? or did you ever hear such a story? I suppose the whigs will not believe it. Pray, try them. She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an insignificant woman, as a thing of no consequence; and gives it to her to sell, like a piece of old-fashion'd plate.

12th, I went to court to-day, on purpose to present Mr. Berkeley*, one of your fellows of Dublin college, to lord Berkeley of Stratton. That Mr. Berkeley is a very ingenious man, and a great philosopher, and I have mentioned him to all the ministers, and have given them some of his writings; and

* This Mr. Berkeley was afterwards the celebrated bishop of Cloyne. See a letter of lord Bolingbroke, dated July 25, 1725, and note.

and I will favour him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to, in honour and conscience, to use all my little credit towards helping forward men of worth in the world †. The queen was at chapel to-day, and looks well. I dined at lord Orkney's with the duke of Ormond, lord Arran, and Sir Thomas Hanmer. Mr. St. John, secretary at Utrecht, expects every moment to return there with the ratification of the peace.

13th, This morning my friend, Mr. Lewis, came to me, and shewed me an order for a warrant for the three vacant deaneries? but none of them to me. This was what I always foresaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr. Lewis tell my lord treasurer, that I take nothing ill of him, but his not giving me timely notice, as he promised to do, if he found the queen would do nothing for me. At noon, lord treasurer hearing I was in Mr. Lewis's office, came to me, and said many things, too long to repeat. I told him, I had nothing to do but to go to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, stay longer here, unless I had something honourable immediately given to me. We dined together at the duke of Ormond's. He there told me, he had stopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me, might be at the same time, and he hoped to compass it to-night; but I believe him not. I told the duke of Ormond my intentions. He is content Sterne should be a bishop, and I have St. Patrick's; but I believe, nothing will come of it; for stay I will not; and so I believe you will see me in Dublin before April ends. I am less out of humour than you would imagine; and if it were not, that impertinent people will condole with me, as they used to give me joy, I would value it less. But I still avoid company, and muster up my baggage, and send them next Monday by the carrier to Chester,

and

† Swift procured him to be sent secretary and chaplain to Sicily, with the earl of Peterborough.

and go see my willows, against the expectation of all the world.

14th. I dined in the city to-day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready for me against I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of the town as soon as ever the warrants for the deaneries are out, which are yet stopped. Lord treasurer told Mr. Lewis, that it should be determined to-night; and so he will say an hundred nights; so he said yesterday, but I value it not. My daily journals shall be but short till I get into the city, and then I will send away this, and follow it myself; and design to walk it all the way to Chester, my man and I, by ten miles a-day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I shall do it in fourteen days.

15th. Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with him to-day, (I was as good company as ever) and told me the queen would determine something for me to-night. The dispute is Windsor, or St. Patrick's. I told him I would not stay for their disputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord Masham told me, that lady Masham is angry I have not been to see her since this business, and desires I will come to-morrow.

16th. I was this noon at lady Masham's, who was just come from Kensington, where her eldest son is sick. She said much to me of what she had talked to the queen, and lord treasurer. The poor lady fell a shedding tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having St. Patrick's, &c. I was never more moved than to see so much friendship. I would not stay with her, but went and dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, with Mr. Berkeley, one of your fellows, whom I have recommended to the doctor, &c. Mr. Lewis tells me, that the duke of Ormond has been to-day with the queen; and she was content, that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of Dromore, and I dean of St. Patrick's; but then out came lord treasurer, and said, he would not be satisfied, but that I must be a prebendary of Windsor. Thus he perplexes

plexes things. I expect neither; but I confess, as much as I love England, I am so angry at this treatment, that, if I had my choice, I would rather have St. Patrick's. Lady Masham says, she will speak to the purpose to the queen to-morrow.

17th. I went to dine at lady Masham's to-day, and she was taken ill of a fore throat, and is aguish. She spoke to the queen last night, but had not much time. The queen says she will determine to-morrow with lord treasurer. The warrants for the deaneries are still stopped, for fear I should be gone. Do you think any thing will be done? I don't care whether it is or no. In the mean time I prepare for my journey, and see no great people, nor will see lord treasurer any more, if I go. Lord treasurer told Mr. Lewis, it should be done to-night; so he said five nights ago.

18th. This morning Mr. Lewis sent me word, that lord treasurer told him the queen would determine at noon. At three lord treasurer sent to me, to come to his lodgings at St. James's, and told me the queen was at last resolved, that Dr. Sterne should be bishop of Dromore, and I dean of St. Patrick's; and that Sterne's warrant should be drawn immediately. You know the deanery is in the duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted between the queen, lord treasurer, and the duke of Ormond, to make room for me. I do not know whether it will yet be done; some unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland, and, I confess, I thought the ministry would not let me go; but perhaps they can't help it.

19th. I forgot to tell you, that lord treasurer forced me to dine with him yesterday, as usual, with his Saturday company; which I did, after frequent refusals. To-day I dined with a private friend, and was not at court. After dinner, Mr. Lewis sent me word, that the queen stayed till she knew whether the duke of Ormond approved of Sterne for a bishop. I went this evening, and found the duke of Ormond at the Cockpit, and told him, and desired
he

he would go to the queen, and approve of Sterne. He made objections, and desired I would name any other deanery, for he did not like Sterne; that Sterne never went to see him; that he was influenced by the archbishop of Dublin, &c. so all is now broken again. I sent out for lord treasurer, and told him this. He says all will do well; but I value not what he says. This suspense vexes me worse than any thing else.

20th. I went to-day, by appointment, to the Cockpit, to talk with the duke of Ormond. He repeated the same proposals of any other deanery, &c. I desired he would put me out of the case, and do as he pleased. Then, with great kindness, he said he would consent; but would do it for no man else but me, &c. And he will speak to the queen to-day or to-morrow: so, perhaps, something will come of it. I can't tell.

21st. The duke of Ormond has told the queen, he is satisfied, that Sterne should be bishop, and she consents I shall be dean; and I suppose the warrants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an alehouse with Parnell and Berkeley; for I am not in humour to go among the ministers; though lord Dartmouth invited me to dine with him to-day, and lord-treasurer was to be there. I said I would, if I were out of suspense.

22d. The queen says warrants shall be drawn, but she will dispose of all in England and Ireland at once, to be teased no more. This will delay it some time; and, while it is delayed, I am not sure of the queen, my enemies being busy. I hate this suspense.

23d. I dined yesterday with general Hamilton. I forgot to tell you. I write short journals now. I have eggs on the spit. This night the queen has signed all the warrants, among which Sterne is bishop of Dromore, and the duke of Ormond is to send over an order for making me dean of St. Patrick's. I have no doubt of him at all. I think 'tis now past. But you see what a condition I am in.

I thought

I thought I was to pay but six hundred pounds for the house; but the bishop of Clogher says eight hundred pounds; first-fruits, about one hundred and fifty pounds Irish, and so with a patent, &c. a thousand pounds in all; so that I shall not be the better for the deanery these three years. I hope, in some time, they will be persuaded here to give me some money to pay off these debts. I must finish the book * I am writing, before I can go over; and they expect I shall pass next winter here, and then I will drive them to give me a sum of money. However, I hope to pass four or five months with you. I received your's to-night; just ten weeks since I had your last. I shall write next post to bishop Sterne. Never man had so many enemies of Ireland as he. I carried it with the strongest hand possible. If he does not use me well, and gently, in what dealings I shall have with him, he will be the most ungrateful of mankind. The archbishop of York †, my mortal enemy, has sent, by the third hand, that he would be glad to see me. Shall I see him, or not? I hope to be over in a month. I shall answer your rattle soon; but no more journals. I shall be very busy. Short letters from henceforward. I shall not part with Laracor. That is all I have to live on, except the deanery be worth more than four hundred pounds a year. Is it? Pray write to me a good humoured letter immediately, let it be ever so short. This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they say here, it is much to my reputation, that I have made a bishop, in spite of all the world, and got the best deanery in Ireland.

24th. I forgot to tell you I had Sterne's letter yesterday, in answer to mine. I dined in the city to-day with my printer, and came home early, and am going to be busy with my work. I will send

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this

* The History of the peace of Utrecht.

† Dr. Sharp, who, with the duchess of Somerset, prevented the queen from giving him a bishopric.

this to-morrow, and I suppose the warrants will go then. I wrote to Dr. Coghill, to take care of passing my patent; and to Parvisol, to attend him with money, if he has any, or to borrow some where he can.

25th. Morning. I know not whether my warrant be got ready from the duke of Ormond. I suppose it will by to-night. I am going abroad, and will keep this unsealed, till I know whether all be finished.

I had this letter all day in my pocket, waiting till I heard the warrants were gone over. Mr. Lewis sent to Southwell's clerk at ten; and he said the bishop of Killaloe had desired they should be stopped till next post. He sent again, that the bishop of Killaloe's * business had nothing to do with ours. Then I went myself, but it was past eleven, and asked the reason. Killaloe is removed to Rapho, and he has a mind to have an order for the rents of Rapho, that have fallen due since the vacancy, and he would have all stop till he has gotten that. A pretty request! But the clerk, at Mr. Lewis's message, sent the warrants for Sterne and me; but then it was too late to send this, which frets me heartily.

26th. I was at court to-day, and a thousand people gave me joy; so I ran out. I dined with lady Orkney. Yesterday I dined with lord treasurer, and his Saturday people, as usual; and was so be-deaned, &c. The archbishop of York says, he will never more speak against me. Pray see, that Parvisol stirs about getting my patent. I have given Took D. D's note, to prove she is alive.

27th. Nothing new to-day. I dined with Tom Harley, &c. I'll seal up this to-night. Pray write soon.

LETTER

* Dr. Thomas Lindsay.

LETTER CXLV.

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.

MADAM,

December 20, 1712.

ANY other person, of less refinement and prudence than myself, would be at a loss how to thank your Grace, upon the surprise of coming home last night, and finding two pictures, where only one was demanded. But I understood your Grace's malice, and do here affirm you to be the greatest prude upon earth. You will not so much as let your picture be alone in a room with a man, no not with a clergyman, and a clergyman of five and forty, and therefore resolved my Lord Duke should accompany it, and keep me in awe, that I might not presume to look too often upon it. For my own part, I begin already to repent that I ever begged your Grace's picture; and could almost find in my heart to send it you back: For, although it be the most beautiful sight I ever beheld, except the original, yet the veneration and respect it fills me with, will always make me think I am in your Grace's presence; will hinder me from saying and writing twenty idle things, that used to divert me; will set me labouring upon majestic, sublime ideas, at which I have no manner of talent; and will make those, who come to visit me, think I am grown, on the sudden, wonderful stately and reserved. But, in life, we must take the evil with the good; and it is one comfort, that I know how to be revenged. For the sight of your Grace's resemblance, will perpetually remind me of paying my duty to your person; which will give your Grace the torment, and me the felicity of a more frequent attendance.

But, after all, to deal plainly with your Grace, your picture (and I must say the same of my Lord Duke's) will be of very little use, further than to let others see the honour you are pleased to do me. For all the accomplishments of your mind and person are so deeply printed in my heart, and represent you so

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lively to my imagination, that I should take it for a high affront, if you believed it in the power of colours to refresh my memory: Almost as high a one, as if your Grace should deny me the justice of being, with the most profound respect and gratitude,

MADAM,

Your Grace's, &c.

LETTER CXLVI.

LORD CHANCELLOR PHIPPS TO DR. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

DUBLIN, Jan. 15, 1713.

MANY of my letters from London tell me how much I am obliged to you for your friendly solicitation on my son's behalf, which will be always remembered by us both, with the same gratitude, as if it had succeeded. I had congratulations from the duke of Ormond, my lord Bolingbroke, and others, on account of my son's having the place; for they sent me word it was actually done; and several others had letters of it, and our friends were extremely rejoiced at the well timing of it, and it was a great addition to the mortification of the whigs: and the disappointment will be a cause of great joy to them. But in this, and all other things, I submit to the judgment of my superiors, who know best what is fit to be done. As to looking out for any thing else for my son, there is nothing else here, that I know is fit for him; and if any thing worth his having falls in England, it will be disposed of before I can have notice of it.

We are told by every body, that the rest of our vacant bishoprics will be filled to our satisfaction: if they are, you must be one of them. But if you are resolved, that you will not yet episcopari there, give me leave to recommend to you an affair of my lord Abercorn's, which the vicars choral have made
with

with him for renewing his lease *. I am informed there are some misunderstandings between you. It is very unhappy there should be any difference between two such sure and great friends to the common cause. I do assure you, we are very much obliged to my lord Abercorn for his great service in these times of difficulty: he is as good a friend as any in the world, and as bad an enemy; and I am very sure, if you would make him a compliment, and oblige him in this matter, you would gain an entire true friend of him for the future, and oblige a great many of your friends here, who have all a great value and esteem for him.

I heartily congratulate you on her majesty's recovery, and the good effect it has had in uniting our friends. That, together with the resolution, that is taken to support the church-interest, will, without doubt, in a little time render all things easy and quiet in both kingdoms; though as yet our whigs here are as obstinate and perverse as ever. The commons are resolved, they will give no money-bill, till I am removed: and the aldermen will not own my lord mayor, nor proceed to any election, notwithstanding the opinion of all the judges here, and of the attorney-general, and all the queen's council (except Sir Joseph Jekyll) in England.

I wish you many happy new years, and should be very proud to receive your commands here, being, with the utmost sincerity and esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

CON. PHIPPS.

* This lease was for the greatest part of York-street, in which lord Abercorn lived; and by the terms of their charter, the vicars choral cannot make leases, without consent of the dean and chapter.

LETTER

LETTER CXLVII.

TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

MY LORD,

January 20, 1712-1713.

I WOULD myself have delivered the answer I sent yesterday to your Grace at court, by Dr. Arbuthnot, if I had not thought the right of complaining to be on my side; For I think it was my due, that you should have immediately told me whatever you had heard amiss of my conduct to your Grace. When I had the honour to be first known to those in the ministry, I made it an express condition, that whoever did me ill offices, they should inform me of what was said, and hear my vindication; that I might not be mortified with countenances estranged of the sudden, and be at a loss for the cause. And, I think, there is no person alive, whose favour or protection I would purchase at that expence. I could not speak to the disadvantage of your Grace, without being ungrateful, (which is an ill word) since you were pleased, voluntarily, to make so many professions of favour to me for some years past; and your being a Duke and a General, would have swayed me not at all in my respect for your person, if I had not thought you to abound in qualities, which I wish were easier to be found in those of your rank. I have indeed sometimes heard what your Grace was told I reported; but, as I am a stranger to coffee-houses, so it is a great deal below me to spread coffee-house reports. This accusation is a little the harder upon me, because I have always appeared fond of your Grace's character; and have, with great industry, related several of your generous actions, on purpose to remove the imputation of the only real fault (for I say nothing of common frailties) which I ever heard laid to your charge. I confess, I have often thought that Homer's description of Achilles bore some resemblance to your Grace, but I do not remember that ever I said so. At
the

the same time, I think few men were ever born with nobler qualities, to fulfil and adorn every office of a subject, a friend, and a protector, &c.

LETTER CXLVIII.

ROBERT HUNTER *, ESQ. GOVERNOR OF NEW-YORK AND NEW JERSEY, TO DR. SWIFT.

NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1712-13.

I THINK I am indebted to you for two letters, and should have continued so, had it not been for the apprehension of your putting a wrong construction upon my neglect. My friends being few in number, I would not willingly, or by any fault, neglect nor lose those I have. The true cause is this. My unhappy circumstances have so soured me, that whatever I write must be vinegar and gall to a man of your mirth. For the better understanding of which, be pleased to read them in the words of one of my most renowned predecessors: *Quando penso venir a este gobierno a comer caliente, y a beber frio, y a recrear il cuerpo entre sabanas de Olanda, sobre colchones de pluma, he venido a bazar penitencia, como se fuera Ermetanno, y como no la bago de me voluntad, penso que al cabo al cabo, me ha de uevar el diablo.* This worthy indeed was but a type of me, of which I could fully convince you, by an exact parallel between our administrations and circumstances, which I shall reserve to another opportunity.

The truth of the matter is this: I am used like a dog, after having done all that is in the power of man to deserve a better treatment, so that I am now quite jaded. *Male veki malo alio gubernante, quam tamalis rectoribus bene gubernare.*

The approaching peace will give leisure to the ministry to think of proper remedies for the distracted
state

* Brigadier Hunter, who was afterwards appointed governor and captain-general of Jamaica, in the room of the duke of Portland, who died there, July 4th, 1726.

state of all the provinces; but of this more particularly, the importance of it by its situation being greater, and the danger of their conduct more imminent, than that of the rest. I have done my duty in representing their proceedings, and warning them of the consequences; and there I leave it. *Neque tam me videtur consolatur ut antea quam adiafpora, quæ nulla in re tam utor quam in hac civili et publica.*

I have purchased a seat for a bishop, and by orders, from the society, have given directions to prepare it for his reception. You once upon a day gave me hopes of seeing you there. It would be to me no small relief to have so good a friend to complain to. What it would be to you to hear me, when you could not help me, I know not. *Cætera defunt*, for the post cannot stay. Adieu. I am, very sincerely, your's

R. HUNTER.

LETTER CXLIX.

ROBERT HUNTER, ESQ. TO DR. SWIFT.

NEW YORK, MARCH 14, 1712-13.

QUONOROGH *quaniou diadadega generoghqua*
Laquegon tchitchinagaree; or, lest you should not have your *Iroquoise* dictionary at hand, Brother, I honour you and all your tribe; though that is to be taken *cum grano salis*. For one of them has done me much harm. God reward him, &c. For that, and what you want to know besides, relating to me, I refer you to the bearer, Mr. Sharp, our chaplain; a very worthy, ingenious, and conscientious clergyman. I wrote to you some time ago by a merchant-ship, and therein gave you some hints of my sufferings, which are not diminished since that time. In hopes of a better settlement, I wished for your company. Until that comes, I can contribute to nothing but your spleen. Here is the finest air to live upon in the universe. And if our trees and birds could speak, and our assemblymen be silent, the finest conversation

tion too. *Fert omnia tellus*, but not for me. For you must understand, according to the custom of our country, the sachims are of the poorest of the people. I have got the wrong side of Sir Polidore's office; a great deal to do, and nothing to receive. In a word, and to be serious at last, I have spent three years of life in such torment and vexation, that nothing in life can make me amends for it. *Tu interim sis latus et memor nostrum, Vale.*

R. HUNTER.

L E T T E R C L.

MATTHEW PRIOR *, ESQ. TO DR. SWIFT.

PARIS, April 8, 1713.

PRAY take this word, writ after our packets closed, and the messenger's staying for it, as an equivalent for your dispatches at midnight, when the writer was half a sleep. Hang me if I know how to go on, tho' I am in a country where every body does not only write letters but print them. Our great affair goes on very successfully. We transmit the Spanish treaty, concluded at Madrid, for your approbation in England, and transmission to Utrecht; after which I think *pax sit* will become authentic Latin: after which I suppose our society will flourish, and I shall have nothing to do but to partake of that universal protection, which it will receive. In the mean time, pray give my great respects to our brethren †; and tell them, that while in hopes of being favoured, they are spending their own money, I am advancing my interest in the French language, and forgetting my own mother tongue. But we shall have time enough to perfect our English, when we have done with other matters. I want mightily to hear from

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lord

* He was plenipotentiary to France.

† The sixteen. See note to a letter from lord Harley to Swift, dated July 17, 1714.

lord treasurer. Tell him so. I owe brother Arbuthnot a letter. Excuse me not writing to him, till I know what to say. I cannot find Vanhomrigh * since he brought me your letter. I have a rarity of a book to send you by the first fair occasion. It makes but little of the English wit, The Guardian; but possibly, I do not yet enter into his design. Let lord Bolingbroke know, I love him mightily; and pray you do as much for Dick Skelton. Adieu, my good friend. I am, very truly, your obedient and faithful servant,

M. PRIOR.

L E T T E R C L I.

THE EARL OF POULET, LORD STEWARD OF THE
HOUSHOLD, TO DR. SWIFT.

Sunday afternoon, April , 1713.

I WAS called away, presently after chappel, about some business, which hindered my going up stairs at St. James's, and occasions Dr. Swift the trouble of this, to write my excuse for not returning the paper, which I here send you. And tho it is not in my power to serve you in any proportion to my unfeigned respects for you; yet I would not be wanting, on my part, in any opportunity, where I can, to express myself, Sir, your most faithful humble servant.

POULET.

* One of the brothers of Vaneffa. See the note prefixed to the dean's letters to miss Esther Vanhomrigh.

L E T.

L E T T E R CLII.

DR. ATTERBURY, AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, TO DR. SWIFT.

MR. DEAN, Chelsea, Tues. Morn. [Apr. 21, 1713.]
GIVE me leave to tell you, that there is no man in England more pleased with your being preferred, than I am. I would have told you so myself at your lodgings, but that my waiting confines me. I had heard a flying report of it before ; but my lord Bolingbroke yesterday confirmed the welcome news to me. I could not excuse myself without saying thus much, and I have not time to say more, but that I am your most affectionate and faithful servant,

FR. ATTERBURY.

L E T T E R CLIII.

TO LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT.

MY LORD, May 1713.
I Wonder your Lordship would presume to go out of town, and leave me in fear that I should not see you before I go to Ireland, which will be in a week. It is a strange thing you should prefer your own health, and ease and convenience, before my satisfaction. I want your Lordship for my solicitor : I want your letter to your younger brother of Ireland, to put him under my government : I want an opportunity of giving your Lordship my humblest thanks, for a hundred favours you have done me : I wanted the sight of your Lordship this day in York-buildings*. Pray, my lord, come to town before I leave it, and supply all my wants. My lord Treasurer uses me barbarously ; appoints to carry me to Kensington, and makes me walk four miles at midnight. He laughs when I mention a thousand pound, which he gives me ; though a thousand pound is a very serious thing, &c.

L E T

* Lord Treasurer Oxford then lived there.

LETTER CLIV.

TO MR. ADDISON.

S I R,

May 13, 1713.

I WAS told yesterday, by several persons, that Mr. Steele had reflected upon me in his Guardian, which I could hardly believe, until, sending for the paper of the day I found he had, in several parts of it, insinuated with the utmost malice, that I was author of the Examiner; and abused me in the grossest manner he could possibly invent, and set his name to what he had written. Now, Sir, if I am not author of the Examiner how will Mr. Steele be able to defend himself from the imputation of the highest degree of baseness, ingratitude, and injustice? Is he so ignorant of my temper, and of my style? Has he never heard that the author of the Examiner (to whom I am altogether a stranger †) did, a month or two ago, vindicate me from having any concern in it? Should not Mr. Steele have first expostulated with me, as a friend? Have I deserved this usage from Mr. Steele, who knows very well that my lord Treasurer has kept him in his employment upon my intreaty and intercession? My Lord Chancellor and Lord Bolingbroke will be witnesses, how I was reproached by my Lord Treasurer, upon the ill returns Mr. Steele made to his Lordship's indulgence, &c.

LETTER CLV.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. DINGLEY.

LONDON, May 16, 1713.

YOUR new bishop acts very ungratefully. I cannot say so bad of him as he deserves. I begged,

† The reader will please to recollect, that Dr. Swift never writ any Examiners after the 7th of June, 1711. He took up that paper at No. XIII. and laid it down at No. XLIV.

ged, by the same post his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave those livings to my disposal. I shall write this post to him, to let him know how ill I take it. I have letters to tell me, that I ought to think of employing somebody to set the tythes of the deanery. I know not what to do at this distance. I cannot be in Ireland under a month. I will write two orders; one to Parvisol, and the other to Parvisol and —; a blank for the fellow, whom the last dean employed; and I would desire you to advise with friends, which to make use of. If the latter let the fellow's name be inserted, and both may act by commission. If the former then speak to Parvisol, and know whether he can undertake it. I doubt it is hardly to be done by a stranger alone, as Parvisol is. He may perhaps venture at all, to keep up his interest with me; but that is needless, for I am willing to do him any good, that will do me no harm. Pray advise with Walls and Raymond, and a little with bishop Sterne for form. Tell Raymond I cannot succeed to get him the living of Moymed. It is represented here as a great fine-cure. Several chaplains have solicited for it; and it has vexed me so, that, if I live, I will make it my business to serve him better in something else. I am heartily sorry for his illness. I thank Mr. Walls for his letter. Tell him, that must serve for an answer, with my service to him and her. I shall buy bishop Sterne's hair, as soon as his household goods. I shall be ruined, or at least sadly cramped, unless the queen will give me one thousand pounds. I am sure she owes me a great deal more. Lord treasurer rallies me upon it, and I believe intends it; but quando? I am advised to hasten over as soon as possible, and so I will, and hope to set out the beginning of June. Take no lodging for me; I can lie somewhere after I land, and I care not where, nor how. Pray think immediately, and give me some commissions, and
I will

† † His History of the Peace of Utrecht.

I will perform them. You did not write to the dean, &c. and I think you might have had a dean under your girdle for the subscription. I have just finished my treatise †, and must be ten days in correcting it.

L E T T E R CLVI.

SIR THOMAS HANMER, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TO DR. SWIFT, AFTER PERUSING THE MANUSCRIPT HISTORY. †

S I R,

Tuesday.

I KEEP only the last book, which I shall have gone through before night. The rest I send you, with the very few observations I made upon them, which yet were as many as I could see occasion for; though I do assure you, I read with the same strictness, and ill nature, as in the former part, I am, your most, &c.

THO. HANMER.

Indorsed, Received about May, 1713.

L E T T E R CLVII.

FROM MR. STEELE TO DR. SWIFT.

S I R,

May 19, 1713.

MR. Addison shewed me your letter, wherein you mention me. They laugh at you, if they make you believe your interposition has kept me thus long in my office. If you have spoken in my behalf at any time, I am glad I have always treated you with respect; though I believe you an accomplice of the Examiner's. In the letter you are angry at, you see I have no reason for being so merciful to him, but out of regard to the imputation you lie under. You do not in direct terms say you are not concerned with him; but make it an argument

† 'Of the Peace of Utrecht.'

argument of your innocence that the Examiner has declared you have nothing to do with him. I believe I could prevail upon the Guardian to say there was a mistake in putting my name in his paper: But the English would laugh at us, should we argue in so Irish a manner. I am heartily glad of your being made Dean of St. Patrick's. I am,

S I R,

Your most obedient

Humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

LETTER CLVIII.

TO MR. STEELE.

S I R,

* * * * *

† I may probably know better when they are disposed
* * * * * The case was thus: I did with the utmost application, and desiring to lay all my credit upon it, desire Mr. Harley (as he then was called) to shew you mercy. He said he would, and wholly upon my account: That he would appoint you a day to see him: That he would not expect you should quit any friend or principle. Some days after he told me he had appointed you a day, and you had not kept it; upon which he reproached me, as engaging for more than I could answer; and advised me to more caution another time. I told him, and desired my Lord Chancellor

† It has unluckily happened that two or three lines have been torn by accident from the beginning of this letter; and, by the same accident, two or three lines are missing towards the latter part, which were written on the back part of the paper, which was torn off. But what remains of this letter will, I presume, be very satisfactory to the intelligent reader, upon many accounts, and especially because a light into this affair will justify the prodigious severity of Dr. Swift's pen against Mr. Steele, in his public Spirit of the Whigs.

cellor * and Lord Bolingbroke to be witnesses, that I would never speak for or against you as long as I lived; only I would, and that it was still my opinion, you should have mercy till you gave further provocations. This is the history of what you think fit to call, in the spirit of insulting, "their laughing at me:" and you may do it securely; for, by the most inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it out of my power, as a Christian, to do you the least ill office. Next I desire to know, whether the greatest services ever done by one man to another, may not have the same turn as properly applied to them? And, once more, suppose they did laugh at me, I ask whether my inclinations to serve you merit to be rewarded by the vilest treatment, whether they succeeded or no? If your interpretation were true, I was laughed at only for your sake; which I think, is going pretty far to serve a friend. As to the letter I complain of, I appeal to your most partial friends, whether you ought not either to have asked, or written to me, or desired to have been informed by a third hand, whether I were any way concerned in writing the Examiner? And, if I had shuffled, or answered indirectly, or affirmed it, or said I would not give you satisfaction; you might then have wreaked your revenge with some colour of justice. I have several times assured Mr. Addison, and fifty others, that I had not the least hand in writing any of those Papers; and that I had never exchanged one syllable with the supposed author in my life, that I can remember, nor even seen him above twice, and that in mixt company, in a place where he came to pay his attendance. One thing more I must observe to you, that, a year or two ago, when some printers used to bring me their papers in manuscript, I absolutely forbid them to give any hints against Mr. Addison and you and some others; and have frequently struck out reflexions upon you in particular, and should (I believe) have done it still, if I had not wholly left off troubling myself about those kind of things.

I protest

* Lord Harcourt.

I protest I never saw any thing more liable to exception, than every part is of the letter you were pleased to write to me. You plead, that I do not, in mine to Mr. Addison, in direct terms, say I am not concerned with the Examiner: And is that an excuse for the most savage injuries in the world a week before? How far you can prevail with the Guardian I shall not trouble myself to enquire; and am more concerned how you will clear your own honour and conscience, than my reputation. I shall hardly lose one friend by what you
 † * * * * * I know not any * * *
 * * * laugh at me for any * * * * *
 absurdity of yours. There are solecisms in morals as well as in languages, and to which of the virtues you will reconcile your conduct to me, is past my imagination. Be pleased only to put these questions to yourself. If Dr. Swift be entirely innocent of what I accuse him, how shall I be able to make him satisfaction? And how do I know but he may be entirely innocent? If he was laughed at only because he solicited for me, is that a sufficient reason for me to say the vilest things of one in print under my hand, without any provocation? And, how do I know but he may be in the right, when he says I was kept in my employment at his interposition? If he never once reflected on me the least in any paper, and hath hindered many others from doing it; how can I justify myself, for endeavouring in mine to ruin his credit as a Christian and a clergyman?

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

† Here the manuscript is torn.

LETTER

LETTER CLIX.

MR. STEELE TO DR. SWIFT.

S I R, BLOOMSBURY, May 26, 1713.
I Have received your's, and find it is impossible for a man to judge in his own case. For an allusion to you as one under the imputation of helping the Examiner, and owning I was restrained out of respect to you, you tell Addison under your hand, you think me the vilest of mankind, and bid him tell me so. I am obliged to you for any kind things said in my behalf to the Treasurer; and assure you, when you were in Ireland, you were the constant subject of my talk to men in power at that time. As to the vilest of mankind, it would be a glorious world if I were. For I would not conceal my thoughts in favour of an injured man, though all the powers on earth gainsaid it, to be made the first man in the nation. This position, I know, will ever obstruct my way in the world; and I have conquered my desires accordingly. I have resolved to content myself with what I can get by my own industry, and the improvement of a small estate, without being anxious whether I am ever in a court again or not. I do assure you, I do not speak this calmly, after the ill usage in your letter to Addison, out of terror of your wit or my lord treasurer's power, but pure kindness to the agreeable qualities, I once so passionately delighted in, in you. You know, I know no body, but one that talked after you, could tell Addison had bridled me in point of party. This was ill hinted, both with relation to him, and,

S I R,
 Your most obedient
 Humble servant,
 RICHARD STEELE.

I know no party; but the truth of the question is what I will support as well as I can, when any man I honour is attacked.

L E T.

L E T T E R CLX.

TO MR. STEELE.

S I R,

May, 27, 1713.

THE reason I give you the trouble of this reply to your letter, is because I am going in a very few days to Ireland ; and, although I intend to return towards winter, yet it may happen, from the common accidents of life, that I may never see you again.

In your yesterday's letter, you are pleased to take the complaining side, and think it hard I should write to Mr. Addison as I did, only for an allusion. This allusion was only calling a clergyman of some little distinction an infidel. A clergyman who was your friend, who always loved you, who had endeavoured at least to serve you ; and who, whenever he did write any thing, made it sacred to himself never to sling out the least hint against you.

One thing you are pleased to fix on me, as what you are sure of ; that the Examiner had talked after me, when he said Mr. Addison had bridled you in point of party. I do not read one in six of those papers, nor ever knew he had such a passage ; and I am so ignorant of this, that I cannot tell what it means : Whether, that Mr. Addison kept you close to a party, or that he hindered you from writing about party. I never talkt or writ to that author in my life ; so that he could not have learned it from me. And, in short I solemnly affirm, that, with relation to every friend I have, I am as innocent as it is possible for a human creature to be. And, whether you believe me or not, I think, with submission, you ought to act as if you believed me, till you have demonstration to the contrary. I have all the ministry to be my witnesses, that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverse party, whom I have not been so bold as to recommend often and with earnestness to them. For, I think, principles at present are quite out of the case, and that we dispute wholly about persons. In these last you and I differ ;
but

but in the other, I think, we agree. For I have in print professed myself in politics to be what we formerly called a Whig.

As to the great man * whose defence you undertake; though I do not think so well of him as you do, yet I have been the cause of preventing five hundred hard things to be said against him.

I am sensible I have talked too much when myself is the subject; therefore I conclude with sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, and am,

S I R,

Your, &c.

You cannot but remember, that, in the only thing I ever published with my name, I took care to celebrate you as much as I could, and in as handsome a manner, though it was in a letter to the present Lord Treasurer.

LETTER CLXI.

ERASMUS LEWIS, ESQ. † TO DR. SWIFT.

June 2, 1713.

I HOPE this will meet you at Chester, and that your passage at sea will be favoured with as mild weather as your journey by land has been these two first days. The division yesterday, in the house of lords, was fifty-four against fifty-four. Proxies were called for, and we had seventeen to thirteen. This is the greatest victory we ever had. The duke of Argyle, and the Scotch, were against us to a man. The lords Weymouth and Carteret were with them. It was very comical to see the tories, who voted with lord treasurer against the dissolution of the union under all the perplexities in the world, lest they

* Duke of Marlborough.

† ' Secretary to the lord treasurer, the earl of Oxford, and member for Lestwithiel in Cornwall in the parliament which met April 9, 1713.'

they should be victorious; and the Scotch who voted for a bill of dissolution, under agonies, lest they themselves should carry the point they pretended to desire. In all the time I have been conversant in business, I never before observed both sides, at the same time acting parts, which they thought contrary to their interests. Let us hear from you sometimes, and believe there is nobody with more sincerity yours, than, &c.

L E T T E R CLXII.

THE REVEREND MR. SHARPE * TO DR. SWIFT.

REV. SIR, LONDON, June 4, 1713.
I WAS commanded by his excellency brigadier Hunter, governor of New-York, to deliver the inclosed with my own hand. Had I been so happy, for his service and my own satisfaction, as to have seen you at London, I am persuaded your influence here might have contributed to create a better opinion of him, amongst some leading men in the society for propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, who have been much imposed on by the clamorous memorials of some indiscreet missionaries abroad. He has just the esteem of two-thirds of the clergy in his government, and the greatest part of the laity, who have either sense, probity, or honour; but his adversaries have made the church's cause a favourable handle for their repeated complaints, which, with the application of their friends here, makes them hopeful of success.

I have been twelve years abroad, in the service of the church in America: the last ten were in the station of chaplain to her majesty's forces at New-York, where I had the opportunity of being very near to the several governors; and do assure you, that, if I had ever observed in him any inclination to weaken

* ' Chaplain to brigadier Hunter, governor of New-york.'

en the interest of the church there, I could not in conscience offer to excuse him; but he is better known to you, than that I, who am altogether unknown, should presume to give his character.

What I beg leave to entreat of you, is to recommend me, in my endeavours for his service, to the advice and assistance of your friends.

The perplexity of all his affairs at this time claims the good offices of all, that wish him well. If, in favour to his excellency, you are pleased to honour me with the pardon of this, and what return the inclosed may require, direct for me to the care of Mr. James Douglas, in Fen Court, Fenchurch-Street, London. I beg leave to subscribe myself, with great respect, reverend Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

JOHN SHARPE.

L E T T E R CLXIII.

DR. SWIFT TO MRS. DINGLEY.

CHESTER, June 6, 1713.

I AM come here after six days. I set out on Monday last, and got here to-day about eleven in the morning. A noble rider! and all the ships and people went off yesterday with a rare wind. This was told me, to my comfort, upon my arrival. Having not been used to riding these three years, it made me terrible weary; yet I resolve on Monday to set out for Holyhead, as weary as I am: 'tis good for my health. I will come when God pleases; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I shall be three days going to Holyhead; I cannot ride faster. You will say I am upon Stay-behind's mare. I have the whole inn to myself. I would fain escape this Holyhead journey; but I have no prospect of ships, and it will be almost necessary I should be in Dublin before the twenty-fifth Instant, to take the oaths; otherwise I must wait to a quarter's session. I will lodge as I can; therefore take no lodgings for me, to pay
in

in my absence. The poor dean can't afford it. I spoke again to the duke of Ormond for Raymond, and hope he may have it; for I laid it strongly to the duke, and gave him the bishop of Meath's memorial. I will speak to Lord treasurer about Mrs. South to-morrow.—Odsso! I forgot; I thought I had been in London. The letters to Ireland go at so uncertain an hour, that I am forced to conclude. Farewel.

L E T T E R CLXIV.

DR. SWIFT TO MISS VANHOMRIGH*.

LARACOR, July 8, 1713.

I STAYED but a fortnight in Dublin, very sick; and returned not one visit of a hundred, that were made me; but all to the dean, and none to the doctor. I am riding here for life; and I think I am something better. I hate the thoughts of Dublin, and prefer a field bed, and an earthen floor, before the great house there, which they say is mine. I had your last splenetic letter. I told you when I left England, I would endeavour to forget every thing there, and would write as seldom as I could. I did, indeed, design one general round of letters to my friends; but my health has not yet suffered me. I design to pass the greatest part of the time I stay in Ireland, here, in the cabin where I am now writing: neither will I leave the kingdom till I am sent for; and if they have no further service for me, I will never see England again. At my first coming,
I thought

* This is the lady, whom the dean has celebrated by the name of Vanessa. She was the eldest daughter of Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, first a merchant of Amsterdam, and afterwards of Dublin, who was appointed commissary of the stores by king William, upon his expedition into Ireland. Her mother was the daughter of Mr. Stone the commissioner, and niece to the accountant-general of Ireland.

I thought I should have died with discontent; and was horribly melancholy, while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off, and change to dulness. My river-walk is extremely pretty, and my canal in great beauty; and I see trouts playing in it. I know not any one thing now in Dublin. But Mr. Ford is very kind, and writes to me constantly what passes among you. I find you are likewise a good politician; and I will say so much to you, that I verily think, if the thing you know of had been published just upon the peace, the ministry might have avoided what had since happened: but I am now fitter to look after willows, and to cut hedges, than meddle with affairs of state. I must order one of the workmen to drive those cows out of my island, and make up the ditch again; a work much more proper for a country vicar, than driving out factions, and fencing against them. I must go and take my bitter draught to cure my head, which is spoiled by the bitter draughts the public hath given me. So go to your dukes and duchesesses, and leave me to goodman Bumford, and Patrick Dolan, of Clanduggan. Adieu.

END OF THE ELEVENTH VOLUME.



